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WESTMINSTER

BY

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WESTMINSTER

I.—ABBEY

THE first church on this site was built (close to Watling Street, the Roman Road from Verulam) on the Isle of Thorns—'Thorney Island'—an almost insulated peninsula of dry sand and gravel, girt on one side by the Thames, and on the other by the marshes formed by the little stream Eye,[1] which gave its name to Tyburn (Th' Eye Burn), before it fell into the river. Here Sebert, king of the East Saxons, who died 616, having been baptized by Mellitus, is said to have founded a church, which he dedicated to St. Peter, either from an association with the great church in Rome, from which Augustine had lately come, or to balance the rival foundation in honour of St. Paul upon a neighbouring hill. Sulcard, the first historian of the Abbey, relates that on a Sunday night, being the eve of the day on which the church was to be consecrated by Bishop Mellitus, Edric the fisherman was watching his nets by the bank of the island. On the opposite shore he saw a gleaming light, and, when he approached it in his boat, he found a venerable man, who desired to be ferried across the stream. Upon their arrival at the island, the mysterious stranger landed, and proceeded to the church, calling up on his way two springs of water, which still exist, by two blows of his staff. Then a host of angels miraculously appeared, and held candles which lighted him as he went through all the usual forms of a church consecration, while throughout the service other angels were seen ascending and descending over the church, as in Jacob's vision. When the old man returned to the boat, he bade Edric tell Mellitus that the church was already consecrated by St. Peter, who held the keys of heaven, and promised that a plentiful supply of fish would never fail him as a fisherman if he ceased to work on a Sunday, and did not forget to bear a tithe of that which he caught to the Abbey of Westminster.

On the following day, when Mellitus came to consecrate the church, Edric presented himself and told his story, showing, in proof of it, the marks of consecration in the traces of the chrism, the crosses on the doors, and the droppings of the angelic candles. The bishop acknowledged that his work had been already done by

[1] The Eye, now a sewer, still passes under New Bond Street, the Green Park, and Buckingham Palace, to join the Thames near Vauxhall Bridge.

saintly hands, and changed the name of the place from Thorney to Westminster, and in recollection of the story of Edric a tithe of fish was paid by the Thames fishermen to the Abbey till 1382,[1] the bearer having a right to sit that day at the prior's table, and to ask for bread and ale from the cellarman.

Beside the church of Sebert arose the palace of the Anglo-Saxon monarchs, to which it served as a chapel, as St. George's does to Windsor. It is connected with many of the legends of that picturesque age. Here, while he was attending mass with Leofric of Mercia and his wife, the famous Godiva, Edward the Confessor announced that he saw the Saviour appear as a child, 'pure and bright like a spirit.' By the wayside between the palace and the chapel sate Michael, the crippled Irishman, who assured Hugolin, the chamberlain, that St. Peter had promised his cure if the king would himself bear him on his shoulders to the church, upon which Edward bore him to the altar, where he was received by Godric, the sacristan, and walked away whole.

Whilst he was an exile Edward had vowed that if he returned to England in safety he would make a pilgrimage to Rome. This promise, after his coronation, he was most anxious to perform, but his nobles refused to let him go, and the Pope (Leo IX.) released him from his vow, on condition of his founding or restoring a church in honour of St. Peter. Then to an ancient hermit near Worcester St. Peter appeared, 'bright and beautiful, like to a clerk,' and bade him tell the king that the church to which he must devote himself, and where he must establish a Benedictine monastery, was no other than the ancient minster of Thorney, which he knew so well.

Edward, henceforth devoting a tenth of his whole substance to the work, destroyed the old church, and rebuilt it from the foundation, as the 'Collegiate Church of St. Peter at Westminster.' It was the first cruciform church erected in England,[2] and was of immense size for the age, covering the whole of the ground occupied by the present building. The foundation was laid in 1049, and the church was consecrated December 28, 1065, eight days before the death of the king. Of this church and monastery of the Confessor nothing remains now but the Chapel of the Pyx, the lower part of the Refectory underlying the Westminster schoolroom, part of the Dormitory, and the whole of the lower walls of the South Cloister; but the Bayeux tapestry still shows us in outline the church of the Confessor as it existed in its glory.

The second founder of the Abbey was Henry III., who pulled down most of the Confessor's work, and from 1245 to 1272 devoted himself to rebuilding. The material he employed was first the green sandstone, which has given the name of Godstone to the place in Surrey whence it came, and afterwards Caen stone. The

[1] In 1231 the monks of Westminster went to law with the Vicar of Rotherhithe for the tithe of salmon caught in his parish, protesting that it had been granted by St. Peter to their Abbey at its consecration.—*Flete.*

[2] 'Novo compositionis genere.'—*Matthew Paris.*

portions which remain to us from his time are the Confessor's Chapel, the side aisles and their chapels, and the choir and transepts. The work of Henry was continued by his son Edward I., who built the eastern portion of the nave, and it was carried on by different abbots till the great west window was erected by Abbot Estney in 1498. Meantime, Abbot Littlington, in 1380, had added the College Hall, the Abbot's House, Jerusalem Chamber, and part of the cloisters. In 1502 Henry VII. pulled down the Lady Chapel, and built his beautiful perpendicular chapel instead.

AT WESTMINSTER

The western towers were only completed from designs of Sir Christopher Wren (1714), under whom much of the exterior was refaced with Oxfordshire stone, and its original details mercilessly defaced and pared down.

'The Abbey Church formerly arose a magnificent apex to a royal palace, surrounded by its own greater and lesser sanctuaries and almonries; its bell-towers, chapels, prisons, gate-houses, boundary-walls, and a train of other buildings, of which at the present day we can scarcely form an idea. In addition to all the land around it, extending from the Thames to Oxford Street, and from Vauxhall Bridge Road to the church of St. Mary-le-Strand, the Abbey possessed ninety-seven towns and villages, seventeen hamlets, and two hundred and sixteen manors.'—*Bardwell's 'Ancient and Modern Westminster.'*

At the dissolution Abbot Boston was rewarded for his facile resignation by being made dean of the college which was established in place of the monastery. In 1541 a bishopric of Westminster was formed, with Middlesex as a diocese, but it was of short existence, for Mary refounded the monastery, and Elizabeth turned her attention entirely to the college, which she re-established under a dean and twelve secular canons.

No one can understand Westminster Abbey, and few can realise its beauties, in a single visit. Too many tombs will produce the same satiety as too many pictures. There can be no advantage, and there will be less pleasure, in filling the brain with a hopeless jumble in which kings and statesmen, warriors, ecclesiastics, and poets, are tossing about together. Even those who give the shortest time to their London sightseeing should pay not fewer than three visits to the Abbey. On the first, unwearied by detail, let them have the luxury of enjoying the architectural beauties of the place, with a general view of the interior, the chapter-house, cloisters, and their monastic surroundings. On the second let them study the glorious chapels which surround the choir, and which contain nearly all the tombs of antiquarian or artistic interest. On the third let them labour as far as they can through the mass of monuments which crowd the transepts and nave, which are often mere cenotaphs, and which almost always derive their only interest from those they commemorate. These three visits may enable visitors to *see* Westminster Abbey, but it will require many more to *know* it—visits at all hours of the day to drink in the glories of the light and shadow in the one great church of England which retains its beautiful ancient colouring undestroyed by so-called 'restoration'—visits employed in learning the way by which the minster has grown, arch upon arch, and monument upon monument; and other visits given to studying the epitaphs on the tombs, and considering the reminiscences they awaken.

'Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone—
Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown,
Along the walls where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallow'd mould below;
Proud names, who once the reins of empires held;
In arms who triumph'd, or in arts excell'd;
Chiefs, graced with scars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood;
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given,
And saints, who taught and led the way to heaven.'—*Tickell.*

In approaching the Abbey from Parliament Street, the first portion seen is the richly decorated buttresses of Henry VII.'s Chapel. Then we emerge into the open square which still bears the name of Broad Sanctuary, and have the whole building rising before us.

'That antique pile behold,
Where royal heads receive the sacred gold:
It gives them crowns, and does their ashes keep;
There made like gods, like mortals there they sleep,
Making the circle of their reign complete,
Those suns of empire, where they rise they set.'—*Waller.*

The outline of the Abbey is beautifully varied and broken by St. Margaret's Church, which is not only deeply interesting in itself, but is invaluable as presenting the greater edifice behind it in its true proportions. Facing us is the north transept, the front of which, with its niches, rose-window, and its great triple entrance —imitated from French cathedrals—sometimes called 'Solomon's Porch,' is the richest part of the building externally, and a splendid example of the pointed style. A round window, however, introduced in a recent 'restoration,' is very destructive to history; though the series of English saints, bishops, abbots of Westminster, and other benefactors to the Abbey, has much interest. Beyond the feeble towers, usually attributed to Wren, though possibly the work of Hawksmoor, is the low line of grey wall which indicates the Jerusalem Chamber.

Facing the Abbey, on the left, are Westminster Hall and the Houses of Parliament, which occupy the site of the ancient palace of our sovereigns. Leaving these and St. Margaret's for a later chapter, let us proceed at once to enter the Abbey.

The nave and transepts are open free; a fee of sixpence (except on Monday and Tuesday) is asked for entering the chapels surrounding the choir.

Hours of divine service, 7.45 A.M., 10 A.M., and 3 P.M. From the first Sunday after Easter till the last Sunday in July there is a special evening service with a sermon in the nave at 7 P.M. 'Vox quidem dissona, sed una religio,' was the maxim of Dean Stanley in his choice of the preachers for the services.

Three miles of hot water completely warm the Abbey in winter.

Behind the rich lacework of Henry VII.'s Chapel, and under one of the grand flying buttresses of the Chapter-House, through a passage hard by which Chaucer lived, we reach the door of the Poet's Corner, where Queen Caroline vainly knocked for admission to share in the coronation of her husband George IV. This is the door by which visitors generally enter the Abbey.

'The moment I entered Westminster Abbey, I felt a kind of awe pervade my mind which I cannot describe; the very silence seemed sacred.'—*Edmund Burke.*

'On entering, the magnitude of the building breaks fully upon the mind. The eye gazes with wonder at clustered columns of gigantic dimensions, with arches springing from them to such an amazing height. It seems as if the awful nature of the place presses down upon the soul, and hushes the beholder into noiseless reverence. We feel that we are surrounded by the congregated bones of the great men of past times, who have filled history with their deeds, and earth with their renown.'—*Washington Irving.*

'In Westminster Abbey one thinks not of the builder; the religion of the place makes the first impression.'—*Horace Walpole.*

'How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,
Looking tranquillity!'—*Congreve.*

'They dreamed not of a perishable home
Who thus could build. Be mine, in hours of fear
Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge here;
Or through the aisles of Westminster to roam;
Where bubbles burst, and folly's dancing foam
Melts, if it cross the threshold.'—*Wordsworth.*

'Here, where the end of earthly things
Lays heroes, patriots, bards, and kings;
Where stiff the hand and still the tongue
Of those who fought, and spoke, and sung;
Here, where the fretted aisles prolong
The distant notes of holy song,
As if some angel spoke again,
"All peace on earth, good will to men;"
If ever from an English heart,
Oh, here let prejudice depart!'—*Walter Scott.*

'This is the consecrated temple of reconciled ecclesiastical enmities. Here the silence of death breathes the lesson which the tumult of life hardly suffered to be heard.'—*Dean Stanley.*

'No monument has ever been more identified with the history of a people; every one of its stones represents a page in the annals of the country.'—*Comte de Montalembert.*

'In the chambers of the dead, in the temple of fame, no less than in the house of our Heavenly Father, there are indeed "many mansions," many stages, many degrees. Each human soul that is gifted above its fellows, leaves, as it passes out of the world, a light of its own, that no other soul, whether more or less greatly gifted, could give equally. As each lofty peak in some mountain country is illuminated with a different hue of its own by the setting sun, so also each of the higher summits of human society is lit up by the sunset of life with a different colour, derived, it may be, from the materials of which it is composed, or from the relative position which it occupies, but each, to those who can discern it rightly, conveying a new and separate lesson of truth, of duty, of wisdom, and of hope.'—*Dean Stanley, Sermon on the Death of Lord Palmerston.*

'Incongruity among things beautiful in themselves is the very first element of the picturesque. As it is, though Westminster Abbey has suffered much, and is suffering more, at the hands of the modern "restorer," its delightful want of uniformity is not, and can scarcely ever be, overcome.'—*W. J. Loftie.*

The name **Poet's Corner**, as applied to the southern end of the south transept, is first mentioned by Goldsmith. The attraction to the spot as the burial-place of the poets arose from its containing the grave of Chaucer, 'the father of English poets,' whose tomb, though it was not erected till more than a hundred years after his death (1551), is the only ancient monument in the transept. Here, as Addison says, 'there are many poets who have no monuments, and many monuments which have no poets.' Though many of the later monuments are only cenotaphs, they are still for the most part interesting as portraying those they commemorate. That which strikes every one is the wonderful beauty of the colouring in the interior. Architects will pause to admire the Purbeck marble columns with their moulded, not sculptured, capitals; the beauty of the triforium arcades, their richness so greatly enhanced by the wall-surface above being covered with a square diaper; the noble rose-windows; and above all, the perfect proportions of the whole. But no knowledge of architecture is needed for the enjoyment of the colouring, of the radiant hues of the stained glass, which enhances the depth of the shadows amid the time-stained arches, and floods the roof and its beautiful tracery with light.

Few, however, among the hundreds who visit it daily are led to the Abbey by its intrinsic beauty, but rather because it is 'the silent meeting-place of the great dead of eight centuries'—the burial-place of those of her sons whom, at different times of her taste and judgment, England has delighted to honour with sepulture in 'the great

temple of silence and reconciliation, where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried.'[1]

'Let us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us. The Lord hath wrought great glory by them through his great power from the beginning. Such as did bear rule in their kingdoms, men renowned for their power, giving counsel by their understanding. . . . Leaders of the people by their counsels, and by their knowledge of learning meet for the people, wise and eloquent in their instructions. Such as found out musical tunes, and recited verses in writing: rich men furnished with ability, living peaceably in their habitations. All these were honoured in their generation, and were the glory of their times. . . . Their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth for evermore.'—*Ecclus.* xliv. 1–7, 14.

'When I am in a serious humour, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey, where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness that is not disagreeable.

'When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.'—*Addison*, '*Spectator*,' No. 26.

'Death openeth the gate to good fame, and extinguisheth envy; above all, believe it, when a man hath obtained worthy ends and expectations, the sweetest canticle is "Nunc Dimittis."'—*Lord Bacon.*

'O eloquent, just, and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised; thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two words, *Hic jacet.*'—*Sir W. Raleigh*, '*History of the World.*'

'The best of men are but men at the best.'—*General Lambert.*

Those who look upon the tombs of the poets can scarcely fail to observe, with surprise, how very few are commemorated here whose works are now read, how many whose very existence is generally forgotten.[2]

'I have always observed that the visitors to the Abbey remain longest about the simple memorials in Poet's Corner. A kinder and fonder feeling takes the place of that cold curiosity or vague admiration with which they gaze on the splendid monuments of the great and the heroic. They linger about these as about the tombs of friends and companions.'—*Washington Irving*, '*The Sketch-Book.*'

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1 Macaulay.

2 We look in vain for any monuments to Sir Philip Sidney, Christopher Marlowe, Robert Southwell, John Donne, Thomas Carew, Philip Massinger, Sir John Suckling, George Sandys, Francis Quarles, Thomas Heywood, Richard Lovelace, Robert Herrick, George Wither, Henry Vaughan, Andrew Marvell, Thomas Otway, Izaak Walton, Thomas Parnell, Edmund Waller, William Somerville, William Collins, Edward Moore, Allan Ramsay, William Shenstone, William Falconer, Mark Akenside, Thomas Chatterton, Tobias Smollett, Thomas Wharton, James Beattie, James Hogg, George Crabbe, Felicia Hemans, L. E. Landon, and John Keats Even the far greater memories of Walter Scott, Percy Bysshe Shelley, and Walter Savage Landor are unrepresented. Stained windows are supposed to commemorate George Herbert and William Cowper.

Beginning to the right from the entrance, we find the monuments of—

Michael Drayton, author of the 'Polyolbion,' who 'exchanged his laurell for a crowne of glory' in 1631. His bust was erected here by Anne Clifford. 'Dorset. Pembroke, and Montgomery.'

'Doe pious marble! let thy readers knowe
What they and what their children owe
To Drayton's name, whose sacred dust
We recommend unto thy trust.
Protect his mem'ry, and preserve his storye,
Remaine a lastinge monument of his glorye;
And when thy ruines shall disclame
To be the treasrer of his name,
His name, that cannot fade, shall be
An everlasting monument to thee.'

The epitaph is either by Quarles or Ben Jonson.

'Mr. Marshall, the stone-cutter of Fetter Lane, told me that these verses were made by Mr. Francis Quarles, who was his great friend. 'Tis pity they should be lost. Mr. Quarles was a very good man.'—*Aubrey.*

'There is probably no poem of this kind in any other language comparable together in extent and excellence to the Polyolbion. Yet perhaps no English poem, known as well by name, is so little known beyond its name.'—*Hallam.*

Barton Booth, the actor, 1733, with a medallion. Being educated at Westminster, where he was the favourite of Dr. Busby, he was first induced to take to the stage by the admiration he excited while acting when a schoolboy in one of Terence's plays. He was the original 'Cato' in Addison's play.

John Philips, 1708, buried at Hereford, an author whose once celebrated poem, 'The Splendid Shilling,' is now almost forgotten. Milton was his model, and 'whatever there is in Milton which the reader wishes away, all that is obsolete, peculiar, or licentious, is accumulated with great care by Philips.'[1] The monument was erected by the poet's friend, Sir Simon Harcourt. The epitaph is attributed to Dr. Smalridge. The line, 'Uni Miltono secundus, primoque paene par,' was effaced under Dean Sprat, not because of its almost profane arrogance, but because the royalist Dean would not allow even the name of the regicide Milton to appear within the Abbey—it was 'too detestable to be read on the wall of a building dedicated to devotion.' The line was restored under Dean Atterbury.[2] Philip's poem of 'Cyder' is commemorated in the bower of apple entwined with laurel which encircles his bust, and the inscription, 'Honos erat huic quoque Pomo.'

Geoffrey Chaucer, 1400. A grey marble altar-tomb, with a canopy, which was added by an admirer, one Nicholas Brigham, in the reign of Edward VI. This 'Maister Chaucer, the Flour of Poetes,' is chiefly known from his 'Canterbury Tales,' by which a company of pilgrims, who meet at the Tabard Inn in Southwark on their way to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket, are supposed to beguile their journey. The fortunes of Chaucer followed those of John of Gaunt, who married the sister of the poet's wife, Philippa de Rouet, and he was at one time imprisoned for his championship of the followers of Wycliffe. He was buried 'in the Abbey of Westminster, before the chapel of St. Bennet.'[3] The window above the tomb was erected to the poet's memory in 1868.

'Chaucer lies buried in the south aisle of St. Peter's, Westminster, and now hath got the company of Spenser and Drayton, a pair royal of poets, enough almost to make passengers' feet to move metrically, who go over the place where so much poetical dust is interred.'—*Fuller.*

Near the tomb of Chaucer, *Robert Browning* was buried, 1889, and *Alfred Lord Tennyson* in 1892.

Abraham Cowley, 1667. The monument stands above the grave of the poet, and was erected by George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham. Dean Sprat wrote

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[1] Johnson's *Lives of the Poets.* [2] *Ibid.*
[3] Caxton, in his ed. of Chaucer's trans. of Boethius.

the inscription to 'the Pindar, Horace, and Virgil of England, and the delight, ornament, and admiration of his age.' Cowley was zealously devoted to the cause of Charles I., but was cruelly neglected by Charles II., though, on hearing of his death, the king is reported to have said that 'he (Cowley) had not left a better man behind him.' The popularity of Cowley had already waned in the days of Pope, who wrote—

'Who now reads Cowley? If he pleases yet,
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit:
Forget his epic, nay, Pindaric art,
But still I love the language of his heart.'

(Above Chaucer) an epitaph to *John Roberts*, 1776, the 'very faithful secretary' to Henry Pelham.

CHAUCER'S TOMB.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, 1807–1882. A bust set up in 1884.

John Dryden, 1700. A monument erected by Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, with a bust by *Scheemakers*, given by the poet's widow in 1730. Pope wrote the couplet—

'This Sheffield raised; the sacred dust below
Was Dryden once: the rest who does not know?'

Dryden, who succeeded Sir William Davenant as poet-laureate, was educated at Westminster School. He shifted his politics with the Restoration, having previously been an ardent admirer of Cromwell. His twenty-seven plays are now almost forgotten, and so are his prose works, however admirable. His reputation rests chiefly on his 'Ode for St. Cecilia's Day,' and the musical opening lines of his 'Hind and Panther,' written after his secession to the Church of Rome, in the second part of which he represented the milk-white hind (Rome) and the spotted panther (the Church of England) as discussing theology. He was buried at the feet of Chaucer.

Near Dryden lies *Francis Beaumont*, the dramatist, 1616.

Archibald Campbell Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury, 1882. A bust by *Armstead*.

Returning to the south entrance, and turning left, we find monuments to—

Ben Jonson, 1637, who was educated at Westminster School, but afterwards became a bricklayer, then a soldier, and then an actor. His comedies found such favour with James I. that he received a pension of a hundred marks, with the title of poet-laureate, in 1619. His pension was increased by Charles I., but he died in great poverty in the neighbourhood of the Abbey, where he was buried in the north aisle of the nave. '*Every Man in his Humour* and *The Alchymist* are perhaps the best of his comedies; but there is hardly one of his pieces which, as it stands, would please on the stage in the present day, even as most of them failed to please in his own time.'[1] His allegorical monument, by *Rysbrach*, was erected in 1737.

Samuel Butler, 1680, buried at St. Paul's, Covent Garden; the author of 'Hudibras,' a work which, when it came out, 'was incomparably more popular than "Paradise Lost;" no poem in our language rose at once to greater reputation.'[2]

'By the first paragraph the reader is amused, by the next he is delighted, and by a few more constrained to astonishment. But astonishment is a tiresome pleasure; he is soon weary of wondering, and longs to be diverted.'—*Johnson*.

The bust was erected by John Barber, Lord Mayor, 'that he who was destitute of all things when alive, might not want a monument when dead.'

Edmond Spenser, 1599, with the epitaph, 'Here lyes, expecting the second comminge of our Saviour Christ Jesus, the body of Edmond Spencer, the Prince of Poets in his tyme, whose divine spirrit needs noe othir witnesse then the workes which he left behinde him.' He died in King Street, Westminster, and was buried here at the expense of Devereux, Earl of Essex, the spot being selected for his grave on account of its vicinity to the burial-place of Chaucer.

'His hearse was attended by poets, and mournful elegies and poems, with the pens that wrote them, were thrown into his tomb. What a funeral was that at which Beaumont, Fletcher, Jonson, and, in all probability, Shakespeare, attended!—what a grave in which the pen of Shakespeare may be mouldering away!'—*Stanley*, '*Memorials of Westminster*.'

It is by his 'Faerie Queene' that Spenser is chiefly known now, but his 'Shepheardes Calendar' was so much admired by Dryden that he considered it 'not to be matched in any modern language.'

'Our sage and serious Spenser, whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas.'—*Milton*.

'The grave and diligent Spenser.'—*Ben Jonson*.

'Here's that creates a poet.'—*Quarles*.

Thomas Gray, 1771, buried at Stoke Pogis, chiefly known as the author of the 'Elegy written in a Country Churchyard,' which Byron justly calls 'the corner-stone of his glory.' The monument is by *John Bacon*. The Lyric Muse is represented as holding his medallion-portrait, and points to a bust of Milton. Beneath are the lines of Mason—

'No more the Grecian muse unrivall'd reigns;
To Britain let the nations homage pay:
She felt a Homer's fire in Milton's strains,
A Pindar's rapture in the lyre of Gray.'

John Milton, 1674, buried at St. Giles's, Cripplegate. The monument, by *Rysbrach*, was erected in 1737, when Dr. Gregory said to Dr. Johnson, 'I have seen erected in the church a bust of that man whose name I once knew considered as a pollution of its walls.'[3] It was set up at the expense of Auditor Benson, who 'has bestowed more words upon himself than upon Milton,'[4] whence Pope's line in the Dunciad—

'On poets' tombs see Benson's titles writ.'

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[1] Schlegel's *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Lit.*
[2] Hallam, *Introduction to the Literature of Europe*.
[3] Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*.
[4] Johnson.

William Mason, 1797, buried at Aston in Yorkshire, of which he was rector. His dramatic poems of 'Elfrida' and 'Caractacus' are the least forgotten of his works. His monument, by the elder Bacon, bears a profile medallion, with an inscription by Bishop Hurd—'Poetae, si quis alius, culto, casto, pio.'

Thomas Shadwell, 1692, who died the victim of opium, and is buried at Chelsea. He was poet-laureate in the time of William III. He 'endeavoured to make the stage as grossly immoral as his talents admitted,' but 'was not destitute of humour.'[1] Rochester said of him that if he had burnt all he wrote, and printed all he spoke, he would have had more wit and humour than any other poet. His rivalry with Dryden excited the ill-natured lines—

> 'Mature in dulness from his tender years,
> Shadwell alone, of all my sons, is he
> Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity:
> The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
> But Shadwell never deviates into sense.'[2]

The monument, erected by the poet's son, Sir John Shadwell, bears his pert-looking bust crowned with laurel, by *Ryswick*.

Matthew Prior, 1721, educated at Westminster School, whence he was removed to serve as a tapster in the public-house of an uncle at Charing Cross. His knowledge of the Odes of Horace here attracted the attention of Lord Dorset, who sent him to St. John's College at Cambridge, and under the same patronage he rose to be Gentleman of the Bedchamber to William III. and Under Secretary of State, &c. 'Alma' and 'Solomon' were considered by his contemporaries his best works; now no one reads them. He died at Wimpole in Cambridgeshire, and was buried by his own desire at the feet of Spenser. His bust, by *Coysevox*, was a present from Louis XIV. His epitaph, by Dr. Freind, tells how, 'while he was writing the History of his own Times, Death interfered, and broke the thread of his discourse.'

Granville Sharp, 1813, buried at Fulham. His monument, with a profile medallion by *Chantrey*, was erected by the African Institution, in gratitude for his philanthropic exertions for the abolition of slavery.

Charles de St. Denis, M. de St. Evremond, 1703, the witty and dissolute favourite of Charles II. A tablet and bust.

Christopher Anstey, 1805, whose fame rests solely upon the 'New Bath Guide,' which, however, made him one of the most popular poets of his day!

Thomas Campbell, 1844, the author of 'Hohenlinden' and 'Gertrude of Wyoming.' He died at Boulogne. Beneath his statue, by *Marshall*, are engraved some striking lines from his 'Last Man.'

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, 1834, the poet and philosopher, buried at Highgate, a bust by *Thornycroft*, given in 1885 by an American admirer.

Mrs. (Hannah) Pritchard, 1768, the actress, 'by Nature for the stage designed,' as she is described in her epitaph by Whitehead.

Robert Southey, poet-laureate, 1843, buried at Crosthwaite. A bust by *Weekes*. He left above fifty published works, but is immortalised by his 'Thalaba,' 'Madoc,' 'Roderick,' and the 'Curse of Kehama.'

William Shakspeare, 1616, buried at Stratford-on-Avon.

> 'In poetry there is but one supreme,
> Though there are other angels round his throne,
> Mighty and beauteous, while his face is hid.'—*W. S. Landor.*

The monument, by *Kent* and *Scheemakers*, was erected by public subscription in 1740. The lines from the *Tempest* inscribed on the scroll which the figure holds in his hand seem to have a peculiar application in the noble building where they are placed—

> 'The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
> And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a rack behind.'

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[1] Hallam, *Introd. to Lit. of Europe.*

[2] *MacFlecknoe.*

James Thomson, 1748, buried at Richmond. His monument, designed by *Robert Adam*, is a figure leaning upon a pedestal, which bears in relief the Seasons, in commemoration of the work which has caused Thomson to rank amongst the best of our descriptive poets.

Robert Burns, 1796. A bust by *Steel*, the cost defrayed by a subscription in Scotland in 1883.

Nicholas Rowe, 1718, poet-laureate of George I., the translator of Lucan's 'Pharsalia,' and author of the *Fair Penitent* and *Jane Shore*. His only daughter, Charlotte Fane, is commemorated with him in a monument by *Rysbrack*. The epitaph, by Pope, alludes to Rowe's widow in the lines—

'To thee so mourn'd in death, so loved in life,
The childless parent and the widow'd wife,
With tears inscribes this monumental stone,
That holds thine ashes, and expects her own.

But, to the poet's excessive annoyance, after the stone was put up, the widow married again.

John Gay, 1732, chiefly known by his 'Fables,' and by the play called the *Beggar's Opera*, which was thought to do so much towards corrupting the morals of his time, and which gave its author the name of the 'Orpheus of Highwaymen.' His monument, by *Rysbrack*, was erected by the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, who 'loved this excellent person living, and regretted him dead.' The Duchess was the 'lovely Kitty' of Prior's verse, when Gay was

'Nursed in Queensberry's ducal halls.'

Under a medallion portrait of the poet are his own strange lines—

'Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, and now I know it.'

And beneath is an epitaph by Pope, who was his intimate friend.

Oliver Goldsmith, 1774, buried at the Temple, author of the 'Vicar of Wakefield' and the 'Deserted Village.' Sir J. Reynolds chose the site for the monument, and Dr. Johnson wrote the inscription in Latin, flatly refusing to accede to the petition of all the other friends of Goldsmith (expressed in a round-robin), that he would celebrate the poet's fame in the language in which he wrote. The medallion is by *Nollekens*.

Beyond this, we may consider ourselves to pass from the Poet's Corner, and to enter upon the 'historical and learned side of the south transept.'

John, Duke of Argyll and Greenwich, 1743, buried in Henry VII.'s Chapel. A Roman statue with allegorical figures, by *Roubiliac*. Canova considered the figure of Eloquence (deeply attentive to the Duke's oratory) 'one of the noblest statues he had seen in England.' The epitaph is by Paul Whitehead.

'It is said that, through the influence of Sir Edward Walpole, the monument in memory of John, Duke of Argyll and Greenwich, was confided to the hands of Roubiliac. The design is a splendid conceit—the noble warrior and orator is stretched out and expiring at the foot of a pyramid, on which History is writing his actions, while Minerva looks mournfully on, and Eloquence deplores his fall. The common allegorical materials of other monuments are here. Even History is inscribing a conceit—she has written John, Duke of Argyll and Gr—— there she pauses and weeps. There is a visible want of unity in the action, and in this work at least Roubiliac merits the reproach of Flaxman, that "he did not know how to combine figures together so as to form an intelligible story." Yet no one, before or since, has shown finer skill in rendering his figures individually excellent. Argyll indeed seems reluctant to die, and History is a little too theatrical in her posture; but all defects are forgotten in looking at the figure of Eloquence, with her supplicating hand and earnest brow.'—*Allan Cunningham.*

George Frederick Handel, 1759. The tomb is the last work of *Roubiliac*, who cast the face after death. The skill of Roubiliac is conspicuous in the ease which he has given to the unwieldy figure of the great musician.

'He who composed the music of the *Messiah* and the *Israel in Egypt* must have

been a poet, no less than a musician, of no ordinary degree. Therefore he was not unfitly buried in Poet's Corner, apart from his tuneful brethren. Not less than three thousand persons of all ranks attended the funeral.'—*Stanley.*

William Makepeace Thackeray, 1863, buried at Kensal Green, the honoured author of 'Vanity Fair,' 'Esmond,' and 'The Newcomes.' A bust.

Joseph Addison, 1719, whose contributions to the *Tatler* and *Spectator* have caused him to be regarded as the greatest of English essayists, and whose character stood equally high as an author, a man, and a Christian. His statue, by *Westmacott*, stands on a pedestal surrounded by the Nine Muses. As we look at it we may remember how he was accustomed to walk by himself in Westminster Abbey, and meditate on the condition of those who lay in it.

'It represents him, as we can conceive him, clad in his dressing-gown, and freed from his wig, stepping from his parlour at Chelsea into his trim little garden, with the account of the Everlasting Club, or the Loves of Hilpa and Shalum, just finished for the next day's *Spectator*, in his hand. Such a mark of national respect was due to the unsullied statesman, to the accomplished scholar, to the master of pure English eloquence, to the consummate painter of life and manners. It was due, above all, to the great satirist, who alone knew how to use ridicule without abusing it, who, without inflicting a wound, effected a great social reform, and who reconciled wit and virtue, after a long and disastrous separation, during which wit had been led astray by profligacy, and virtue by fanaticism.'—*Macaulay.*

Thomas Babington Macaulay, the poet and historian, 1859. A bust. On his gravestone is inscribed, 'His body is buried in peace, but his name liveth for evermore.'

Isaac Barrow, 1677, the wit, mathematician, and divine. He was the college tutor of Sir Isaac Newton, whose optical lectures were published at his expense. He died (being Master of Trinity, Cambridge) at one of the canonical houses in the cloisters. In the words of his epitaph, he was 'a man almost divine, and truly great, if greatness be comprised in piety, probity, and faith, the deepest learning, equal modesty, and morals in every respect sanctified and sweet.'

James Wyatt, the architect, 1813. A tablet.

(Above.) *Dr. Stephen Hales*, 1761, philosopher and botanist. The monument, by *Wilton*, was erected by Augusta, 'the mother of that best of kings, George III.' Religion stands on one side of the monument lamenting the deceased, while Botany, on the other, holds his medallion, and, beneath, the Winds appear on a globe, in allusion to the invention of ventilation by Hales.

Isaac Casaubon, 1614, the famous critic and scholar, editor of Persius and Polybius, who received a canonry of Westminster from James I. On the monument, erected by Bishop Morton, is to be seen the monogram of Izaak Walton, scratched by the angler himself, with the date 1658.

Johann Ernst Grabe, 1711, the Orientalist, buried at St. Pancras. He was induced to reside in England by his veneration for the Reformed Church, and was editor of a valuable edition of the Septuagint, and of Athenaeus.

William Camden, 1623 (buried before St. Nicholas's Chapel), the antiquary—'the British Pausanias,' who, a house-painter's son, became headmaster of Westminster. The office of Clarencieux King-at-Arms, which was bestowed upon him in 1597, gave him time to become the author of the 'Britannia,' which caused him to be looked upon as one of the glories of the reign of Elizabeth: he was afterwards induced by Lord Burleigh to write the annals of that reign. The nose of the effigy was injured by some Cavaliers, who broke into the Abbey to destroy the hearse of the Earl of Essex, but it was restored by the University of Oxford.

'It is most worthy to be observed with what diligence he (Camden) inquired after ancient places, making hue and cry after many a city which was run away, and by certain marks and tokens pursuing to find it; as by the situation on the Roman highways, by just distance from other ancient cities, by some affinity of name, by tradition of the inhabitants, by Roman coins digged up, and by some appearance of ruins. A broken urn is a whole evidence; or an old gate still surviving, out of which the city is run out. Besides, commonly some new spruce town not far off is grown out of the ashes thereof, which yet hath as much natural affection as dutifully to own these reverend ashes for her mother.'—*Fuller.*

David Garrick, 1779, the actor. His figure, drawing aside a curtain and disclosing a medallion of Shakespeare, is intended to be allegorical of the way in which his theatrical performances unveiled the beauties of Shakspeare's works.

'To paint fair Nature by divine command,
Her magic pencil in his glowing hand,
A Shakspeare rose,—then to expand his fame,
Wide o'er this "breathing world," a Garrick came.
Though sunk in death the forms the Poet drew,
The Actor's genius bade them breathe anew:
Though, like the Bard himself, in night they lay,
Immortal Garrick called them back to day.'
Epitaph by Pratt.

During the funeral of Garrick, Burke remarked that the statue of Shakspeare seemed to point to the grave where the great actor of his works was laid. This idea is fixed in the verses of Sheridan[1]—

'The throng that mourn'd as their dead favourite pass'd,
The graced respect that claim'd him to the last;
Whilst Shakspeare's image, from its hallow'd base,
Seem'd to prescribe the grave and point the place.'

Near the monument of Garrick is the grave of his friend *Richard Cumberland*, 1811, the dramatist and essayist. His best monument is Goldsmith's portrait of him in 'Retaliation,' beginning—

'Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;
A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.'

Connop Thirlwall, Bishop of St. David's, 1875. A bust by *C. Bacon.*

George Grote, 1871, the historian of Greece. A bust by *C. Bacon.*

Amongst the illustrious dead who have tombstones in the transept, but no monuments upon the walls, are (beginning from the south wall)—

Sir John Denham, 1669, the poet of 'Cooper's Hill,' 'deservedly considered one of the fathers of English poetry.'[2]

Dr. Samuel Johnson, 1784, the essayist, critic, and lexicographer. He was buried here beside his friend Garrick, contrary to his desire that he might rest by Adderley in Shropshire, which belonged to his friend Lady Corbet, cousin of Mrs. Thrale. His monument is in St. Paul's.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan, 1816, the dramatist (author of the *Rivals*, the *Duenna*, and the *School for Scandal*), who, being for many years in Parliament obtained an extraordinary reputation as an orator by his 'Begum Charge' before the House of Commons in the proceedings against Warren Hastings. He was suffered to die in great poverty, yet his funeral was conducted with a magnificence which called forth the verses of Moore—

'Oh! it sickens the heart to see bosoms so hollow,
And spirits so mean in the great and high-born,
To think what a long line of titles may follow
The relics of him who died—friendless and lorn!

How proud can they press to the funeral array
Of one whom they shunned in his sickness and sorrow:—
The bailiffs may seize his last blanket to-day,
Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-morrow.'

John Henderson, the actor, 1785—equally great in comedy and tragedy.

Mary Eleanor Bowes, 1800, the beautiful and unfortunate widow of the ninth Earl of Strathmore, buried amongst the poets on account of her brilliant wit and her extraordinary mental acquirements.

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[1] Moore's *Life of Sheridan.* [2] Dr. Johnson.

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as if reposing after battle; prelates
d coronets, lying as it were in state.
ous, yet where every form is so still
treading a mansion of that fabled
nsmuted into stone.'—*Washington*

Benedict, or **Bennet**, separated
screen of monuments. The
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ath the pavement of the aisle.

Dean of Westminster.

1601, of whom Fuller says, 'Goodman
It was under this Dean that the Pro-
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ances Howard, Countess of Hertford,
Lord High Admiral who repulsed the
erset, and cousin of Edward VI. She
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uried in the chapel. His brass is torn

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at the feet. He was in turn Bishop
op of Praeneste, Lord High Treasurer,
be buried here from Avignon, where
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his coming into Kent.'[2]

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[1] Moore's *Life of Sheridan.* [2] Dr. Johnson.

Henry Cary, 1844, the translator of Dante.

Thomas Parr, 'of ye county of Salop, born in A.D. 1483. He lived in the reignes of ten princes, viz.—King Edward IV., King Edward V., King Richard III., King Henry VII., King Henry VIII., King Edward VI., Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, King James, King Charles; aged 152 years, and was buryed here, 1635.'

Charles Dickens, 1870 (the grave is near the commemorative bust of Thackeray), the illustrious author of many works, of which the 'Pickwick Papers,' 'Oliver Twist,' 'Dombey and Son,' and 'David Copperfield' are the best known.

Sir William Davenant, 1668, who succeeded Ben Jonson as poet-laureate to Charles I., being son of a vintner at Oxford. He was buried in the grave of Thomas May, the poet (disinterred at the Restoration), with the inscription, 'O Rare Sir William Davenant.'

Sir Richard Moray, 1673, one of the founders of the Royal Society, called by Bishop Burnet 'the wisest and worthiest man of his age.'

James Macpherson, 1796, author of 'Ossian,' brought hither from Inverness.

Thomas Chiffinch and *John Osbaldiston*, 1666, pages of the bedchamber to Charles II.

Robert Adam, 1792, architect of the Adelphi Terrace and Osterley Park, &c.

Sir William Chambers, 1796, architect of Somerset House.

William Gifford, 1826, the eminent critic, best known as the editor of the *Quarterly Review* from its commencement in 1819 to 1824.

John Ireland, Dean of Westminster, 1842, founder of the Ireland Scholarships at Oxford.

William Spottiswoode, 1883, President of the Royal Society.

Between the pillars opposite Dryden's tomb is a slab from which the brass has been torn away, covering the grave of *Hawle*, the knight murdered in the choir, 1378, during the Abbey service, by a breach of the rights of sanctuary. *Owen Tudor*, son of Queen Katherine de Valois, and uncle of Henry VII., himself a monk of Westminster, lies near this.

Against the screen of the choir, on the right of its entrance, are the tombs of—

Dr. Richard Busby, 1695, for fifty-five years headmaster of Westminster School. His noble statue (by *F. Bird*) does not seem suggestive of the man who declared that 'the rod was his sieve, and that whoever could not pass through that, was no boy for him.' He is celebrated for having persistently kept his hat on when Charles II. came to visit his school, saying that it would never do for the boys to think any one superior to himself.

'As we stood before Dr. Busby's tomb, the knight (Sir Roger de Coverley) uttered himself again: 'Dr. Busby! a great man! he whipped my grandfather; a very great man! I should have gone to him myself if I had not been a blockhead; a very great man!'—*Addison, in the 'Spectator.'*

Dr. William Vincent, 1815, headmaster and Dean. A tablet.

Dr. Robert South, 1716, Archdeacon of Westminster. As a Westminster boy, when leading the devotions of the school, he boldly prayed for Charles I. by name on the morning of his execution. He was afterwards chaplain to James, Duke of York; Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, and of Westminster, of which he refused the Deanery when it was offered to him on the death of Dean Sprat. He was equally famous for his learning and wit, and for his theological and political intolerance. Bishop Burnet speaks of him as 'this learned but ill-natured divine.'

'South had great qualifications for that popularity which attends the pulpit, and his manner was at that time original. Not diffuse, not learned, not formal in argument like Barrow, with a more natural structure of sentences, a more pointed, though by no means a more fair and satisfactory, turn of reasoning, with a style clear and English, free from all pedantry, but abounding with those colloquial novelties of idiom which, though now become vulgar and offensive, the age of Charles II. affected; sparing no personal or temporary sarcasm; but if he seems for a moment to tread on the

verge of buffoonery, recovering himself by some stroke of vigorous sense and language; such was the witty Dr. South, whom the courtiers delighted to hear.'—*Hallam, 'Hist. of the Lit. of Europe.'*

'South's sentences are gems, hard and shining; Voltaire's look like them, but are only French paste.'—*Guesses at Truth.*

We may now enter 'the solemn byways of the Abbey'—the aisles surrounding the choir, outside which cluster—with reference, as some suppose, to the communion of saints—a number of hexagonal chapels, which were probably built by Henry III. in imitation of those which he had himself seen in course of construction in several of the northern cathedrals of France. These chapels contain all that is most precious in the Abbey. The gates of the choir aisles are guarded by vergers.

[The chapels are usually only too freely opened to the public, to the great risk of injury to their precious contents; on four days in the week a fee of sixpence is deposited on entering, and visitors are shown round by a verger.

Visitors may, however, on the closed days, obtain permission to linger in the chapels and to examine them by themselves, which will be imperative with all who are interested in the historic or art treasures they contain.

Permission to draw in the chapels may be obtained by personal or written application to the Dean; and no church in the world—not even St. Mark's at Venice, St. Stephen's at Vienna, or the Mosque at Cordova—affords such picturesque subjects.

Royal tombs, when given here in small type, with other tombs most important in the history of art, are marked with an asterisk.]

On entering the aisles of the choir, we pass at once from the false taste of the last two centuries, to find the surroundings in harmony with the architecture. The ancient altars are gone, very little of the old stained glass remains, several of the canopies and many of the brasses and statuettes have been torn from the tombs; but, with these exceptions, the hand of the worst of destroyers—the 'restorer'—has been allowed to rest here more than in any other of our great English churches; and, except in the introduction of the atrocious statue of Watt, and the destruction of some ancient screens for the monuments of Lord Bath and General Wolfe, there is little which jars upon the exquisite colouring and harmonious beauty of the surroundings.

On the left is the gothic 'tomb of touchstone' erected by Henry III. to *Sebert, King of the East Saxons*, 616, and his *Queen, Ethelgoda*, when he moved their bones from the chapter-house, where they were first buried. Over this tomb, under glass, is a curious altar-decoration of the fourteenth century.

'In the centre is a figure which appears to be intended for Christ, holding the globe and in the act of blessing; an angel with a palm branch is on each side. The single figure at the left hand of the whole decoration is St. Peter; the figure that should correspond on the right, and all the Scripture subjects on that side, are gone. In the compartments to the left, between the figure of St. Peter and the centre figures, portions of three subjects remain: one represents the Adoration of the Kings; another, apparently, the Raising of Lazarus; the subject of the third is doubtful, though some figures remain; the fourth is destroyed. These single figures and subjects are worthy of a good Italian artist of the fourteenth century. The remaining decorations were splendid and costly: the small compartments in the architectural enrichments are filled with variously coloured pieces of glass inlaid on tinfoil, and have still a brilliant effect. This interesting work of art is supposed to have originally formed part of the decorations of the high altar.'—*Eastlake, 'Hist. of Oil Painting.'*

Beyond this, the eye, wearied with the pagan sculptures of the transept, rests in ecstasy upon the lovely details of the tombs of Richard II. and Edward III.

'In St. Peter's at Rome one is convinced that it was built by great princes. In Westminster Abbey one thinks not of the builder; the religion of the place makes the first impression, and, though stripped of its shrines and altars, it is nearer converting one to Popery than all the regular pageantry of Roman domes. One must have taste to be sensible of the beauties of Grecian architecture; one only wants passion to feel Gothic. Gothic churches infuse superstition, Grecian temples admiration. The Papal See amassed its wealth by Gothic cathedrals, and displays it in Grecian temples.'—*Walpole.*

We must now turn to the chapels.

'I wandered among what once were chapels, but which are now occupied by the tombs and monuments of the great. At every turn I met with rare illustrious names, or the cognisance of some powerful house renowned in history. As the eye darts into these dusky chambers of death, it catches glimpses of quaint effigies; some kneeling in niches, as if in devotion; others stretched upon the tombs, with hands piously pressed together; warriors in armour, as if reposing after battle; prelates with crosiers and mitres; and nobles in robes and coronets, lying as it were in state. In glancing over this scene, so strangely populous, yet where every form is so still and silent, it seems almost as if we were treading a mansion of that fabled city where every being has been suddenly transmuted into stone.'—*Washington Irving.*

On the right is the **Chapel of St. Benedict**, or **Bennet**, separated only from the south transept by a screen of monuments. The fine tomb in the centre is that of Lionel Cranfield, Earl of Middlesex, 1645, Lord High Treasurer in the time of James I., and Anne, his wife; it is one of the latest instances of a monument in which the figures have animals at their feet.[1] His grave, with those of other members of his family, is beneath the pavement of the aisle. Other tombs are—

(South Wall.) *George Sprat* (1682), son of the Dean of Westminster.

Gabriel Goodman, Dean of Westminster, 1601, of whom Fuller says, 'Goodman was his name and goodness was his nature.' It was under this Dean that the Protestant services of the Abbey were re-established.

(At the east end, on the site of the altar.) *Frances Howard*, Countess of Hertford, 1598, sister of Howard of Effingham, the Lord High Admiral who repulsed the Armada, daughter-in-law of the Protector Somerset, and cousin of Edward VI. She lived till the fortieth year of Elizabeth, 'greately favoured by her gratious sovereigne, and dearly beloved of her lord.'

Abbot Curtlyngton, 1334, the first person buried in the chapel. His brass is torn away.

*(East Wall.) *Abbot Simon Langham*, 1376. A noble alabaster statue in perfect preservation on an altar-tomb: it once had a canopy, and a statue of Mary Magdalen, on the eve of whose feast the abbot died, stood at the feet. He was in turn Bishop of Ely, Archbishop of Canterbury, Cardinal Bishop of Praeneste, Lord High Treasurer, and Lord Chancellor. He was brought back to be buried here from Avignon, where he died. His immense benefactions to the Abbey are recorded by Godwin, yet his unpopularity appears in the verses which commemorate his translation from Ely to Canterbury—

'The Isle of Ely laught when Simon from her went,
But hundred thousand wept at his coming into Kent.'[2]

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[1] Gough, *Sepulchral Monuments.*
[2] Weever's *Funeral Monuments.*

William Bill, 1561, the first Elizabethan Dean of Westminster, Grand Almoner to the Queen, a good and learned man, and 'a friend to those that were so.'

John Spottiswoode, 1639, Archbishop of Glasgow, is believed to be buried here. He wrote the 'History of the Scottish Church,' at the command of James I., 'who, being told that some passages in it might possibly bear too hard upon the memory of his Majesty's mother, bid him "write the truth and spare not."'[1]

Between the Chapels of St. Benedict and St. Edmund is the tomb of four of the *Children of Henry III.* (Richard, John, Henry, and Katherine), once adorned with mosaics. The State Records contain the king's order for its erection, and for allowing Simon de Wells five marks and a half for bringing a brass image from the City, and William de Gloucester seventy marks for a silver image —both being for the tomb of the king's little dumb daughter Katherine, of five years old, for whom mass was daily said in the hermitage of Charing.

'Katherine, third daughter of King Henry III. and Queen Eleanor, was born at London, A.D. 1252, Nov. 25th, being St. Katherine's day, whose name was therefore given unto her at the Font, by Boniface, Archbishop of Canterbury, her uncle and godfather. She dyed in her very infancy, on whom we will presume to bestow this epitaph—

"Wak't from the wombe, she on this world did peep,
Dislik't it, clos'd her eyes, fell fast asleep."'—*Fuller's Worthies.*

In the pavement of the aisle are the tombs of *Robert Tounson*, Dean of Westminster and Bishop of Salisbury, 1621; of *Cicely Ratcliffe*, 1396; of *Thomas Bilson*, 1616, Bishop of Winchester, the 'deep and profound scholar;'[2] and of *Sir John de Bewerley*, and his wife, *Anne Buxall*, which once bore brasses. Beneath the tomb of Richard II. is believed to lie *Queen Anne of Warwick*, the unhappy Anne Neville, who married first the Prince of Wales, Edward, son of Henry VI. After his murder at Tewkesbury she fled from the addresses of his cousin, the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III., but was discovered disguised as a kitchenmaid, and married to him against her will. She died in less than two years after her coronation, of grief for the loss of her only child, Edward, Prince of Wales.

St. Edmund's Chapel (the first of the hexagonal chapels), dedicated to Edmund, Archbishop of Canterbury, is separated from the aisle by an ancient wooden screen. It is crowded with interesting monuments. In the centre are three tombs.

*That in the midst bears a glorious brass in memory of *Eleanor de Bohun, Duchess of Gloucester*, daughter of the Earl of Hertford, and wife of Thomas of Woodstock, youngest son of Edward III., buried in the Confessor's Chapel. After her husband's arrest and assassination, she became a nun of Barking Abbey, where she died in 1399. Her figure, in a widow's dress, lies under a triple canopy.

Beyond Eleanor, on the south, are the tomb and cross of *Robert de Waldeby, Archbishop of York* (1397), the friend of the Black Prince and tutor of Richard II. On the north is *Mary Villiers, Countess of Stafford* (1694), wife of William Howard, the Earl beheaded under Charles II. At her feet rests *Henry Ferne, Bishop of Chester* (1662), who attended Charles I. during his imprisonment, and 'whose only fault it was that he could not be angry.'[3]

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[1] Bishop Nicholson, *Scot. Hist.* [2] Fuller's *Worthies.*
[3] See Stanley, *Memorials*, 243.

Making the circuit of the chapel from the right, we find the tombs of—

**William de Valence*, Earl of Pembroke (1296). He was half-brother to Henry III., being the son of Queen Isabella, widow of John, by her second marriage with Hugh le Brune, Earl of March and Poictiers. William, surnamed from his birth-place, was sent to England with his brothers in 1247, and the distinction with which they were treated was one of the grievances which led to the war with the barons. He fought in the battle of Lewes, and fleeing the kingdom afterwards, was killed at Bayonne. An indulgence of a hundred days was granted to all who prayed by this tomb, which is very curious. It was erected by William's son, Aylmer, and is a stone altar-tomb, supporting a wooden sarcophagus, upon which lies the effigy, which is of wood covered with gilt copper. The belt and cushion, and, above all, the shield, are most beautiful examples of the use of enamelled metal as applied to monumental decoration. Many of the small shields upon the cushion and surcoat bear the arms of Valence, others those of England.

Edward Talbot, eighth Earl of Shrewsbury (1617), and his wife, *Jane Cuthbert*. A fine Elizabethan tomb, once richly gilt, with effigies in the costume of James I. A little daughter kneels at her mother's feet.

(In the pavement.) *Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury* (1678), grandson of the famous Lord Herbert. A blue stone.

Sir Richard Pecksall (1571), Master of the Buckhounds to Elizabeth, kneeling with his two wives, under three Corinthian arches. Four daughters kneel beneath their father.

A great gothic recess containing the effigy of *Sir Bernard Brocas* (1399–1400), Chamberlain to the queen of Richard II., beheaded on Tower Hill for joining in a conspiracy to reinstate him. He won the head of a crowned Moor, on which his helmet rests, and it was before this tomb that Sir Roger de Coverley listened particularly to the account of the lord who had 'cut off the King of Morocco's head.'[1] The statue is in complete armour.

(In front.) *Humphrey Bourchier*, son of Lord Berners, who died 1471, fighting for Edward IV. in the battle of Barnet. The brass figure is gone, but some shields and other ornaments remain.

John, Lord Russell (1584), second son of the second Earl. He lies with his face towards the spectator. At his feet is his infant son Francis, who died in the same year. His widow, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke, and sister of Lady Burleigh, who 'from Deathe would take his memorie,' commemorates his virtues in Latin, Greek, and English. She was first married to Sir Thomas Hobby of Bisham Abbey, where she is supposed to have beaten her little boy to death for blotting his copy-book, and which is still haunted by her ghost.

Elizabeth Russell (1601), daughter of the above John, seated asleep in her osier chair, with her foot upon a scroll, and the epitaph, 'Dormit, non mortua est.' The pedestal is very richly decorated. This figure was formerly shown as that of a lady who died of the prick of a needle. Sir Roger de Coverley 'was conducted to the figure which represents that martyr to good housewifery who died by the prick of a needle. Upon our interpreter's telling us that she was a maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth, the knight was very inquisitive into her name and family; and, after having regarded her finger for some time, "I wonder," says he, "that Sir Richard Baker has said nothing of her in his Chronicle."'—*Spectator*, No. 329.

(Beneath the pavement, buried here, from his supposed relationship to Humphrey Bourchier) *Edward Bulwer Lytton, Lord Lytton* (1872), the novelist, chiefly known as the author of 'Rienzi,' 'The Last Days of Pompeii,' and 'The Caxtons.'

Lady Jane Seymour (1561), daughter of Edward, Duke of Somerset, and cousin of Edward VI. A tablet.

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[1] An inscription recording this feat formerly hung above the tomb. See Gough's *Sepulchral Monuments*.

Katherine, Lady Knollys (1568), daughter of William Carey and his wife Mary Boleyn, and sister to Lord Hunsdon. She attended her aunt, Queen Anne Boleyn, upon the scaffold, and was afterwards Chief Lady of the Bedchamber to her cousin Elizabeth. A tablet.

On a pedestal, the seated figure of *Francis Holles* (1622), third son of John, Earl of Clare, who died at eighteen on his return from the Flemish war. He is represented (by *Nicholas Stone*) in Roman armour, with the epitaph—

'Man's life is measured by his worke, not dayes;
No aged sloth, but active youth, hath prayse'

The statue on the tomb of Francis Holles marks an artistic era. It is the first that wears the dress of a Roman general.

**Frances Grey, Duchess of Suffolk* (1559), niece of Henry VIII., 'daughter of Charles Brandon, Duke of Southfolke, and Marie the French queen, first wife to Henrie, Duke of Southfolke, after to Adrian Stocke, Esq.' By her second husband, married during the great poverty and distress into which she fell in the reign of Mary (after the death of her daughter, Lady Jane Grey), this tomb was erected, bearing a beautiful coroneted effigy. Her funeral service was the first English Protestant service after the accession of Elizabeth, by whom she was restored to favour.

Nicholas Monk, Bishop of Hereford (1661), brother of the famous Duke of Albemarle.

(In the corner.) Tablet to *John Paul Howard, Earl of Stafford* (1762), surrounded by the quarterings of the Stafford family, who descend by ten different marriages from the royal blood of France and England. The epitaph tells how 'his heart was entirely great and noble as his high descent; faithful to his God; a lover of his country; a relation to relations; a detester of detraction; a friend to mankind.'

**William of Windsor and Blanche of the Tower* (1340), infant children of Edward III. A tiny altar-tomb bears their effigies—the boy in a short doublet, with flowing hair encircled by a band; the girl in studded bodice, petticoat, and mantle, with a horned head-dress.

It is interesting to remember the illustrious brothers and sisters of the little Princess Blanche who stood round this her grave at her funeral—Edward the Black Prince, Lionel of Clarence, Isabella de Coucy, and Joanna, afterwards Queen of Castile.

**John of Eltham, Earl of Cornwall* (1334), second son of Edward II. (named from his birthplace), who died in his nineteenth year, and was expressly ordered to be buried 'entre les Roials.' The effigy is of great antiquarian interest from the details of its plate armour. The Prince wears a surcoat, gorget, and helmet, the last open in front to show the features, and surrounded by a coronet of large and small trefoil leaves alternated, being the earliest known representation of the ducal form of coronet.[1] Two angels sit by the pillow, and around the tomb are mutilated figures of the royal relations of the dead. The statuettes of the French relations are towards the chapel, and have been cruelly mutilated, but the English relations facing St. Edward's Chapel have been protected by the strong oak screen, and are of the most intense interest. Edward II., who is buried in Gloucester Cathedral, is represented here. Here, on the left hand of the husband whose cruel murder she caused, is the only known portrait of the wicked Isabella the Fair, daughter of Philip le Bel, who died at Castle Rising in 1358; she wears a crown at the top of her widow's hood, and holds a sceptre in her right hand. Here also alone can we become acquainted with the characteristics of her aunt, the stainless Marguerite of France, the grand-daughter of St. Louis, who at the age of twenty became the second wife of Edward I., and dying at Marlborough Castle in 1317, was buried in the Grey Friar's Church in London; she wears a crown of fleur-de-lis over her widow's veil. This tomb of Prince John was once shaded by a canopy of exquisite beauty, supported on eight stone pillars—a forest of gothic spires intermingled with statues; it was destroyed in a rush of spectators at the funeral of the Duchess of Northumberland in 1776. Fuller mentions John of Eltham as the last son of a king of England who died a plain Earl; the title of Duke afterwards came into fashion.

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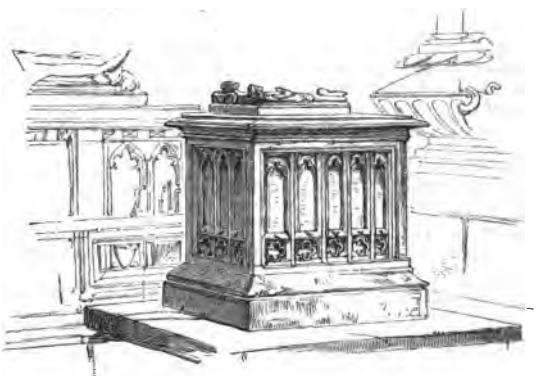
[1] There were no dukes in England until the year after his death.

Passing, on the right wall of the ambulatory, the monument of *Richard Tufton* (1631), brother of the first Earl of Thanet, who gave his name to Tufton Street, Westminster; and treading on the grave of *Sir Henry Spelman*, the antiquary (1641), whose pennon formerly hung above his grave,[1] we enter the **Chapel of St. Nicholas** (Bishop of Myra), separated from the aisle by a perpendicular stone screen adorned with a frieze of shields and roses. It is filled with Elizabethan tombs, and is still the especial burial-place of the Percys. In the centre is a noble altar-tomb by *Nicholas Stone*[2] to *Sir George Villiers* (1606), the Leicestershire squire who was the



TOMB OF THE CHILDREN OF EDWARD III.

father of the famous Duke of Buckingham, and his wife, *Mary Beaumont*. This Sir George Villiers was the subject of the famous ghost-story given by Clarendon,[3] the 'man of venerable aspect' who thrice drew the curtains of the bed of a humble friend at Windsor, and bade him go to his son the Duke of Buckingham, and warn him that, if he did not seek to ingratiate himself with the people, he would have but a short time to live. This Mary Beaumont it was who, as Countess of Buckingham, also so vividly foresaw her son's death, that though she had been 'overwhelmed in tears and in the highest agony imaginable,' after taking leave of him upon his last

[1] Aubrey. [2] Erected at a cost of £560.
[3] *History of the Rebellion.*

visit to her, yet, when she received the news of his murder, 'seemed not in the least degree surprised.'

Making the circuit of the chapel from the right, we see the tombs of—

**Philippa, Duchess of York* (1431 or 1433), daughter of John, Lord Mohun, and wife of Sir John Golofre, and of Edmund Plantagenet ('Eadmund of Langley'), fifth son of Edward III., and lastly, of Lord Fitzwalter. After the death of her royal husband she obtained the Lordship of the Isle of Wight, and resided in Carisbrook Castle, where she died, and whence she was brought with royal honours to Westminster. Her effigy (much injured) wears a long cloak and mantle, with a wimple and plaited veil. Her tomb is the earliest in this chapel, in the centre of which it formerly stood. It once had a canopy decorated with stars and a painting of the Passion.

Elizabeth Percy, Duchess of Northumberland (1776), 'in her own right Baroness Percy, Lucy, Poynings, Fitz-Payne, Bryan, and Latimer; sole heiress of Algernon, Duke of Somerset, and of the ancient Earls of Northumberland.' The Percy family still maintain the right of sepulture in this chapel.

Winifred Brydges, Marchioness of Winchester (1586). Above this the effigy of *Elizabeth, Lady Ross* (1591), wife of the Earl of Exeter, grandson of Lord Burghley.

The gothic canopied altar-tomb of *William Dudley* (1483), first Dean of Windsor, and Bishop of Durham, uncle of Henry VII.'s financier. His figure is gone.

An obelisk of white marble on a black pedestal supports a vase containing the heart of *Anne Sophia*, the infant *daughter of Count Bellamonte*, ambassador from France to James I. She died in 1605.

Tomb of *Mildred Cecil, Lady Burghley* (1589), one of the four learned daughters of Sir Anthony Cooke, and *Anne Vere, Countess of Oxford* (1588), the wife and daughter of the great Lord Burghley. An enormous Corinthian tomb, twenty-four feet high. The figure of Lady Burghley lies on a sarcophagus; at her head are her three grand-daughters, Elizabeth, Bridget, and Susannah; and at her feet her only son, Robert Cecil. In a recess is the recumbent figure of the Countess of Oxford. In the upper story Lord Burghley is seen, kneeling in his robes—the effigy in which Sir Roger de Coverley was 'well pleased to see the statesman Cecil on his knees.' The epitaphs are from his pen, and tell how 'his eyes were dim with tears for those who were dear to him beyond the whole race of womankind.' Lord Burghley himself lay in state here, but was buried at Stamford.

Sir George Fane (1618), and his wife, *Elizabeth le Despencer.* A mural monument, with kneeling statues.

Nicholas, Lord Carew (1470), the friend of Edward IV., and his wife. A plain altar-tomb.

Nicholas Bagenall, an infant of two months old, 'by his nvrs unfortvnately overlayd' (1688). A pedestal with a black pyramid and urn. We know from her will that the nurse, Frances Dobbs, never ceased to lament her little darling, and bequeathing all her possessions to the child's mother, Lady Anne Bagenall, urgently begged to be buried as near him as possible.[1]

**Anne Seymour, Duchess of Somerset* (1587), widow of the great Protector, sister-in-law of Queen Jane, and aunt of Edward VI. She died aged ninety, far on in the reign of Elizabeth. The tomb was erected by her son, Lord Hertford, 'in this doleful dutie carefull and diligent.'

Lady Jane Clifford (1679), great-granddaughter of the Protector Somerset. An odd square sarcophagus.

**Sir Humphrey Stanley* (1505), who fought for Henry VII. at the battle of Bosworth, where he was knighted on the field of battle. A brass of a figure in plate armour.

Elizabeth Brooke (1591), wife of Sir Robert Cecil, son of the great Lord Burghley. An altar-tomb.

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[1] Col. Chester's ed. of *The Registers of Westminster Abbey*, p. 200.

Returning to the aisle, on the left is the monument of *Sir Robert Ayton*, 1637, the poet, secretary to Anne of Denmark and Henrietta Maria, with a noble bust. On the right is that of *Sir Thomas Ingram*, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, 1671. Beneath the pavement lie *Abbot Berkyng*, Lord High Treasurer, 1246, and *Sir John Golofre*, 1396, first husband of Philippa, Duchess of York.

We now reach the glorious portico which overarches the aisle under the **Oratory of Henry V.** Beneath it, in an awful gloom, which is rendered more solemn by the play of golden light within, a grand flight of steps leads to the **Chapel of Henry VII.**, erected under the care of Bolton, the Architect-Prior of St. Bartholomew's, in the place of the Lady Chapel of Henry III.,[1] the burial-place of almost all the sovereigns from Henry VII. to George II., the finest perpendicular building in England, called by Leland 'the miracle of the world,'—far finer than its rival, King's College at Cambridge. Henry VII. intended that the body of Henry VI. should be moved from Windsor to his new chapel, and the Abbey of Westminster actually paid £500 for the removal, but the project was never carried out.

'The Chapel of Henry VII. is indeed well called by his name, for it breathes of himself through every part. It is the most signal example of the contrast between his closeness in life, and his "magnificence in the structures he hath left to posterity"—King's College Chapel, the Savoy, Westminster. Its very style was a reminiscence of his exile, being "learned in France" by himself and his companion Fox. His pride in its grandeur was commemorated by the ship, vast for those times, which he built, "of equal cost with his chapel," "which afterwards, in the reign of Mary, sank in the sea and vanished in a moment."

'It was to be his chantry as well as his tomb, for he was determined not to be behind the Lancastrian princes in devotion; and this unusual anxiety for the sake of a soul not too heavenward in its affections expended itself in the immense apparatus of services which he provided. Almost a second abbey was needed to contain the new establishment of monks, who were to sing in their stalls "as long as the world shall endure." Almost a second shrine, surrounded by its blazing tapers, and shining like gold with its glittering bronze, was to contain his remains.

'To the Virgin Mary, to whom the chapel was dedicated, he had a special devotion. "Her in all his necessities he had made his continual refuge;" and her figure, accordingly, looks down upon his grave from the east end, between the apostolic patrons of the Abbey, Peter and Paul, with "the holy company of heaven —that is to say, angels, archangels, patriarchs, prophets, apostles, evangelists, martyrs, confessors, and virgins," to "whose singular mediation and prayers he also trusted," including the royal saints of Britain, St. Edward, St. Edmund, St. Oswald, St. Margaret of Scotland, who stand, as he directed, sculptured, tier above tier, on every side of the chapel, some retained from the ancient Lady Chapel, the greater part the work of his own age. Round his tomb stand his nine "accustomed avours or guardian saints," to whom "he calls and cries"—"St. Michael, St. John the Baptist, St. John the Evangelist, St. George, St. Anthony, St. Edward, St. Vincent, St. Anne, St. Mary Magdalene, and St. Barbara," each with their peculiar emblems,—"so to aid, succour, and defend him, that the ancient and ghostly enemy, nor none other evil or damnable spirit, have no power to invade him, nor with their wickedness to annoy him, but with holy prayers to be intercessors for him to his Maker and Redeemer." These were the adjurations of the last mediaeval king, as the chapel was the climax of the latest mediaeval architecture. In the very urgency of the King's anxiety for the perpetuity of those funeral ceremonies, we seem to discern an unconscious presentiment of terror lest their days were numbered.'—*Dean Stanley.*

[1] Found, by the excavations made at a recent funeral, to have been nearly of the same dimensions as the present chapel.

It is said that on looking back from the portico of Henry VII.'s Chapel, every phase of gothic architecture, from Henry III. to Henry VII., may be seen. The glorious brass gates are adorned with all the badges of the founder—the fleur-de-lis, the portcullis and crown, the crown surrounded by daisies (in allusion to his mother Margaret), the dragon of Cadwallader (in allusion to the descent of Owen Tudor from that British king), the falcon and fetterlock, the thistle and crown, the united roses of York and Lancaster entwined with the crown, the initials H.R., the royal crown, and the three lions of England. The devices of Henry VII. are also borne by the angels sculptured on the frieze at the west end of the chapel. The windows have traces of the red roses of Lancaster and of the fleur-de-lis and H's with which they were once filled; from the end window the figure of Henry VII. looks down upon the whole. Seventy-three statues, whose 'natural simplicity and grandeur of character and drapery' are greatly commended by Flaxman, surround the walls. The fifth figure from the east in the south aisle represents a bearded woman leaning on a cross. It is St. Wilgefortis, also called St. Uncumber and St. Liberada, and was honoured by those who wished to be set free from an unhappy marriage. She prayed for release from a compulsory marriage, and her prayer was granted, through the beard which grew in one night.

'The very walls are wrought into universal ornament, encrusted with tracery, and scooped into niches, crowded with statues of saints and martyrs. Stone seems, by the cunning labour of the chisel, to have been robbed of its weight and density, suspended aloft, as if by magic, and the fretted roof achieved with the wonderful minuteness and airy security of a cobweb.'—*Washington Irving.*

The stalls of the Knights of the Bath surround the chapel, with the seats for the esquires in front. The end stall on the right is decorated with a figure of Henry VII. The sculptures on the misereres are exceedingly quaint, chiefly monkish satires on the evil lives of their brethren. Amongst them are combats between monks and nuns, a monk seized and a monk carried off by the devil, one boy whipping another, apes gathering nuts, and a fox in armour riding a goose. The best is the Judgment of Solomon; the cause of the contention—the substitution of the dead for the living child—is represented with ludicrous simplicity, repeated on either side of the bracket.

The centre of the chapel towards the east is occupied by a splendid closure of gilt copper containing the glorious tomb of *Henry VII.* (1509) and *Elizabeth of York* (1503), 'one of the stateliest and daintiest monuments of Europe,'[1] executed for £1500 by the famous *Pietro Torrigiano;* the screen, which is no less beautiful, being the work of English artisans. Torrigiano is said to have sought the assistance of Benvenuto Cellini in the figures, and that great artist, then at the court of Francis I., was disposed to give

[1] Lord Bacon.

it at first, and then, finding that in his quarrel with Michelangelo, Torrigiano had so far forgotten himself as to strike that great man, he refused to have any more to do with one who could be guilty of such an act of sacrilege. The tomb is chiefly of black marble, but the figures and surrounding alto-relievos and pilasters are of gilt copper. The figures, wrapped in long mantles which descend to the feet, are most simple and beautiful. They once wore crowns, which have been stolen. Within the screen, Henry enjoined by his will that there should be a small altar, enriched with relics —one of the legs of St. George and a great piece of the Holy Cross.

Elizabeth of York, daughter of Edward IV., by whose marriage the long feud between the Houses of York and Lancaster was ter-

HENRY VII. (WOODEN FIGURE).

minated, died in childbirth at the Tower, February 11, 1502-3— the anniversary of her birthday. Her sister, Lady Katharine Courtenay, was chief mourner at her magnificent funeral in the Abbey. Henry survived his wife for over six years, and died at Richmond in 1509. Bishop Fisher preached his funeral sermon, which was printed by Wynkyn de Worde at the desire of the 'king's moder.'

'In this chappel the founder thereof, with his queen, lieth interr'd, under a monument of solid brass, most richly gilded, and artificially carved. Some slight it for the cheapness, because it cost but a thousand pounds in the making thereof. Such do not consider it as the work of so thrifty a prince, who would make a little money go far; besides that it was just at the turning of the tide

(as one may term it) of money, which *flowed* after the finding out of the West Indies, though *ebbing* before.'—*Fuller's Worthies.*

Henry VII. 'was of a high mind, and loved his own will and his own way; as one that revered himself, and would reign indeed. Had he been a private man he would have been termed proud. But in a wise prince, it was but keeping of distance, which indeed he did towards all. . . . To his confederates he was constant and just, but not open. . . . He was a prince, sad, virtuous, and full of thoughts and secret observations, and full of notes and memorials of his own hand, especially touching persons. . . . No doubt, in him, as in all men, and most of all in him, his fortune wrought upon his nature, and his nature upon his fortune. He attained to the crown, not only from a private fortune, which might endow him with moderation; but also from the fortune of an exiled man, which had quickened in him all seeds of observation and industry. And his times being rather prosperous than calm, had raised his confidence by success, but almost marred his nature by troubles.'—*Bacon's Life of Henry VII.*

In the same vault with Henry and Elizabeth rests the huge coffin of *James I.* (1625). His funeral sermon was preached by Dean Williams, who compared him to Solomon in eight particulars!

In front of the tomb of his grandparents is the restored altar which marks the burial-place of *King Edward VI.* (1553), who died at Greenwich in his sixteenth year—the good and strangely learned prince of whom Hooker says that 'though he died young, he lived long, for life is in *action*.' 'At his burying,' says Henry Machyn, 'was the greatest moan made for him of his death, as ever was heard or seen, both of all sorts of people, weeping and lamenting.'

'That godly and royal child, King Edward the Sixth, the flower of the Tudor name—the young flower that was untimely cropped as it began to fill our land with its early odours—the boy-patron of boys—the serious and holy child who walked with Cranmer and Ridley—fit associate, in those tender years, for the bishops and future martyrs of our Church, to receive, or (as occasion sometimes proved) to give instruction.'—*Charles Lamb.*

The ancient altar—a splendid work of Torrigiano, which bore a wonderful terra-cotta figure of the dead Christ surrounded by angels—was destroyed by Sir Robert Harlow in the Civil Wars,[1] but part of the frieze was found in 1869 in the young king's grave, and has been let into the modern altar. It is admirable carving of the Renaissance, and shows the Tudor roses and the lilies of France interwoven with a scrollwork pattern. On the coffin-plate of the young king is inscribed—after his royal titles —'On earth under Christ of the Church of England and Ireland supreme head'—having been evidently engraved during the nine days' reign of Lady Jane Grey. The reconstructed altar was first used in 1870, on the strange occasion when Dean Stanley administered the Sacrament to the revisers of the New Testament—'representatives of almost every form of Christian belief in England' —before they commenced their labours.

Inserted in this altar of toleration, by a quaint power of seeing threads of connection where they are not generally apparent, are a fragment of an Abyssinian altar brought from Magdala in 1868; a fragment of a Greek church in Damascus, destroyed during the

[1] Fragments still exist in the Triforium.

Christian massacre of 1860; and a fragment of the high altar of Canterbury, destroyed when the cathedral was burnt in 1174.

Making the circuit of the chapel from the right, we see in the pavement the inscribed graves of—

Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland (1790), fourth son of Frederick, Prince of Wales.

Caroline (1757), third daughter, and *Amelia* (1786), second daughter, of George II.

Louisa (1768), third daughter of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and *Edward, Duke of York* (1767), his second son, who died at Monaco.

Queen Caroline of Anspach (1737),—the Queen of the 'Heart of Midlothian,' buried here with Handel's newly composed anthem, 'When the ear heard her, then it blessed her,' &c.

King George II. (1760), the last sovereign buried at Westminster, who desired that his dust might mingle with that of his beloved wife, in accordance with which one side of each of the coffins was withdrawn, and they rest together.

We now reach a chantry, separated from the chapel by a screen, of which only the basement remains, containing the gigantic monument of—

Ludovic Stuart, Duke of Richmond and Lennox (1624), cousin of James I., Lord Chamberlain, and Lord High Admiral of Scotland. Huge figures of Faith, Hope, Prudence, and Charity support the canopy. The monument was erected by the Duke's widow, who is buried here with all his family. Here also rest the natural son of Charles II. and the Duchess of Portsmouth, who was created Duke of Richmond on the extinction of the former family, and his widow, with many others of his house, including the widow of the sixth and last Duke, 'La belle Stuart,' whose effigy, by her own request, was placed by her tomb after death 'as well done in wax as could be, under crown glass and none other,' wearing the robes which she wore at the coronation of Queen Anne, and accompanied by the parrot 'which lived with her Grace forty years, and survived her only a few days.' The black marble pyramid at the foot of the tomb commemorates the infant Esme, Duke of Richmond.

'One curious feature in the tomb deserves notice. In the inscription the date of the year of the Duke's death is apparently omitted, though the month and day are mentioned. The year, however, is given in what is called a chronogram. The Latin translation of the verse in the Bible, "Know ye not that a prince and a great man has this day fallen?' (the words uttered by David in his lament over Abner), contains fourteen Roman numeral letters, and these being elongated into capitals are MDCVVVIIIIIIII, which give the date 1623. It is remarkable that words so appropriate to this nobleman should contain the date for this identical year, and it shows much ingenuity on the part of the writer of the inscription that he should have discovered it.'—*The Builder*, June 19, 1875.

We now come to the first of the three eastern chapels. On the left is the tomb, by *Westmacott*, of Antoine, Duc de Montpensier, brother of Louis Philippe, who died in exile, at Salthill, 1807. The inscription is by General Dumouriez. This is the only monument placed in the Abbey for two centuries which is in accordance with the taste in which it was built. In the same vault with the Duke lay for some time Louise of Savoy, queen of Louis XVIII., who died in exile at Hartwell in Buckinghamshire. Her remains were removed to Sardinia in 1811.

In the centre of the chapel is the grave of *Lady Augusta Stanley*[1] (1876), daughter of the seventh Earl of Elgin, 'for thirty years the devoted servant of Queen

[1] With the exception of Lady Palmerston, the only woman buried in the Abbey since very early in the XIX. c.

Victoria, and of the Queen's mother and children.' In the same grave, in the presence of a vast and sorrowing multitude, on July 25, 1881, was laid her husband, *Arthur Penrhyn Stanley*, for eighteen years, as Dean of Westminster, the loving and devoted guardian of the Abbey, of which he was the historian. His (far too tall) effigy is by *Boehm*, with the appropriate inscription, 'I know that all things come to an end, but thy commandments are exceeding broad.' The commemorative window above represents in the upper part the history of the Bruce family, and, in the lower, Lady Augusta Stanley in the six works of mercy.

'And, truly, he who here
Hath run his bright career,
And served men nobly, and acceptance found,
And borne to light and sight his witness high,
What can he better crave than then to die,
And wait the issue, sleeping underground?
Why should he pray to range
Down the long age of truth that ripens slow,
And break his heart with all the baffling change,
And all the tedious tossing to and fro?'
Matthew Arnold.

'As far as I understood what the duties of my office were supposed to be, in spite of every incompetence, I am yet humbly trustful that I have sustained before the mind of the nation the extraordinary value of the Abbey as a religious, national, and liberal institution.'—*Dean Stanley's Last Words.*

The **Central Eastern Chapel** was the burial-place of the magnates of the Commonwealth, who, with few exceptions, were exhumed after the Restoration. The bodies of Cromwell, his son-in-law Ireton, and Bradshaw, the regicide judge, were hanged at Tyburn; the mother of Cromwell, with most of her kindred and friends, was buried in a pit near St. Margaret's Church; Elizabeth Claypole, the favourite daughter of the Protector, was left in peace. Here were once buried—

Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector, 1658.
General Henry Ireton, 1651.
Elizabeth Cromwell, mother of the Protector, 1654.
Jane Desborough, sister of the Protector, 1656.
Anne Fleetwood, grand-daughter of the Protector.
Richard Deane, 1653.
Humphrey Mackworth, 1654.
Sir William Constable, 1655.
Admiral Robert Blake, 1657.
Dennis Bond, 1658.
John Bradshaw, 1659.
Mary Bradshaw, 1659.

The vault vacated when the rebels were exhumed in 1661, was afterwards used as the burial-place of *James Butler, the great Duke of Ormonde* (1688), and all his family. Here also were interred many of the illegitimate descendants of Charles II., including—

The *Earl of Doncaster*, son of the Duke of Monmouth, 1674.
Charles Fitzroy, Duke of Cleveland, 1730.
Charles Fitz Charles, Earl of Plymouth, who died at Tangiers, 1681.
Here also the *Earl of Portland*, the friend of William III., was buried (1709), with the *Duke of Schomberg* and several of his family.

In the **Third Chapel** lie—

(Right.) *Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham* (1721), and his Duchess *Catherine* (1743), who was so proud of being the illegitimate daughter of James II. and Catherine

Sedley, and who kept the anniversary of the martyrdom of her royal grandfather Charles I. seated in a chair of state, attended by her women in weeds.[1] The monument is by *Scheemakers*, who has represented the Duchess in English dress, while the Duke is in Roman armour. In the reign of Charles II. he was general of the Dutch troop of horse, Governor of the Castle of Kingston upon Hull, and First Gentleman of the Bedchamber; in that of James II., Lord Chamberlain; in that of Queen Anne, Lord Privy Seal and President of the Council. The concluding lines of his self-composed epitaph are striking—'Dubius sed non improbus vixi; incertus morior, non perturbatus. Humanum est nescire et errare. Deo confido omnipotenti, benevolentissimo. Ens entium miserere mei.' Before the words 'Deo confido,' 'Christum adveneror' was originally inserted, but was effaced by Dean Atterbury, on the ground that 'adveneror' was not a sufficient expression as applied to Christ.

Opposite is preserved the wooden *Pulpit* from which it is said Cranmer preached at the coronation and funeral of his royal godson, Edward VI.

Beneath it, alone, in a spacious vault, lies the body of *Queen Anne of Denmark* (1619), wife of James I., who died at Somerset House. She never had any monument, but her hearse stood over her grave till the Commonwealth.

Hard by is the grave of *John Campbell, Duke of Argyll and Greenwich* (1743), whose monument we have seen in the south transept. With him lies his daughter, Lady Mary Coke (1811), 'the "lively little lady" who, in the "Heart of Midlothian," banters her father after the interview with Jeanie Deans.'[2]

But this chapel is chiefly interesting because here, in entire conformity with the best traditions of the Abbey, it was intended to place a beautiful monument to the gallant and unfortunate Louis Napoleon, Prince Imperial of France, who fell fighting in the cause of England, June 1, 1879. The erection of this monument was prevented by the illiberal clamour of an ignorant faction.

The next *Chapel*, with a low screen, has its western decorations ruined by the interesting tomb of—

George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham (1628), the passionately loved favourite of James I., murdered by Felton, and his Duchess. His children kneel at his head. Several of his sons, including Francis and George, whose handsome features are well known from Van Dyck's noble picture, rest in their father's grave, together with the last Duke, the George Villiers who was the 'Zimri' of Dryden, and whose deathbed is described in the lines of Pope.

'Had the Duke of Buckingham been blessed with a faithful friend, qualified with wisdom and integrity, the Duke would have committed as few faults and done as transcendent worthy actions as any man in that age in Europe.'—*Clarendon.*

'After Buckingham's death, Charles the First cherished his memory warmly as his life, advanced his friends, and designed to raise a magnificent monument to his memory; and if any one accused the Duke, the king always imputed the fault to himself. Charles often said the world was much mistaken in the Duke's character: for it was commonly thought the Duke ruled his majesty; but it was much the contrary, having been his most faithful and obedient servant in all things, as the king said he would make sensibly appear to the world.'—*Disraeli, 'Curiosities of Literature.'*

Near the next pillar is the grave of *Elizabeth Claypole* (1658), second daughter of Oliver Cromwell, the only member of the Protector's family allowed to remain in the Abbey, as being both a royalist and a member of the Church of England. In descending the chapel on this side we pass the graves of—

Frederick, Prince of Wales, father of George III., 1751.

Augusta of Saxe-Gotha, Princess of Wales, 1772.

Elizabeth Caroline (1759) and *Frederick William* (1765), children of the Prince of Wales.

William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, third son of George II. (1765), of Culloden celebrity.

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[1] Walpole's *Reminiscences.* [2] Stanley.

To these, as to the fourteen persons (including Oliver Cromwell) who have ruled England since the time of Elizabeth, no monument has been erected.

Entering the *South Aisle of the Chapel*, we find, beneath the exquisite fan roof, three noble tombs :—

**Margaret Stuart, Countess of Lennox* (1578), first cousin of Queen Elizabeth, being daughter of the Scottish queen, Margaret Tudor, by her second marriage with the Earl of Angus. Lord Thomas Howard was imprisoned for life for venturing to fall in love with her at the court of Anne Boleyn, and she was married, in her thirtieth year, to the Earl of Lennox. The epitaph tells how she 'had to her great-grandfather, King Edward IV.; to her grandfather, King Henry VII.; to her uncle, King Henry VIII.; to her cousin-german, King Edward VI.; to her brother, King James V. of Scotland; to her son (Darnley), King Henry I. of Scotland; to her grandchild, King James VI. (of Scotland, and I. of England).' The tomb is of alabaster. It bears the effigy of Margaret in robes of state, with a small ruff and a close coif with a coronet over it. Below are the effigies of her four sons and four daughters (including that of Henry Darnley, King of Scotland, which once had a crown above its head, and that of Charles Lennox, father of the 'Ladie Arbele' (Arabella Stuart). The Countess of Lennox died in poverty, but was buried here in great state by Elizabeth. An iron railing, decorated with all the armorial bearings of the family, once surrounded this monument.

**Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots*, 1587. After her execution at Fotheringay she was buried in Peterborough Cathedral, but was brought thence in 1613 by her son, James I., who desired that 'like honour might be done to the body of his dearest mother, and the like monument be extant of her, that had been done to his dear sister, the late Queen Elizabeth.' In her second funeral she had 'a translucent passage in the night through the city of London, by multitudes of torches, with all the ceremonies that voices, quires and copes could express, attended by many prelates and nobles.'[1] The tomb is a noble work of the period, with an effigy by *Cornelius Cure*. The queen is represented as in her pictures, with small and delicate features. She wears a close coif, a laced ruff, a mantle fastened at the breast by a jewelled brooch, and high-heeled shoes; at her feet the crowned lion of Scotland sits keeping guard.

'She shall be a world's wonder to all time,
A deadly glory watched of marvelling men,
Not without praise, not without noble tears,
And if without what she would never have
Who had it never, pity—yet from none
Quite without reverence and some kind of love
For that which was so royal.'—*Swinburne.*

'In the tomb-statues of the two queens, Elizabeth and Mary Stuart, what grand character is displayed in the head! what expression in the fine, noble hands! It is no wonder that before the thrilling effect of these monumental poems, other arts were mute or modestly retired into the background.'—*Lübke.*

**Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond and Derby*, the great-granddaughter of John of Gaunt, 'allied by blood or affinity to thirty kings and queens,' and through whom Henry VII. derived all the hereditary claims he possessed to the throne. Great-great-granddaughter of Edward III., she was, by her first husband, Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, son of Queen Katherine de Valois (whom, rather than the Duke of Suffolk, she espoused by the advice—in a vision—of St. Nicholas, patron of wavering maidens), the mother of Henry VII. She married secondly Sir Humphrey Stafford; and thirdly Thomas, Lord Stanley, who placed the crown of Richard III. on the head of her son after the battle of Bosworth Field, and was created Earl of Derby by him. She died

[1] Wilson's *Hist. of the Reign of James I.*

in Barking Abbey, 1509, at the time of the coronation of her grandson, Henry VIII. She was the foundress of St. John's and Christ's Colleges at Cambridge. Bishop Fisher (her chaplain), who preached her funeral sermon, told truly how 'every one that knew her loved her, and everything that she said or did became her.' She was so imbued with the spirit of mediaeval times, that Camden records she would often say that 'on the condition that the princes of Christendom would combine and march against the common enemy, the Turk, she would willingly attend them, and be their laundress in the camp.' Her effigy, the first work executed by the great *Pietro Torrigiano* in England, is nobly simple, but 'executed in a grand and expressive naturalistic manner.'[1] Her aged features are evidently modelled from nature. Her hands are uplifted in prayer, and 'no such wonderful hands have ever been modelled as that lean, old, wrinkled, withered pair.'[2] The ascetic features and withered hands are seen in the portrait of the Countess at St. John's College, Cambridge. Her epitaph, by John Skelton, the poet-laureate, ends with a quaint curse upon all who shall spoil or take it away—

'Qui lacerat, violatve, rapit, praesens epitoma,
Hunc laceretque voret, Cerberus, absque mora.'

(On the left.) *Catherine Shorter, Lady Walpole* (1737), the first wife of Sir Robert, afterwards Earl of Orford. The figure is by *Valori*, after the famous statue of 'Pudicitia' at Rome, and is beautiful, though injured by the too voluminous folds of its drapery. It was erected by her son, Horace Walpole. 'She had beauty and wit without vice or vanity, and cultivated the arts without affectation. She was devout, though without bigotry of any sect, and was without prejudice to any party; tho' the wife of a minister, whose power she esteemed but when she could employ it to benefit the miserable or reward the meritorious. She loved a private life, though born to shine in public, and was an ornament to courts, untainted by them.'[3]

(Left.) *General George Monk, Duke of Albemarle*, 1670, the hero of the Restoration, whose funeral in the north aisle, where he rests with Anne Clarges his wife, was personally attended by Charles II. The monument, by *Scheemakers* and *Kent*, was erected, as the epitaph states, in compliance with the wish of Christopher, Duke of Albemarle, in 1720. The figure of General Monk is represented in armour, without a helmet: a mourning female figure leans upon the medallion of Duke Christopher.

In front of the step of the ancient altar are buried without monuments—

King Charles II. (1685), buried 'without any manner of pomp, and soon forgotten.'[4] His waxen image stood on the grave as late as 1815.
Queen Mary II., 1694.
King William III., 1702.
Prince George of Denmark, 1708.
Queen Anne, 1714.

Thoresby, the antiquary, was present when the vault was opened to receive the remains of Queen Anne.

'It was affecting to see the silent relics of the great monarchs, Charles II., William and Mary, and Prince George; next whom remains only one space to be filled with her late Majesty Queen Anne. This sight was the more affecting to me, because, when young, I saw in one balcony six of them that were afterwards kings and queens of Great Britain, all brisk and hearty, but now entered on a boundless eternity! There were then present King Charles and his Queen

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1 Lübke.
2 Loftie.
3 Epitaph by Horace Walpole.
4 Evelyn's Diary. He was probably thus quietly buried to evade disputes as to the religion in which he died.

Catherine, the Duke of York, the Prince and Princess of Orange, and the Princess Anne.'—*Thoresby's Diary.*

Beneath the pavement in other parts of the chapel are buried the following members of the Stuart royal family:—

Henry Frederick, Prince of Wales (1612), son of James I.

'A monument all of pure gold were too little for a prince of such high hope and merit.'—*Stow.*

'The short life of Henry was passed in a school of prowess, and amidst an academy of literature.'—*Disraeli.*

Arabella Stuart (1615), niece of James I.

Charles, eldest son of Charles I. (1629), and *Anne* (1637), the fat baby in the famous picture of the children of Charles I.

'She was a very pregnant lady above her age, and died in her infancy when not full four years old. Being minded by those about her to call upon God even when the pangs of death were upon her, "I am not able," saith she, "to say my long prayer [meaning the Lord's Prayer]; but I will say my short one: Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, lest I sleep the sleep of death." This done, this little lamb gave up the ghost.'—*Fuller's Worthies.*

Henry, Duke of Gloucester (1660), son of Charles I., the boy who on his father's knees at St. James's, the night before his execution, said that he would be torn in pieces rather than be made king while his brothers were alive. He died of the small-pox at Whitehall.

Mary, Princess of Orange (1660), eldest daughter of Charles I.

'She came over to congratulate the happiness of her brother's miraculous restitution; when, behold, sickness arrests this royal princess, no bail being found by physick to defer the execution of her death. On the 31st of December following she was honourably (though privately) interred at Westminster, and no eye so dry but willingly afforded a tear to bemoan the loss of so worthy a princess.'—*Fuller's Worthies.*

Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia (1662), daughter of James I.

1662. Jan. 17. 'This night was buried in Westminster Abby the Queene of Bohemia, after all her sorrows and afflictions, being come to die in the arms of her nephew the King.'—*Evelyn's Diary.*

Prince Rupert (1682), son of the Queen of Bohemia. 'The Prince' of the Cavaliers, 'who, after innumerable toils and variety of heroic actions both by land and sea, spent several years in sedate studies and the prosecution of chemical and philosophical experiments.' He died in his sixty-third year, at his house in Spring Gardens, and was honoured with a very magnificent public funeral.

Anne Hyde, daughter of Edward, Earl of Clarendon, married in 1660 to the Duke of York, afterwards James II., and ten of her children. She died in 1671, leaving two of her children living, Mary II. and Anne.

William, Duke of Gloucester, the precocious and last surviving child of Princess (afterwards Queen) Anne, who died at Windsor in 1700 just after his eleventh birthday, and seventeen other of the children of the queen, whom the poet Chapman aptly describes as 'the sacred fountain of princes.'

We may now turn to the *North Aisle*. At its western extremity is an enclosure used as a vestry for the chanting priests, who were to say the ten thousand masses enjoined by the will of Henry VII. for the repose of his soul. Here was formerly kept 'the effigies of General Monk.' The monuments include—

(Riglit.) *Charles Montagu, Earl of Halifax* (1715), the great patron of the literary men of his time, 'the second great Maecenas.'[1]

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[1] Dr. Sewell to Addison. *British Poets.*

In the vault of his patron rests *Joseph Addison*, 1719 (his monument is in the south transept). The funeral of Addison gave rise to the noble lines of Tickell—

'Can I forget the dismal night that gave
My soul's best part for ever to the grave?
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Through rows of warriors and through walks of kings!
What awe did the slow, solemn knell inspire;
The pealing organ and the pausing choir;
The duties by the lawn-robed prelate pay'd;
And the last words, that dust to dust convey'd!
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend.
Oh, gone for ever! take this long adieu,
And sleep in peace next thy loved Montagu.

. . . . . .

Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation came a nobler guest;
Nor e'er was to the bower of bliss convey'd
A fairer spirit or more welcome shade.'[1]

'His body lay in state in the Jerusalem Chamber, and was borne thence to the Abbey at dead of night. The choir sang a funeral hymn. Bishop Atterbury, one of those Tories who had loved and honoured the most accomplished of the Whigs, met the corpse, and led the procession by torchlight, round the shrine of St. Edward and the graves of the Plantagenets, to the Chapel of Henry the Seventh. On the north side of that chapel, in the vault of the house of Albemarle, the coffin of Addison lies next to the coffin of Montagu. Yet a few months, and the same mourners passed again along the same aisle. The same sad anthem was again chanted. The same vault was again opened; and the coffin of Craggs was placed close to the coffin of Addison.'—*Macaulay.*

James Craggs, the Secretary of State, who has a monument at the west end of the Abbey, was present at Addison's funeral, and was shortly after, in March 1720–1, buried in the same grave,

'O! must I then (now fresh my bosom bleeds,
And Craggs in death to Addison succeeds)
The verse, begun to one lost friend, prolong,
And weep a second in th' unfinish'd song?

. . . . . .

Blest pair, whose union future bards shall tell
In future tongues, each other's boast, farewell!
Farewell! whom, join'd in fame, in friendship try'd,
No chance could sever, nor the grave divide.'[2]

(Right.) *George Savile, Marquis of Halifax* (1695), the statesman.

'He was a man of a very great and ready wit; full of life, and very pleasant; much turned to satire. . . . He confessed he could not swallow down everything that divines imposed on the world: he was a Christian in submission: he believed as much as he could, and he hoped that God would not lay it to his charge if he could not digest iron, as an ostrich did, or take into his belief things that must burst him. . . . But with relation to the public, he went backwards and forwards, and changed sides so often, that in conclusion no one trusted him. . . . When he talked to me as a philosopher of his contempt of the world, I asked him what he meant by getting so many new titles, which I called the hanging himself about with bells and tinsel. He had no other excuse for it but this, that since the world were such fools as to value those matters, a man must be a fool for company.'—*Burnet*, '*Hist. of his Own Time.*'

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[1] *Epistle to the Earl of Warwick.*
[2] Tickell.

In the centre of the aisle is the noble tomb of—

Queen Elizabeth (1603), who died at Richmond in the forty-fifth year of her reign, and the seventieth of her age. The monument is by *Maximilian Powtrain* and *John de Critz*. Beneath a lofty canopy supported by ten Corinthian pillars, the figure of the queen, who was 'one day greater than man, the next less than woman,' is lying upon the low basement on a slab supported by lions. The effigy, which has a strong family likeness to that of Mary, represents her as an aged woman, wearing a close coif, from which the hair descends in curls: the crown has been stolen. The tomb was once surrounded by a richly wrought railing covered with fleurs-de-lis and roses, with the initials E.R. interspersed. This, with all the small standards and armorial bearings at the angles, forming as much a part of the monument itself as the stonework, was most unjustifiably removed in 1822 by Dean Ireland.[1]

'Thys queene's speech did winne all affections, and hir subjects did trye to shew all love to hir commandes; for she would say, "hir state did require hir to commande, what she knew hir people woude willingly do from their owne love to hir." Herein she did shewe her wisdome fullie; for who did chuse to lose her confidence: or who woude wytholde a shewe of love and obedience, when their Sovereign said it was their own choice, and not hir compulsion? . . . We did all love hir, for she said she loved us, and muche wysdome she shewed in thys matter. She did well temper herself towards all at home, and put at variance all abroad; by which means she had more quiet than hir neighbours. . . . When she smiled, it was a pure sunshine, that everyone did chuse to baske in, if they could; but anon came a storm from a sudden gathering of clouds, and the thunder fell in wondrous manner on all alike. I never did fynde greater shew of understandinge and learninge, than she was blest wythe, and whoever liveth longer than I can, will look backe and become *laudator temporis acti*.'—*Sir John Harington's Letter to Robert Markham in* 1606, *three years after the death of Elizabeth*.

In the same tomb is buried *Mary I.* (1558). Her obsequies, conducted by Bishop Gardiner, were the last funeral service celebrated in the Abbey according to the Roman Catholic ritual, except the requiem ordered by Elizabeth for Charles V. The stones of the altars in Henry VII.'s Chapel destroyed at the Reformation were used in her vault. At her funeral 'all the people plucked down the hangings and the armorial bearings round about the Abbey, and every one tore him a piece as large as he could catch it.' James I. wrote the striking inscription upon the monument—'Regno consortes et urnâ, hic obdormimus Elizabetha et Maria sorores, in spe resurrectionis.' 'In those words,' says Dean Stanley, 'the long war of the English Reformation is closed.'

*The eastern end of this aisle has been called the *Innocents' Corner*. In its centre is the tomb erected in 1674 by Charles II. over the bones found at the foot of the staircase in the Tower, supposed to be those of the murdered boys, *Edward V. and Richard, Duke of York*.

*On the left is the monument of *Princess Mary*, third daughter of James I. (1607), who died at two years old, about whom her Protestant father was wont to say that he 'would not pray to the Virgin Mary, but for the Virgin Mary.'[2] Her epitaph tells how she, 'received into heaven in early infancy,' found joy for herself, but 'left longings' to her parents.

'Such was the manner of her death, as bred a kind of admiration in us all that were present to behold it. For whereas the new-tuned organs of speech, by reason of her great and wearisome sickness, had been so greatly weakened, that for the space of twelve or fourteen hours at least, there was no sound of any word breaking from her lips; yet when it sensibly appeared that she would soon make a peaceable end of a troublesome life, she sighed out these words,

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[1] The almost adoration with which Elizabeth was regarded after her death caused her so-called 'monument,' with a metrical epitaph, curiously varied, to be set up in all the principal London churches; notably so in St. Saviour's, Southwark; St. Mary Woolnoth; St. Lawrence Jewry; St. Mildred, Poultry; and St. Andrew Undershaft. Several of these 'monuments' still exist.

[2] Fuller's *Worthies*.

"I go, I go;" and when, not long after, there was something to be ministered unto her by those that attended her in the time of her sickness, fastening her eye upon them with a constant look, she repeated, "Away, I go!" And yet a third time, almost immediately before she offered herself, a sweet virgin sacrifice, unto Him that made her, faintly cried, "I go, I go." . . . And whereas she had used many other words in the time of her extremity, yet now, at the last, she did aptly utter these, and none but these.'—*Funeral Sermon for the Princess Mary, by J. Leech, preached in Henry VII.'s Chapel, Sept.* 23, 1607.

'Where Loves no more, but marble Angels moan,
And little cherubs seem to sob in stone.'
John Dart.

*On the right is *Princess Sophia* (1606), fourth daughter of James I., the first Sophia of English history, who died at Greenwich three days after her birth. It is a charming little monument of an infant in her cradle—'a royal rose-bud, plucked by premature fate, and snatched away from her parents, that she might flourish again in the rosary of Christ.'

'This royal babe is represented sleeping in her cradle, wherewith vulgar eyes, especially of the weaker sex, are more affected (as level to their cognisance, more capable of what is pretty than what is pompous) than with all the magnificent monuments in Westminster.'—*Fuller's Worthies.*

'A little rudely sculptured bed,
With shadowing folds of marble lace,
And quilt of marble, primly spread
And folded round a baby's face.

Smoothly the mimic coverlet,
With royal blazonries bedight,
Hangs, as by tender fingers set,
And straightened for the last good-night.

And traced upon the pillowing stone
A dent is seen, as if, to bless
That quiet sleep, some grieving one
Had leaned, and left a soft impress.'
From the lines by Susan Coolidge, suspended above the tomb.

At the foot of the steps leading to Henry VII.'s Chapel *Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon* (1674), grandfather of Queen Mary II. and Queen Anne, who died in exile at Rouen, having been impeached for high treason, is buried, with his wife Frances, her mother Lady Aylesbury, and other members of his family. We must look back from the northern ambulatory upon the richly sculptured arch of Henry V.'s chantry. It is this arch which was so greatly admired by Flaxman. The coronation of Henry V. is here represented as it was performed in this church by Thomas Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Henry Beaufort, the uncle of the king. Over the canopies which surmount the figures are the alternate badges of the antelope and swan (from the king's mother, co-heiress of the Bohuns), and on the cornices the same animals appear chained to a tree, on which is a flaming cresset, a badge which was borne by Henry V. alone, and which was intended as typical of the light by which he hoped to 'guide his people to follow him in all honour and virtue.'[1]

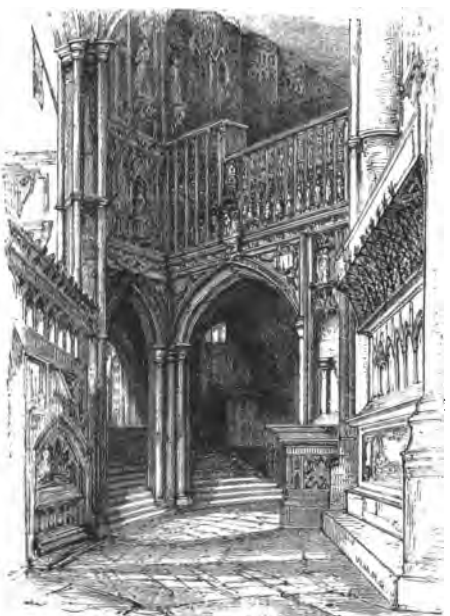
On the left are the beautiful tombs of Queen Eleanor and of Henry III., and beyond these the simple altar-tomb of Edward I. On the right are the tombs of—

[1] See Brooke, in Gough's *Sepulchral Monuments*, cut xv.

William Pulteney, Earl of Bath (1764), by *Wilton.*
Admiral Holmes, 1761.

Entering the **Chapel of St. Paul,** we see before us the noble altar-tomb of—

**Sir Giles Daubeny* (1507), and his wife *Elizabeth.* He was Lord Lieutenant of Calais and Chamberlain to Henry VII. His effigy, which is executed with the



CHANTRY OF HENRY V.

minutest care, is in plate armour, with the insignia of the Order of the Garter. Observe the kneeling and weeping monks in relief on the soles of his shoes.

Near this is the stupid colossus, whose introduction here is the most crying evidence of the want of taste in our generation: a monument wholly unsuited in its character to the place and in its association with its surroundings—which, on its introduction,

burst through the pavement by its immense weight, laid bare the honoured coffins beneath, and fell into the vaults below, but unfortunately was not broken to pieces.

James Watt (1819), 'who directing the force of an original genius early exercised in philosophic research to the improvement of the steam-engine, enlarged the resources of his country and increased the power of man, and rose to an eminent place among the most illustrious followers of science and the real benefactors of the world.' The inscription is by Lord Brougham, the statue by *Chantrey*.

Making the circuit of the chapel from the right, we see the monuments of—

**Lodowick Robsart* (1431), and his wife *Elizabeth*, heiress of Bartholomew Bourchier, after his marriage with whom he was created Lord Bourchier. He was distinguished in the French wars under Henry V., and made the king's standard-bearer for the courage which he displayed upon the field of Agincourt, of which the banners on the tomb are a reminder. On the marriage of Henry V. to Katherine de Valois he was immediately presented to the queen, and appointed the especial guardian of her person. His tomb, which forms part of the screen of the chapel, is, architecturally, one of the most interesting in the Abbey. It has an open roof in the form called '*en dos d'âne*,' and the whole was once richly gilt and coloured, the rest of the screen being powdered with gold Katherine-wheels.

Anne, Lady Cottington (1633), a bust by Hubert le Soeur, of great simplicity and beauty. Beneath is the reclining effigy of *Francis, Lord Cottington* (1652), ambassador for Charles I. in Spain, who 'for his faithfull adherence to ye crowne (ye usyrpers prevayling) was forc't to fly his country, and, during his exile, dyed at Valladolid.' Clarendon describes him—

'A very wise man, by the great and long experience he had in business of all kinds; and by his natural temper, which was not liable to any transport of anger, or any other passion, but could bear contradiction, and even reproach, without being moved, or put out of his way: for he was very steady in pursuing what he proposed to himself, and had a courage not to be frighted with any opposition. . . . He was of an excellent humour, and very easy to live with; and, under a grave countenance, covered the most of mirth, and caused more, than any man of the most pleasant disposition. He never used anybody ill, but used many very well for whom he had no regard: his greatest fault was, that he could dissemble, and make men believe that he loved them very well, when he cared not for them. He had not very tender affections, nor bowels apt to yearn at all objects which deserved compassion: he was heartily weary of the world, and no man was more willing to die; which is an argument that he had peace of conscience. He left behind him a greater esteem of his parts than love to his person.'

Frances Sidney, Countess of Sussex (aunt of Sir Philip), 1589. She was the foundress of Sidney-Sussex College at Cambridge. Her recumbent statue affords a fine specimen of the rich costume of the period: at her feet is her crest, a porcupine, in wood.

Dudley Carleton, Viscount Dorchester (1632), Secretary of State under Charles I.[1] This tomb was executed by *Nicholas Stone* for £200.

Sir Thomas Bromley (1587), who succeeded Sir Nicholas Bacon as Lord Chancellor in the reign of Elizabeth, and presided at the trial of Mary, Queen of Scots. The alabaster statue represents the Chancellor in his robes: the official purse appears at the back: his children, by Lady Elizabeth Fortescue, kneel at an altar beneath.

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[1] There are fine portraits of Dudley Carleton and his wife, by Cornelius Jansen, in the National Portrait Gallery.

Sir James Fullerton (1631), and *Mary* his wife. He was First Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Charles I. 'He dyed fuller of faith than of feare, fuller of resoluc'on than of paiennes; fuller of honvr than of dayes.'

Near the foot of this monument *Archbishop Usher* was buried in state, March 1656, at the cost of Oliver Cromwell. He died at Reigate. His chaplain, Nicholas Barnard, preached his funeral sermon in the Abbey on the text, 'And Samuel died, and all the Israelites were gathered together.'

Sir John Puckering (1596), who prosecuted Mary, Queen of Scots, and became Keeper of the Great Seal under Elizabeth. The monument was erected by his widow, who added her own statue; their eight children kneel below.

SHRINE OF ST. ERASMUS.

Sir Henry Belasyse of Brancepeth (1717), 'lineally descended from Belasius, one of the Norman generals who came into England with William the Conqueror and was knighted by him.' The monument is by *Scheemakers.*

Sir Rowland Hill (1879), the originator of penny postage. A bust by *W. D. Keyworth*—a most terrible eyesore needlessly and ruthlessly engrafted upon the Belasyse tomb.

The entrance to the next chapel, or, more properly, the **Shrine of St. Erasmus,** is one of the most picturesque 'bits' in the Abbey,

dating from the time of Richard II., perfect alike in design, form, and colour. It is a low arch supported by clustered pillars. The shield on the right bears the old arms of France and England quarterly, viz. semée of fleurs-de-lis and three lions passant gardant, and that on the left the arms of Edward the Confessor. Above is 'Sanctus Erasmus' in black (once golden) letters, and over this an exquisitely sculptured niche with a moulding of vine-leaves. The iron stanchion which held a lamp still remains by the entrance, and within are a holy-water basin and a bracket for the statue of St. Erasmus (a bishop of Campania martyred under Diocletian), with the rays which once surrounded the head of the figure still remaining on the wall. Near the entrance is the little monument of *Jane, wife of Sir Clippesly Crewe* (1639), with a curious relief representing her death.

Through this shrine we enter the **Chapel of St. John Baptist**, of which the screen is formed by tombs of bishops and abbots. In the centre is the tomb of—

Thomas Cecil, Earl of Exeter (1622), eldest son of Lord Burghley and his first wife, *Dorothy Nevill*. The vacant space on the Earl's left side was intended for his second wife, Frances Brydges, but she indignantly refused to allow her effigy to lie on the left side. This lady lived till 1663, and was buried in Winchester Cathedral, though the inscription states that she lies here.

Making the circuit of the chapel from the right, we see the monuments of—

Mrs. Mary Kendall (1710), who 'desired that her ashes might not be divided in death from those of her friend Lady Catherine Jones.'[1]

George Fascet, Abbot of Westminster (1500), an altar-tomb with a stone canopy. On it rests the stone coffin of *Abbot Thomas Millyng* (1492), godfather of Edward V., who was made Bishop of Hereford by Edward IV. in reward for the services he had rendered to Elizabeth Woodville when she was in sanctuary at Westminster. His coffin was probably removed from the centre of the chapel when the tomb of the Earl of Exeter was placed there.

Thomas Ruthall, Bishop of Durham (1523), who died at Durham Place in the Strand, from grief at having sent the inventory of all his great riches to Henry VIII. in mistake for the 'Breviate of the State of the Land,' which he had been commissioned to draw up. He had been Secretary to Henry VII., and had made a good use of his immense wealth, having paid a third of the expense of building the great bridge of Newcastle-on-Tyne. The tomb once had a canopy.

Abbot William of Colchester (1420) is said to have plotted in a secret chamber with the Earls and Dukes imprisoned in the Abbot's house by Henry IV. in favour of the dethroned monarch, and swore to be faithful to death to King Richard.[2] The effigy is robed in rich vestments: there are two angels at the pillow, and a spaniel lies at the feet.

(On the site of the altar.) *Henry Carey, Lord Hunsdon* (1596), the first cousin[3] and most faithful friend and chamberlain of Queen Elizabeth. He is said to have died of disappointment at the long delay in his elevation. The queen visited him on his death-bed, and commanded the robes and patent of an Earl to be placed before him. 'It is too late,' he said, and declined the offered dignity. The corinthian tomb of alabaster and marble, erected by his son, is one of the loftiest in England (36 feet).

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[1] The charitable daughter of the Earl of Ranelagh, who built a school at Chelsea for the education of the daughters of the poor Chelsea Pensioners.

[2] See Shakspeare's *Richard II.*

[3] Being son of Mary Boleyn, who, without her father's consent, married William Carey, a penniless but nobly born squire.

Thomas Carey (1649), a descendant of Hunsdon, second son of Henry Carey, Earl of Monmouth, a Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Charles I., who died of grief for the execution of his master, to whom the mention on this monument is the only memorial in Westminster. By this monument may be seen remains of the ancient lockers for the sacred vestments and plate.

*(Beneath.) *Hugh and Mary Bohun*, children of Humphrey Bohun, Earl of Hereford, and the Princess Isabella, fourth daughter of Edward I. A grey marble monument close to the wall, removed by Richard II. from the Chapel of the Confessor to make room for Anne of Bohemia.

Colonel Edward Popham (1651), 'distinguished by land and sea,' and *Anne* his wife. As he was a general in the Parliamentary army, his body was removed at the Restoration, but, owing to the entreaty of his wife's family, the monument was allowed to remain, on condition of the inscription being turned to the wall.

Sir Thomas Vaughan (1483), Treasurer to Edward IV. The tomb has a beautiful but mutilated brass. Under the canopy is preserved a fragment of the canopy of Bishop Ruthall's tomb.

The banners which still wave in this chapel are those carried at the funerals of those members of the ancient Northumbrian family of Delaval who are buried beneath—Susannah, Lady Delaval, 1783; Sarah Hussey, Countess of Tyrconnel, 1800; John Hussey, Lord Delaval, 1806.

Opposite the Chapel of St. John is the staircase by which visitors usually ascend to the centre of interest in the Abbey—one may say in England—the **Chapel of St. Edward the Confessor.**

'Mortality, behold, and feare,
What a change of flesh is here!
Think how many royall bones
Sleep within this heap of stones;
Here they lye, had realmes and lands,
Who now want strength to stir their hands;
Where, from their pulpits seal'd with dust,
They preach, "In greatnesse is no trust."
Here's an acre sown indeed
With the richest, royall'st seed,
That the earth did ere suck in,
Since the first man died for sin:
Here the bones of birth have cry'd,
"Though gods they were, as men they dy'd:"
Here are sands, ignoble things
Dropt from the ruin'd sides of kings.
Here's a world of pomp and state
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.'

Francis Beaumont, 1584–1616.

'A man may read a sermon, the best and most passionate that ever man preached, if he shall but enter into the sepulchres of kings. . . . Where our kings have been crowned, their ancestors lie interred, and they must walk over their grandsire's head to take his crown. There is an acre sown with royal seed,[1] the copy of the greatest change, from rich to naked, from ceiled roofs to arched coffins, from living like gods to die like men. There is enough to cool the flames of lust, to abate the heights of pride, to appease the itch of covetous desires, to sully and dash out the dissembling colours of a lustful, artificial, and imaginary beauty. There the warlike and the peaceful, the fortunate and the miserable, the beloved and the despised princes mingle their dust, and pay down their symbol of mortality, and tell all the world that, when we die, our ashes shall be equal to kings', and our accounts easier, and our pains or our crowns shall be less.'—*Jeremy Taylor's* '*Holy Dying*,' ch. i. sec. 11.

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[1] See the lines of Francis Beaumont quoted above.

This chapel, more than any other part of the Abbey, remains as it was left by its second founder, Henry III. He made it a Holy of Holies to contain the shrine of his sainted predecessor. For this he moved the high altar westward, and made the choir project far down into the nave, like the *coro* of a Spanish cathedral; for this he raised behind the high altar a mound of earth, said to be formed by several shiploads of earth brought from the Holy Land—'the last funeral tumulus in England.' For this in 1279 he imported from Rome 'Peter, the Roman citizen' (absurdly supposed by Walpole and Virtue to be the famous mosaicist Pietro Cavallini, who was not born till that date), who has left us the pavement glowing with peacock hues of Opus Alexandrinum, which recalls the pavements of the Roman basilicas, and the twisted pillars of the shrine itself, which are like those of the cloisters in S. Paolo and S. Giovanni Laterano.

Edward the Confessor died in the opening days of 1066, when his church at Westminster had just been consecrated in the presence of Edith, his queen. He was buried before the high altar with his crown upon his head, a golden chain and crucifix around his neck, and his pilgrim's ring upon his finger. Thus he was seen when his coffin was opened by Henry I. in the presence of Bishop Gundulf, who tried to steal a hair from his white beard. Thus he was again seen by Henry II., in whose reign he was transferred by Archbishop Becket to a new and 'precious feretry,' just after his canonisation (Feb. 7, 1161) by Pope Alexander III., who enjoined 'that his body be honoured here on earth, as his soul is glorified in heaven.' Henry III. also looked upon the 'incorrupt' body, before its translation to its present resting-place, on the shoulders of the royal Plantagenet princes, whose own sepulchres were afterwards to gather around it. The body lies in a stone coffin, iron-bound, within the shrine of marble and mosaic. It appears from an illumination in the 'Life of St. Edward' in the University Library at Cambridge that, after his canonisation, one end of the shrine was for some time left open, that sick persons might creep through and touch the coffin. The seven recesses at the sides of the shrine were intended for pilgrims to kneel under. The inlaid wooden wainscoting on the top was added by Abbot Feckenham in the reign of Mary I., by whom the shrine was restored, for it had been partially, if not wholly, displaced at the Dissolution. Before that it probably had a gothic canopy. At the coronation of James II. both shrine and coffin were broken by the fall of some scaffolding. It was then robbed for the last time. Henry Keepe, who wrote the 'Monumenta Westmonasteriensia,' relates that he himself put in his hand and drew forth the chain and crucifix of the Confessor, which were accepted by the last of the Stuart kings. The shrine, which was one of the most popular points of pilgrimage before the Reformation, is still an object of pilgrimage with Roman Catholics. Around the Confessor lie his nearest relations. On his left rests his wife '*Edith* or *Eadgyth*, of venerable memory' (1075), the daughter of Earl Godwin, and sister of Harold. On his right (moved from the

old Chapterhouse by Henry III.) lies his great-niece, another Edith (1118), whose Saxon name was changed to the Norman *Maud*, the daughter of Malcolm Ceannmor of Scotland, grand-daughter of Edward Atheling, and wife of Henry I. She had been accustomed frequently to pass days and nights together, kneeling, bare-footed and dressed in haircloth, before her uncle's shrine, and had herself the reputation of a saint. She was 'the very mirror of piety, humility, and princely bounty,' says Florence of Worcester. 'Her virtues were so great,' say the 'Annals of Waverley,' that 'an entire day would not suffice to recount them.' Before the shrine, as Pennant says, the *spolia opima* were offered, the Scottish regalia, and the sacred stone from Scone; and here the little Alphonso, son of Edward I., offered the golden coronet of Llewellyn, Prince of Wales.[1] It was while kneeling before the shrine that Henry IV. fell into the fatal fit of which he died in the Jerusalem Chamber. Here his widow, the unfortunate Joanna, was compelled to make a public thank-offering for the victory of Agincourt, in which her brother and son-in-law were killed and her son taken prisoner. Behind the shrine, where the chantry of Henry V. now stands, were preserved the relics given by St. Edward to the church—a tooth of St. Athanasius, a stone which was believed to have been marked by the last footprint of the Saviour at His ascension, and a phial of the precious blood.

The fantastic legend of the Confessor is told in the fourteen rude sculptures on the screen which divides the chapel from the choir. We see—

1. The Bishop and Nobles swear fealty to the yet unborn child of Queen Emma, wife of Ethelred the Unready.
2. The child, Edward, is born at Islip in Oxfordshire.
3. His Coronation on Easter Day, 1043.
4. He sees the Devil dancing on the casks in which his tax of Danegelt was collected, and decides to abolish it.
5. He warns a scullion who has been stealing from his treasure-chest to escape before Hugolin his treasurer returns and catches him.
6. He sees our Saviour in a vision, standing on the altar of the church, where he is about to receive the Sacrament.
7. He has a vision of the King of Denmark, who is drowned on his way to invade England.
8. The boys, Tosti and Harold, brothers-in-law of the king, have a quarrel at the king's table, prophetic of their future feuds.
9. The Confessor, seated in the midst of his courtiers, has a vision of the seven Sleepers of Ephesus, who turn suddenly from the right side to the left, portending great misfortunes.
10. The Confessor meets with St. John the Evangelist as a pilgrim and beggar, and having no alms, presents him with a ring.
11. The blind are restored to sight by the water in which the Confessor has washed.
12. St. John meets in Palestine two English pilgrims of Ludlow, and bids them restore the ring to Edward, and warn him that within six months he would meet him in Paradise.
13. The pilgrims deliver the ring and message to the king.
14. Edward, warned of his approaching death, completes the dedication of the Abbey.[2]

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[1] Gough, *Sepulchral Monuments*.

[2] The date of this screen is uncertain, but it must have been later than the

The whole chapel is, as John Dart has it, 'paved with princes, and a royal race,' kings, queens, and princes, who all wished to rest as near as possible to the miracle-working shrine.

On the left of the steps by which we ascend is the tomb of the founder, *Henry III.* (1272).

'Quiet King Henry III., our English Nestor (not for depth of brains, but for length of life), who reigned fifty-six years, in which term he buried all his contemporary princes in Christendom twice over. All the months in the year may be in a manner carved out of an April day; hot, cold, dry, moist, fair, foul weather being oft presented therein. Such the character of this king's life—certain only in uncertainty; sorrowful, successful; in plenty, in penury; in wealth, in want; conquered, conqueror.'—*Fuller's 'Church History.'*

Henry died at Westminster Palace[1] on the day of St. Edmund of Canterbury. His body was carried in state by the Knights Templar,[2] whom he had first introduced into England, and his effigy was so splendidly attired 'that,' says Wykes, 'he shone more magnificent when dead than he had appeared when living.' On the day of St. Edmund, king and martyr, he was buried here before the high altar, in the coffin in which Henry II. had laid the Confessor, and whence he himself had removed him. His son Edward, then returning from Palestine, who had lately heard of the death of his sons Henry and John, broke into passionate grief on hearing the news of this third bereavement—'God may give me more sons, but not another father.' He brought from abroad the 'diverse-coloured marbles and glittering stones,' and 'the twisted or serpentine columns of the same speckled marble,'[3] with which the tomb was constructed by 'Peter, the Roman citizen;' and thither he transferred his father's body, at the same time fulfilling a promise which Henry had made to the Abbess of Fontevrault by delivering his heart to her, to be enshrined in the Norman abbey where his mother Isabella, his uncle Richard I., his grandfather Henry II., and his grandmother Eleanor were buried. The effigy of the king, by the English artist *William Torel*, is of gilt brass. The king wears a coronet, and a long mantle reaching to his feet.

Lying at her father-in-law's feet is 'the queen of good memory,' the beautiful *Queen Eleanor* (1290), wife of Edward I., and daughter of Ferdinand III. of Castile. Married in her tenth year to a husband of fifteen, she was separated from him till she was twenty, and then won his intense affection by a life of heroic devotion, especially during the perils of the Crusades, through which she insisted upon accompanying him, saying in answer to all remonstrances, 'Nothing ought to part those whom God has joined, and the way to heaven is as near from Palestine as from England.' She was

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time of Richard II., as part of the canopy of his tomb has been cut away to make room for its stonework. The subjects of the sculptures are taken from Abbot Ailred's *Life and Miracles of St. Edward*, written on the occasion of the translation of the relics of the saint in 1163, or fragments taken from an older Life.

[1] Rishanger says that he died at Bury St. Edmunds, but all other authorities agree that he died at Westminster.

[2] See Gough.

[3] Keepe.

the mother of four sons, of whom only one (Edward II.) survived her, and of nine daughters, of whom only four married. 'To our nation,' says Walsingham, 'she was a loving mother, the column and pillar of the whole realm. She was a godly, modest, and merciful princess. . . . The sorrow-stricken she consoled as became her dignity, and she made them friends that were at discord.' She was taken ill at Hardby, near Grantham, while Edward was absent on his Scottish wars, and died before he could reach her. His passionate grief expended itself in a line of nine crosses, erected at the towns where her body rested on its progress to London. Every Abbot of Westminster, as he entered on his office, was bound by oath to see that a hundred wax lights were burning round her grave on St. Andrew's Eve, the anniversary of her death. Her heart was given to the convent of Blackfriars.

The queen's tomb, of Petworth marble, is by Richard of Crundale, who erected her cross at Charing; the railing is by Thomas, a smith of Leighton Beaudesert (Buzzard); the exquisite figure is by the Englishman *William Torel*, who built the furnace in which the statue was cast in St. Margaret's Churchyard. The effigy of Eleanor is the earliest portrait-statue we possess of an English sovereign. The beautiful features of the dead queen are expressed in the most serene quietude; her long hair waves from beneath the circlet on her brow. One can see the character which was always able to curb the wild temper of her husband—the wife, as he wrote to the Abbot of Cluny, whom 'living he loved, and dead he should never cease to love.' In the decorations of the tomb, the arms of Castile and Leon, and of Ponthieu, hang upon vines and oak branches. When Abbot Feckenham placed an inscription on the tomb of Edward I., he inscribed on that of Eleanor: 'Regina Alionora consors Edwardi Primi fuit haec. Alionora, 1290. Disce mori.'

Edward I. himself (1307) lies on the same side of the chapel, near the screen. He died at Burgh on Solway Firth, after a reign of thirty-four years, was buried for a time at Waltham, and then removed hither to a position between his father's tomb and that of his brother Edmund. His body was embalmed like a mummy, bound in cerecloth, and robed in cloth of gold, with a crown on his head, a sceptre in one hand, and the rod with the dove in the other. Thus he was seen when the tomb was opened in 1771. A wooden canopy once overshadowed the tomb, but this was broken down in a tumult at the funeral of Pulteney, Earl of Bath. Now the tomb of the greatest of the Plantagenets, the loving son and husband who erected such magnificent monuments to father and wife, is one of the plainest in the Abbey. Five slabs of grey marble compose it, and it bears the inscription (placed here by Abbot Feckenham in the time of Mary I.), 'Edvardus Primus Scottorvm malleus hic est. 1308. Pactum serva.'

'Is the unfinished tomb a fulfilment of that famous "pact," which the dying king required of his son, that his flesh should be boiled, his bones carried at the head of the English army till Scotland was subdued, and his heart sent to the Holy Land, which he had vainly tried in his youth to redeem from the Saracens?

It is true that with the death of the king all thought of the conquest of Scotland ceased. But it may possibly have been "to keep the pact" that the tomb was left in this rude state, which would enable his successors at any moment to take out the corpse and carry off the heart;—and it may have been with a view to this that a singular provision was left and enforced. Once every two years this tomb was to be opened, and the wax of the king's cerecloth renewed. This renewal constantly took place as long as his dynasty lasted, perhaps with a lingering hope that the time would come when a victorious English army would once more sweep through Scotland with the conqueror's skeleton, or another crusade embark for Palestine with that true English heart. The hour never came, and when the dynasty changed with the fall of Richard II., the renewal of the cerement ceased.'—*Dean Stanley.*

At Edward's death he left his second wife, Marguerite of France, a widow of twenty-six. She kept a chronicler, John o' London, to record the valiant deeds of her husband; and when Edward died the people of England were edified by her breaking forth, through his pen, into a lamentation like that for Saul and Jonathan—'At the foot of Edward's monument with my little sons, I weep and call upon him. When Edward died all men died to me,' &c.[1]

Near the tomb of Edward was preserved in a gold vase the heart of his cousin Henry d'Almayne, nephew of Henry III., whose murder (1271) by Guy de Montfort in the cathedral of Viterbo is commemorated by Dante. On the other side of the shrine lie some children of another cousin, Aylmer de Valence.

The next tomb in point of date is that of *Queen Philippa* (1369), daughter of William, Earl of Hainault, and wife of Edward III., by whom she was the mother of fourteen children. In this she only fulfilled expectations, for we learn from Hardyng that when the king was sending to choose one of the Earl's daughters, an English bishop advised him to choose the lady of largest frame, as promising the most numerous progeny.[2] She was the foundress of Queen's College at Oxford. The figure which lies upon her tomb, executed by *Hawkin of Liège*, a Flemish artist, is remarkable for its cushioned head-dress, and is evidently an attempt at a portrait. Around the tomb were placed the figures of thirty royal persons to whom she was related. 'The open-work of the niches over the head of the effigy itself has been filled in with blue glass. The magnificence of the entire work may be imagined when it is known that it contained, when perfect, more than seventy statues and statuettes (by John Orchard of London), besides several brass figures on the surrounding railing.'[3]

'When the good queen perceived her end approaching, she called to the king, and extending her right hand from under the bedclothes, put it into the right hand of the king, who was very sorrowful at heart, and thus spoke: "We have enjoyed our union in happiness, peace, and prosperity; I entreat, therefore, of you, that on our separation you will grant me three requests." The king, with sighs and tears, replied, "Lady, ask: whatever you request shall be granted." "My lord, I beg you will acquit me of whatever engagements I may have entered into formerly with merchants for their wares, as well on this as on the

1 See Strickland's *Life of Marguerite of France.*
2 See Hardyng, cap. 178.
3 Sir G. Scott's *Gleanings.*

other side of the sea. I beseech you to fulfil whatever gifts or legacies I may have made. Thirdly, I entreat that, when it shall please God to call you hence, you will not choose any other sepulchre than mine, and that you will lie beside me in the cloister of Westminster." The king, in tears, replied, "Lady, I grant them." Soon after, the good lady made the sign of the cross on her breast, and having recommended to God the king and her youngest son, Thomas, who was present, gave up her spirit, which, I firmly believe, was caught by the holy angels, and carried to the glory of heaven: for she had never done anything, by thought or deed, that could endanger her losing it.'—*Froissart.*

Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, the son who was present at Philippa's death-bed, is the only one buried beside her. At five years old he had been left guardian of the kingdom while his parents were absent in French wars, and had represented his father by sitting on the throne before Parliaments. He married the Bohun co-heiress, whose splendid brass remains in St. Edmund's Chapel, and was a great patron of literature, especially of Gower the poet. He was smothered at Calais in 1397, by order of his nephew, Richard II., and rests, in front of his mother's tomb, under a large stone which once bore a brass. Gower, in his 'Vox Clamantis,' has a Latin poem on the Duke of Gloucester, in which the following lines record his death:—

'Heu quam tortorum quidam de sorte malorum,
Sic Ducis electi plumarum pondere lecti,
Corporis quassatum jugulantque necant jugulatum.'

In accordance with the promise made to the dying Philippa, the next tomb on the south is that of *King Edward III.*, 1377—

'The honourable tomb
That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones,'

mentioned in Shakspeare's *Richard II.* Edward died at Sheen, was carried, with face uncovered, through the streets of London, followed by his many children, and was laid in Philippa's grave. The features of the effigy which lies upon the tomb are believed to have been cast from the king's face as he lay in death, and 'the head is almost ideal in its beauty.'[1]

'Corpore fuit elegans, statura quae nec justum excederet nec nimis depressioni succumberet, vultum habens humana mortalitate, magis venerabilem, similem angelo, in quo relucebat tam mirifica gratia ut si quis in ejus faciem palam respexisset vel nocte de illo somniasset eo proculdubio die sperabat sibi jocunda solatia proventura.'—*Walsingham.*

In the words of his epitaph, he was 'flos regum preteritorum, forma futurorum.' All his children were represented around the tomb in brass: six only remain—Edward the Black Prince, who was only eighteen years younger than his father, Joan of the Tower, Lionel Duke of Clarence, Edmund Duke of York, Mary of Brittany, and William of Hatfield. We have seen two other children in the Chapel of St. Edmund.[2]

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1 Lord Lindsay, *Christian Art*, iii.

2 Professor Westmacott, in his lecture on the 'Sculpture of Westminster Abbey,' remarks on the shoes of Edward III.'s effigy being 'left and right,' erroneously supposed to be a modern fashion of shoemaking.

'Mighty victor! mighty lord,
Low on his funeral couch he lies;
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable warrior fled?
Thy son is gone: he rests among the dead!
The swarm that in thy noontide beam were born
Gone to salute the rising morn.'—*Gray.*

'With its stiff drapery, broad expressionless face, long hair and beard, and the almost painful symmetry with which the hands hold the sceptres of his two kingdoms, the figure is more like that of a hermit than a king.'—*Lübke.*

The Black Prince was buried at Canterbury, but *Richard II.*, his son by the Fair Maid of Kent, who succeeded Edward III. in his eleventh year, and who had been baptized, married, and crowned in the Abbey, removed the Bohun grandchildren of Edward I. that he might lie near his grandfather, and on the death of his beloved first wife, *Queen Anne of Bohemia* (1394), sister of the Emperor Wenceslaus (by whom the use of pins and side-saddles was first introduced into England), in the twelfth year of her married life, he erected her tomb in its place. The tomb cost £10,000 of our money. It was designed by Henry Yelverley, the architect of Westminster Hall, and Stephen Lote. On it *Nicholas Broker* and *Godfrey Prest*, citizens and coppersmiths of London, were ordered to represent her effigy with his own, their right hands tenderly clasped together, so that they might always bear witness to his devotion to the wife whom he lamented with such extravagant grief that he caused the palace of Shene to be razed to the ground, because it had been the scene of her death. The effigies are partly of brass and partly of copper. That of the king—

'That small model of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones,'—

is attired like an ecclesiastic, his hair curls, and he has a pointed beard, but not much trace of the 'surpassing beauty for which he was celebrated.' The king's robe is decorated with the broom-cods of the Plantagenets, and 'the sun rising through the dark clouds of Crecy.' The arms of the loving couple have been stolen, with the pillows which supported the royal heads, the two lions which lay at Richard's feet, and the eagle and leopard which supported those of the queen. The canopy is decorated within with half-obliterated paintings of the Almighty and of the Virgin with the Saviour, on a diapered ground like that of the portrait of Richard II. Here also, when the feeble London light allows, may be seen the arms of Queen Anne—the two-headed eagle of the empire, and the lion rampant of Bohemia. After the death (probably the murder) of King Richard II. in Pontefract Castle in 1399, his body was brought to London by order of Henry IV., and exposed in St. Paul's—'his visage left opyn, that men myght see and knowe his personne,'—and was then interred in the church of the Preaching Friars at Langley in Hertfordshire. There it lay till the accession of Henry V., who, soon after his coronation (already aspiring to the hand of Katherine, sister of Richard's widow Isabella,

afterwards Duchesse d'Orleans), exhumed it, seated it in a chair of state, and, with his whole court, followed in the strange procession which bore it to Westminster, and laid it in the grave of Queen Anne. The king's epitaph is very curious, as bearing witness to the commencement of the struggle with the early Reformers—

'Corpore procerus, animo prudens ut Homerus,
Obruit haereticos, et eorum stravit amicos.'

The epitaph begins on the north side: the first letter contains a feather with a scroll, the badge of Edward III.[1]

By especial desire of Richard II., his favourite, *John of Waltham* (1395), Bishop of Salisbury, Keeper of the Great Seal and Lord High Treasurer, whom Richard 'loved entirely,' was buried here amongst the kings, and lies under a large stone in front of the tomb of Edward I.

We must now turn to the eastern end of the chapel, where the grand tomb of *Henry V.* (1422), 'Henry of Monmouth,' the hero of Agincourt, the greatest king England had known till that time, rises in a position which encroaches terribly on the tombs of Eleanor and Philippa. His body was brought to England, though Paris and Rouen offered large sums of money to retain it, and even the sacred relics collected by the Confessor were removed to make room for his monument, and placed in a chest between the shrine and the tomb of Henry III.

Henry V. died at Vincennes in his thirty-fourth year, and his funeral procession from thence to Calais, and from Dover to London, was the most magnificent ever known. Katherine de Valois, his widow, followed the corpse, with James I. of Scotland, as chief mourner. On reaching London, the funeral rites were celebrated first at St. Paul's and then at the Abbey. Here the king's three chargers were led up to the altar behind the effigy of the king, it being the first case in which such an effigy was so used. All England mourned.

'Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.'

'Les plus mécontents ne pouvaient nier que cet Anglais ne fût une noble figure de roi, et vraiment royale. Il avait la mine haute, l'air froidement orgueilleux, mais il se contraignait assez pour parler honnêtement à chacun, selon sa condition, surtout aux gens d'Eglise. Il était surtout beau à voir, quand on lui apportait de mauvaises nouvelles, il ne sourcillait pas, c'était la plus superbe égalité d'âme.'—*Michelet*, '*Hist. de France.*'

The tomb of Henry 'towers above the Plantagenet graves beneath, as his empire towered above their kingdom. As ruthlessly as any improvement of modern times, it devoured half the beautiful monuments of Eleanor and Philippa. Its structure is formed out of the first letter of his name—H. Its statues represent not only the glories of Westminster, in the persons of its two founders, but the glories of the two kingdoms which he had united—St. George, the patron of England; St. Denys, the patron of France. The sculptures round the Chapel break out into a vein altogether new in the Abbey. They describe the personal peculiarities of the man and his history—the scenes of his coronation, with all the grandees of his court around him, and his battles in France. Amongst the

[1] *Londiniana*, vol. i.

heraldic emblems—the swans and antelopes derived from the De Bohuns—is the flaming beacon or cresset light which he took for his badge, "showing thereby that, although his virtues and good parts had been formerly obscured, and lay as a dead coal, waiting light to kindle it, by reason of tender years and evil company, notwithstanding, he being now come to his perfecter years and riper understanding, had shaken off his evil counsellors, and being now on his high imperial throne, that his virtues should now shine as the light of a cresset, which is no ordinary light." Aloft were hung his large emblazoned shield, his saddle, and his helmet, after the example of the like personal accoutrements of the Black Prince at Canterbury. The shield has lost its splendour, but is still there. The saddle is that on which he

> "Vaulted with such ease into his seat,
> As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
> To witch the world with noble horsemanship."[1]

The helmet—which, from its elevated position, has almost become a part of the architectural outline of the Abbey, and on which many a Westminster boy has wonderingly gazed from his place in the choir—is in all probability "that very casque that did affright the air at Agincourt," which twice saved his life on that eventful day—still showing in its dints the marks of the ponderous sword of the Duke of Alençon—"the bruised helmet" which he refused to have borne in state before him on his triumphal entry into London, "for that he would have the praise chiefly given to God:"

> "Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride;
> Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,
> Quite from himself, to God."[2]

Below is his tomb, which still bears some marks of the inscription which makes him the Hector of his age. Upon it lay his effigy stretched out, cut from the solid heart of an English oak, plated with silver-gilt, with a head of solid silver. It has suffered more than any other monument in the Abbey. Two teeth of gold were plundered in Edward IV.'s reign. The whole of the silver was carried off by some robbers who had "broken in the night-season into the Church of Westminster," at the time of the Dissolution. But, even in its mutilated form, the tomb has always excited the keen interest of Englishmen. The robbery "of the image of King Henry of Monmouth" was immediately investigated by the Privy Council. Sir Philip Sidney felt, that "who goes but to Westminster, in the church may see Harry the Fifth;" and Sir Roger de Coverley's anger was roused at the sight of the lost head: "Some Whig, I'll warrant you. You ought to lock up your kings better; they'll carry off the body too, if you don't take care."'—*Dean Stanley, 'Memorials of Westminster.'*

From the *Chantry* above the tomb (only shown by special order), where Henry ordained that the masses were to be for ever offered up for his soul by 'sad and solemn priests,' one can look down into the shrine of the Confessor, and see the chest it contains.

Under the altar of the Chantry now rests the body of *Queen Katherine de Valois*, daughter of Charles VI. of France, and Isabella of Bavaria. After the close of the brief married life, in which, as queen of Henry V., she was 'received in England as if she had been an angel of God,'[3] being widowed at twenty-one, she sunk at once into obscurity, and her son, Henry VI., was taken from her guardianship to be brought up by the Earl of Warwick. Falling in love with Owen Tudor, a handsome Welsh squire of her Windsor guard, she married him secretly, and became the mother of three children, Edmund, Earl of Richmond, father of Henry VII.; Jasper,

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[1] *Henry IV.*, Part I. Act iv. Scene 1.

[2] Some contend that the helmet is only one mentioned in the account as having been ordered for his funeral.

[3] Monstrelet.

Duke of Bedford, and Owen, a monk of Westminster. But the anger excited by the discovery of the queen's *mésalliance* led to her being deprived of her children, to the imprisonment of her husband in Newgate, and to her being herself shut up in Bermondsey Abbey, where she died in 1437. She was buried at first in the Lady Chapel, at the east end of the Abbey. When that chapel was pulled down to make room for the building of Henry VII., her mummified body was placed in a wooden chest by the side of Henry V.'s tomb. Pepys, writing Feb. 22, 1668–69, says—

'Here we did see, by particular favour, the body of Queen Katherine of Valois; and I had the upper part of her body in my hands, and I did kiss her mouth, reflecting upon it that I did kiss a queene, and that this was my birthday, thirty-six years old, that I did kiss a queene.'—*Diary.*

In 1776 the body of Queen Katherine was laid (at the funeral of Elizabeth, Duchess of Northumberland) in the vault of the Percies in the Chapel of St. Nicholas, but when that vault was opened in 1878 for the funeral of Lord Henry Percy, it was brought back here and buried near her royal husband.

Close to Edward III.'s monument is the little tomb of the infant *Princess Margaret of York* (1397), daughter of Edward IV. and Elizabeth Woodville; and opposite it that of *Princess Elizabeth Tudor*, daughter of Henry VII., who died at Eltham, aged three.

In front of the screen, facing the foot of St. Edward's shrine, stand the *Coronation Chairs*, which, at coronations, are moved to the middle of the chancel. That on the left, scratched and battered by irreverent visitors, as full of varied colour as a mountain landscape, is the chair decorated by 'William the Painter' for Edward I. In it was enclosed by Edward III., in 1328, the famous *Prophetic Stone* or *Stone of Destiny* of Scone, on which the Scottish kings were crowned,[1] and with which the destinies of the Scottish rule were believed to be enwoven, according to the old metrical prophecy—

'Ni fallat fatum, Scoti, quocunque locatum
Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem.'

The legend of the Stone relates that it was the pillow on which the Patriarch Jacob slept at Bethel when he saw the Vision of the Ladder reaching to heaven. From Bethel the sons of Jacob carried the Stone into Egypt. Thither came Gathelus the Greek, the son of Cecrops, the builder of Athens, who married Scota,[2] the daughter of Pharaoh, but being alarmed at the judgments pronounced

[1] The custom of inaugurating a king upon a stone was of Eastern origin, and became general among Celtic and Scandinavian nations. Seven of the Anglo-Saxon kings were crowned on 'the King's Stone,' which still remains in the street of Kingston-on-Thames.

[2] According to the *Chronicle* of Robert of Glouccster, Scotland was named from Scota.

'The Scottes yclupped were
After a woman that Scote hyght, the dawter of Pharaon
Yat broghte into Scotlond a whyte marble ston,
Yat was ordeyed for thare King, whan he coroned wer
And for a grete Jewyll long hit was yhold ther.'

against Egypt by Moses, who had not then crossed the Red Sea, he fled to Spain, where he built the city of Brigantia. With him he took the Stone of Bethel, seated upon which 'he gave laws and administered justice unto his people, thereby to menteine them in wealth and quietnesse.'[1] In after days there was a king in Spain named Milo, of Scottish origin, and one of his younger sons, named Simon Brek, beloved by his father beyond all his brothers, was sent with an invading army to Ireland, that he might reduce it to his dominion, which he did, and reigned there many years. His prosperity was due to a miracle, for when his ships first lay off the coast of Ireland, as he drew in his anchors, the famous Stone was hauled up with the anchors into the ship. Received as a precious boon from heaven, it was placed upon the sacred hill of Tara, where it was called *Lia-fail*, the 'Stone of Destiny,' and gave the ancient name of *Innis-fail*, or 'the Island of Destiny,' to the kingdom.[2] Irish antiquaries maintain that on the hill of Tara the real Stone still remains, but others assert that about 330 years before Christ, Fergus, the founder of the Scottish monarchy, bore the Stone across the sea to Dunstaffnage, where an ancient sculpture has been found of a king with a book of the laws in his hand, seated in the ancient chair 'whose bottom was the Fatal Stone.'[3] But from Dunstaffnage the Stone was again removed and carried to Iona by Fergus, who

> 'Broucht þis stane wythin Scotland,
> Fyrst qwhen he come and wane þat land,
> And fyrst it set in Ikkolmkil.'[4]

It was Kenneth II. who, according to the legend, in A.D. 840, brought the Stone to Scone, and there enclosed it in a chair of wood, 'endeavouring to confirm his royal authority by mean and trivial things, almost bordering on superstition itself.'[5] The first authentic record of a coronation at Scone is that of Malcolm IV. in 1154, and upon it all succeeding kings of Scotland were inaugurated till the time of John Baliol, who, according to Hardynge, was crowned

> 'In the Minster of Scone, within Scotlàd grònd,
> Sittyng vpon the regal stone full sound,
> As all the Kynges there vsed had afore,
> On Sainct Andrewes day, with al joye therefore.'

After Edward I. had defeated Baliol near Dunbar in 1296, he is said, before he left the country, to have been himself crowned king of Scotland upon the sacred Stone at Scone. However this may be, on his return to England he carried off as trophies of his conquest, not only the Scottish regalia, but the famous 'Stone of Destiny,' 'to create in the Scots a belief that the time of the dissolution of their monarchy was come.'[6] Placing the Stone in the Abbey of Westminster, he ordered that it should be enclosed in a chair of wood.

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1 Holinshed.
2 Sir James Ware.
3 Pennant's *Tour to the Hebrides*.
4 Wyntoun's Cronykil.
5 Buchanan's *History of Scotland*.
6 See Rapin's *Hist. of England*, i. 375.

'for a masse priest to sit in.'[1] Various applications were afterwards made for the restoration of the Stone to the northern kingdom, and the immense importance which the Scotch attached to it is shown by its having been the subject of a political conference between Edward III. and David II., king of Scots. In 1328 Edward III. actually agreed to deliver it up:[2] the Scottish regalia

THE CORONATION CHAIR.

was sent back, but when it came to giving up the Stone, 'the people of London would by no means allow it to depart from themselves.'

The Stone (which geologically is of reddish sandstone) is inserted beneath the seat of the chair, with an iron handle on either side, so that it may be lifted up. The chair is of oak, and has once been

[1] Hardyng's Chronicle, [2] Ayliffe's Calendars, p. 58,

entirely covered with gilding and painting, now worn away with time and injured by the nails which have been driven in when it has been covered with cloth of gold at the coronations. At the back a strong lens will still discover the figure of a king, seated on a cushion diapered with lozenges, his feet resting on a lion, and other ornaments.[1]

In this chair all the kings of England since the time of Edward I. have been crowned; even Cromwell was installed in it as Lord Protector in Westminster Hall, on the one occasion on which it has been carried out of the church.

When Shakspeare depicts Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester, imparting her aspirations to her husband Humphrey, she says—

> 'Methought I sate in seat of majesty
> In the Cathedral Church of Westminster,
> And in that Chair where kings and queens are crowned.'
> *2 Henry VI.*, Act i. sc. 2.

The second chair was made for the coronation of Mary II., and has been used ever since for the queens consort.

Between the chairs, leaning against the screen, are preserved the state *Shield*[2] *and Sword of Edward III.*, which were carried before him in France. This is 'the monumental sword that conquer'd France,' mentioned by Dryden: it is 7 feet long and weighs 18 lbs.

'Sir Roger de Coverley laid his hand upon Edward the Third's sword, and leaning upon the pommel of it, gave us the whole history of the Black Prince; concluding, that in Sir Richard Baker's opinion Edward the Third was one of the greatest princes that ever sat upon the English throne.'—*Spectator*, No. 329.

Before leaving the Chapel we must glance at its upper window, filled with figures of saints, executed in stained glass, of the kind called 'Pot-metal,' in the reign of Henry VI.

> 'A feeling sad came o'er me as I trod the sacred ground
> Where Tudors and Plantagenets were lying all around:
> I stepp'd with noiseless foot, as though the sound of mortal tread
> Might burst the bands of the dreamless sleep that wraps the mighty dead.'
> *Ingoldsby Legends.*

Returning to the aisle, we may admire from beneath, where we see them at their full height, three beautiful tombs of the family of Henry III.

**Edmund Crouchback, Earl of Lancaster* (1296), second son of Henry III., who fought in the Crusades. His name of Crouchback is believed to have had its origin in the cross or *crouch* which he wore embroidered on his habit after he had engaged to join in a crusade in 1269.

> 'Edward above his menne was largely seen,
> By his shoulders more hei and made full clene.
> Edmond next hym the comeliest Prince alive,
> Not croke-backed, ne in no wyse disfigured.
> As some menne wrote, the right lyne to deprive,
> Through great falsehed made it to be scriptured.'—*Hardyng.*

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[1] Nearly all these and many other particulars concerning the Coronation Chair will be found in an article in Brayley's *Londiniana*, vol. ii. See also Skene, *Proceedings of the Society of Scotland*, vol. viii.

[2] Of wood lined with leather.

He received an imaginary grant of the kingdom of Sicily and Apulia from Pope Innocent IV. when he was only eight years old, which led to the extortions of Henry for the support of his claim. On the death of Simon de Montfort, he was made Earl of Leicester and Seneschal of England by his father. He died at Bayonne. At the base of the monument are figures of the gallant party who went together to the Crusades—Edmund, his brother Edward I., his uncle William de Valence, three other earls, and four knights. The effigy of Edmund himself is exceedingly noble and dignified. Sculptured on his tomb are the roses of the House of Lancaster, a badge first introduced from the roses which he brought over from Provins ('Provence roses'), where they had been planted by Crusaders. The House of Lancaster claimed the throne by descent from this prince, and his second wife, Blanche, Queen of Navarre.

**Aylmer or Audomar de Valence, Earl of Pembroke* (1323), third son of William de Valence, and nephew of Henry III. He fought in the Scottish wars of Edward I., when he hanged Nigel Bruce, and in those of Edward II. against the barons under Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, and he connived at his sentence. This is said to have proved fatal to him. He went into France with Queen Isabel, and there died—'sodenly murdered by the vengeance of God, for he consented to the death of St. Thomas.'[1] The sculpture of this tomb is decidedly French in character. Two angels, at the head of the effigy, support the soul of Aylmer, which is ascending to heaven.[2]

'At the head of the powerful Earl of Pembroke are three figures—their heads have unhappily and ruthlessly been shaven off by Cromwell's Puritans—of whom two are upholding in their arms the kneeling figure of the third. They were two angels, presenting to God the troubled soul of the dark and silent warrior—'Joseph the Jew,' as he was nicknamed by insolent Piers de Gaveston—who commanded our army at Bannockburn, and played so large a part among the turbulent barons of the reign of his half-cousin Edward II.'—*F. W. Farrar, 'Our English Minsters.'*

'The monuments of Aylmer de Valence and Edmund Crouchback are specimens of the magnificence of our sculpture in the reigns of the first two Edwards. The loftiness of the work, the number of arches and pinnacles, the lightness of the spires, the richness and profusion of foliage and crockets, the solemn repose of the principal statue, the delicacy of thought in the group of angels bearing the soul, and the tender sentiment of concern variously expressed in the relations ranged in order round the basement, forcibly arrest the attention, and carry the thoughts not only to other ages, but to other states of existence.'—*Flaxman.*

Aveline, Countess of Lancaster (1273). The tomb is concealed on this side by the ugly monument of

Field-Marshal Lord Ligonier (1770), celebrated as a military commander in all the wars of Anne, George I., and George II., and who died at ninety-two in the middle of the reign of George III. The Muse of History is represented as holding a scroll with the names of his battles. This was the witty Irishman who, when George II. reviewed his regiment and remarked, 'Your men look like soldiers, but the horses are poor,' answered, 'The men, sire, are Irish, and gentlemen too; but the horses are English.' The monument is by *J. F. Moore.*

(Below Ligonier.) *Sir John Harpendon* (1457), a low altar-tomb with a brass effigy, its head resting on a greyhound, its feet on a lion. Sir John was a knight of Henry V., and the fifth husband of the celebrated Joan de la Pole, Lady Cobham, whose fourth husband was Sir John Oldcastle.

(In the pavement.) The gravestone, which once bore brasses, of *Thomas Brown* and *Humphrey Roberts*, monks of Westminster, 1508.

Facing the tomb of Edmund Crouchback is the beautiful perpendicular **Chapel of Abbot Islip**, 1532, who laid the foundation-stone of the greater perpendicular chapel of Henry VII. His name appears—twice repeated—in the frieze, on which we may also see the

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[1] Leland, from a chronicle in Peterhouse Library.

[2] The mounted knight on the tomb of Aylmer has been quoted as a precedent for using the original design made for the tomb of Wellington at St. Paul's.

rebus of the abbot—an eye, and a hand holding a slip or branch. The acts of Islip and his magnificent funeral obsequies are pictured in the exceedingly curious 'Islip Roll' in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries. In the centre of the chapel, rich in exquisitely finished perpendicular carving, he was buried, but his curious tomb, which bore his skeleton in alabaster, is destroyed, as well as a fresco of the Crucifixion with the abbot's figure in prayer beneath, and the words—

'In cruce qui pendes Islip miserere Johannis,
Sanguine perfuso reparasti quem pretioso.'

In this chapel, without a monument, is buried *Anne Mowbray*, the heiress who was married in her childhood to Richard, Duke of York, the five-year-old murdered son of Edward IV. On the eastern wall is the monument of *Sir Christopher Hatton* (1619), great-nephew of the famous Lord Chancellor.

A winding stair leads to the chamber above the Islip Chapel, which contains the few remains of the exceedingly curious waxwork effigies which were carried at the public funerals of great personages in the Abbey. The first sovereign of whom a representation was carried (not then in wax, but in *cuir bouilli*, coloured, crowned, and robed) was Henry V., who died in France, and was brought home in his coffin; previously the embalmed bodies of the kings and queens had been carried, with faces uncovered at their funerals. Nevertheless, commemorative effigies of the Edwards and Henrys were made for the Abbey, but of these little remains beyond their wooden framework. When perfect they were exhibited in presses: thus Dryden saw them—

'And now the presses open stand,
And you may see them all a-row.'

Strype mentions the effigies of Edward III., Philippa, Henry V., Katherine de Valois, Henry VII., Elizabeth of York, Elizabeth, Henry Prince of Wales, James I., and Anne of Denmark. The exhibition of the waxwork figures formerly produced valuable addition to the small income of the minor canons, though it was much ridiculed as 'The Ragged Regiment' and 'The Play of Dead Volks.'[1] After the show the 'cap of General Monk' used to be sent for contributions.

'I thought on Naseby, Marston Moor, and Worcester's "crowning fight,"
When on mine ear a sound there fell—it chilled me with affright,
As thus in low, unearthly tones, I heard a voice begin—
"This here's the cap of Giniral Monk! Sir, please put summut in."'
Ingoldsby Legends.

The waxwork figures (admission threepence on Mondays and Tuesdays, on other days sixpence) are of the deepest interest, being effigies of the time of those whom they represent, robed by

[1] See Pope's *Life of Seth Ward.*

the hands of those who knew them and their characteristic habits of dress. The most interesting of the eleven existing figures is that of *Elizabeth*, a restoration by the Chapter, in 1760, of the original figure carried at her funeral, which had fallen to pieces a few years before. She looks half-witch and half-ghoul. Her weird old head is crowned by a diadem, and she wears the huge ruff laden with a century of dust, the long stomacher covered with jewels, the velvet robe embroidered with gold and supported on panniers, and the pointed high-heeled shoes with rosettes, familiar from her pictures. The original effigy was carried from Whitehall at her funeral, April 28, 1603.

'At which time the city of Westminster was surcharged with multitudes of all sorts of people, in the streets, houses, windows, leads, and gutters, that came to see the obsequie. And when they beheld her statue, or picture, lying upon the coffin, set forth in royal robes, having a crown upon the head thereof, and a ball and a sceptre in either hand, there was such a general sighing, groaning, and weeping as the like hath not been seen or known in the memory of man; neither doth any history mention any people, time, or state, to make like lamentation for the death of their sovereign.'—*Stow.*

Next in point of date of the royal effigies is that of *Charles II.*, robed in red velvet, with lace collars and ruffles. It long stood over his grave in Henry VII.'s Chapel, and served as his monument. By his side once stood the now ruined effigy of General Monk, dressed in armour. *Mary II.* and *William III.* stand together in an oblong case, on either side of a pedestal. Mary, who died at thirty-two, is a large woman, nearly six feet high. The effigy was cast from her dead face. She wears a purple velvet bodice, three brooches of diamonds decorate her breast, and she has pearl earrings and a pearl necklace *à la Sévigné*. The head-dress is not well preserved, but it was recorded as curious that the effigy of Mary was originally represented as wearing a *fontange*, a streaming riband on the top of a high head-dress (just introduced by the Duchesse de Fontanges, the short-lived mistress of Louis XIV.), as it was an article of dress which the queen, who set up as a reformer of female attire, especially inveighed against. William III. is represented as much shorter than his wife, which was the case. Next comes the figure of *Anne*, fat, with hair flowing on her shoulders, wearing the crown and holding the orb and sceptre. This figure, which was carried on her coffin, is still the only sepulchral memorial to this great queen-regnant. There is no figure of her husband.

'A cloud of remembrances come to mind as we gaze upon the kindly pale face and somewhat homely form, set out with its brocaded silk robes and pearl ornaments. We know that this is the figure that lay upon the funeral car of the royal lady, and that the dress is such as she was known to wear, and would be recognised as part of her presentment by the silent crowds that gazed upon the solemn procession; the same, too, that her numerous little children, all lying in a vault close by, would have recognised had they lived to grow to an age of recognition. . . . We think of the Augustan age over which she presided, her friendships, her tenderness, her bounty, with peculiar interest, and turn from it with lingering regret.'—*The Builder, July* 7, 1877.

The *Duchess of Richmond* (La belle Stuart) is represented with her favourite parrot by her side, dressed in the robes which she

wore at Queen Anne's coronation. Her effigy (by Mrs. Goldsmith) used to stand near her grave in Henry VII.'s Chapel, and is one of the most artistic of the figures; yet, as we look at it, we can scarcely realise that this was the lady who, in the reign of Charles II., was persuaded to sit as 'Britannia' for the effigy on our pence. *Catherine, Duchess of Buckinghamshire* (1743), prepared for her own funeral in her lifetime, and her one anxiety on her death-bed was to see its pomps prepared before she passed away out of the world, her last request being that the canopy of her hearse might be sent home for her death-bed admiration. 'Let them send it, even though all the tassels are not finished.' Her effigy, with that of her young son, long stood by her grave in Henry VII.'s Chapel. Near these reclines the sleeping effigy of her son, *Edmund Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire*, who died at Rome in 1735. This was the figure Duchess Catherine asked her friends to visit, saying that, if they had a mind to see it, she could 'let them in conveniently by a back door.'[1] The figure of *Lord Chatham* is unimportant, having only been made (in 1779) to increase the attraction of the waxworks; but the figure of *Nelson*, made as a counter-attraction to his tomb in the rival church of St. Paul's, is interesting, since, with the exception of the coat, the dress was actually his.

A ghastly cupboard, which recalls 'El Pudridero' of the Escurial, between the figures of Anne and Lord Chatham, contains the remains of the earlier effigies, crowded together. In some of these the wooden framework is entire, with the features, from which the wax has peeled off, rudely blocked out. One of them, supposed to be Philippa, wears a crown. Of others merely the mutilated limbs remain.

The *chest* in which the remains of Major André were brought from America to England in 1821 is preserved in this chamber.

As we descend the staircase, the ghoul-like face of Elizabeth in her corner stares at us over the intervening cases, and will probably leave a more distinct impression upon those who have looked upon it than anything else in the Abbey, especially when they consider it as representing one who only a year before had allowed the Scottish ambassador (as if by accident) to see her 'dancing high and disposedly,' that he might disappoint the hopes of his master by his report of her health and spirits.

Opposite the Islip Chapel we find—

The gravestone of *Brian Duppa* (1662), the tutor to Charles II., who visited him on his death-bed, and the friend of Charles I., who, when imprisoned in Carisbrooke, thought himself happy in the society of so good a man. He was in turn Bishop of Chichester, Salisbury, and Winchester.

Beyond the Chapel is the monument of—

General Wolfe (1759), who fell during the defeat of the French at Quebec, to which we owe the subjugation of Canada.

'The fall of Wolfe was noble indeed. He received a wound in the head, but covered it from his soldiers with his handkerchief. A second ball struck him in

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1 Walpole's *Reminiscences*.

the belly; but that too he dissembled. A third hitting him in the breast, he sank under the anguish, and was carried behind the ranks. Yet, fast as life ebbed out, his whole anxiety centred on the fortune of the day. He begged to be borne nearer to the action; but his sight being dimmed by the approach of death, he entreated to be told what they who supported him saw. He was answered that the enemy gave ground. He eagerly repeated the question, heard the enemy was totally routed, cried "I am satisfied," and expired.'—*Walpole's Memoirs.*

Wolfe was buried at Greenwich, but so great was the enthusiasm for him, that Dean Zachary Pearce had actually consented to remove the glorious tomb of Aylmer de Valence to make room for his cenotaph, and was only prevented by the remonstrances of Horace Walpole, sacrificing instead the screen of St. John the Evangelist's Chapel and most of the tomb of Abbot Esteney. The monument is the first public work of *Joseph Wilton*, whose desire of displaying his anatomical knowledge caused him to represent Wolfe as a half-naked figure (in shirt and stockings) in the arms of a full-equipped Grenadier,' receiving a wreath and palm-branch from Victory. On the basement is a bronze relief by *Capizzoldi*, representing the landing of the British troops and the ascent of the heights of Abraham.

'It is full of truth, and gives a lively image of one of the most daring exploits that any warriors ever performed. Veterans, who had fought on that memorable day, have been observed lingering for hours, following with the end of their staff the march of their comrades up the shaggy precipice, and discussing the merits of the different leaders.'—*Allan Cunningham.*

(In front of Wolfe.) The brass of *Abbot Esteney* (1498), moved from the tomb which formed part of the screen he erected for St. John's Chapel. He is represented in his abbatical vestments, under a threefold canopy. His right hand is raised in benediction, his left holds a crosier, and proceeding from his mouth are the words 'Exultabo in Deo Jhu' meo.' The tomb was opened in 1706, and the abbot was found entire, in a crimson silk gown and white silk stockings, lying in a coffin quilted with yellow satin.

We now enter a chapel formed by the three **Chapels of St. John, St. Michael, and St Andrew,**[1] once divided by screens, and entered from the north transept, but mutilated and thrown together for the convenience of the monuments, many of which are most unworthy of their position. In examining the tombs we can only regard the chapels as a whole. Two great monuments break the lines of the centre.

**Sir Francis Vere* (1609), who commanded the troops in Holland in the wars of Elizabeth, and gained the battle of Nieuport. This noble tomb was erected by his widow, and is supposed to be copied from that of Count Engelbrecht II. of Nassau at Breda. Sir Francis is represented in a loose gown, lying low upon a mat, while four knights bear as canopy a slab supporting his armour, in allusion to his having fallen a victim in sickness to the death he had vainly courted on the battle-field.

'When Vere sought death arm'd with the sword and shield,
Death was afraid to meet him in the field;
But when his weapons he had laid aside,
Death, like a coward, struck him, and he died.'[2]

The supporting knights are noble figures. One day Gayfere, the Abbey mason, found Roubiliac, who was superintending the erection of the Nightingale monument, standing with folded arms, and eyes fixed upon one of them, unconscious

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[1] Relics of St. Andrew are said to have been given to the Abbey by Edward the Confessor; relics of St. John the Evangelist by 'good Queen Maude,' wife of Henry I.

[2] Epitaph on Sir Francis Vere, given in Pettigrew's collection.

of all around. 'Hush! he vill speak presently,' said the sculptor, deprecating the interruption. This tomb 'is one of the last works executed in the spirit of our Gothic monuments, and the best.'[1]

Henry, Lord Norris (1601), and his wife *Margaret*, the heiress of Rycote in Oxfordshire. He was the son of Sir Henry Norris, the gallant friend of Anne Boleyn, who maintained her innocence to the scaffold. Hence Elizabeth, daughter of the murdered queen, regarded him with peculiar favour, and, in her eighth year, knighted him in his own house at Rycote, where she was placed under his guardianship. She nicknamed Lady Norris, from her swarthy complexion, 'my own crow,' and wrote to condole with her by this designation on the death of one of her sons. The tomb is Corinthian, with eight columns supporting a canopy, beneath which lie the figures of Lord Norris (created a baron for his services as ambassador in France) and his wife. Around the base kneel their eight sons, 'a brood of martial-spirited men, as the Netherlands, Portugal, Little Bretagne, and Ireland can testify.'[2] William, the eldest, was Marshal of Berwick. Sir John had three horses shot under him while fighting against the Spaniards in the Netherlands. Sir Thomas, Lord Justice of Ireland, died of a slight wound 'not well looked after.' Sir Henry died of a wound about the same time. Maximilian was killed in the wars in Brittany, and Edward, Governor of Ostend, was the only survivor of his parents.[3] Thus, while the others are represented as engaged in prayer, he is cheerfully looking upwards. All the brothers are in plate-armour, but unhelmeted, and with trunk-breeches. 'They were men of a haughty courage, and of great experience in the conduct of military affairs; and, to speak in the character of their merit, they were persons of such renown and worth, as future times must, out of duty, owe them the debt of honourable memory.'

'The Norrises were all *Martis pulli*, men of the sword, and never out of military employment. Queen Elizabeth loved the Norrises for themselves and herself, being sensible that she needed such martial men for her service.'—*Fuller's 'Worthies.'*

Making the round of the walls from the right, we see the monuments of—

Captain Edward Cooke (1799), who captured the French frigate *La Forte* in the Bay of Bengal, and died of his wounds—with a relief by *Bacon, jun.*

General Sir George Holles (1626), a figure in Roman armour, executed for £100 by *Nicholas Stone*, for the General's brother, John, Earl of Clare. On the base is represented in relief the battle of Nieuport, in which Sir George distinguished himself. The advent of classical art may be recognised in this statue, as the tomb of Sir F. Vere was the expiring effort of gothic.

Sir George Pocock (1793), the hero of Chandernagore. The tomb, by *John Bacon*, supports an awkward figure of Britannia defiant.

(Above Pollock, moved from a pillar in the north transept and placed too high up), *Grace Scot*, 1645, wife of the regicide colonel cruelly executed at the Restoration. It bears the lines—

'He that will give my Grace but what is hers,
May say her death has not,
Made only her dear Scot,
But Virtue, Worth, and Sweetness, Widowers.'

Catherine Dormer, Lady St. John, Maid of Honour to Queen Elizabeth (1614), an effigy, restored to the vicinity of its original position in 1879 from the tomb of Bishop Dudley, to which it was removed to make way for the Nightingale monument.

**Lady Elizabeth Nightingale*, daughter of the second Earl Ferrers, sister of Selina, the famous Countess of Huntingdon, and wife of Joseph Gascoigne

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[1] Allan Cunningham's *Life of Roubiliac.*
[2] Camden's *Britannia.* [3] See Fuller's *Worthies.*

Nightingale of Mamhead in Devonshire. She died in 1731, and the monument, erected 1758, is really to her husband, who died in 1752. This tomb, 'more theatrical than sepulchral,'[1] is the last and greatest work of *Roubiliac*. The skeleton figure of Death has burst open the iron doors of the grave, and is aiming his dart at the lady, who shrinks back into the arms of her horror-stricken husband, who is eagerly but vainly trying to defend her. In his fury, Death has grasped the dart at the end by the feathers. Wesley said Mrs. Nightingale's was the finest tomb in the Abbey, as showing 'common sense among heaps of unmeaning stone and marble.'

'The dying woman would do honour to any artist. Her right arm and hand are considered by sculptors as the perfection of fine workmanship. Life seems slowly receding from her tapering fingers and her quivering wrist. Even Death himself—dry and sapless though he be—the very fleshless cheeks and eyeless sockets seem flashing with malignant joy.'—*Allan Cunningham.*

'It was whilst engaged on the figure of Death, that Roubiliac one day, at dinner, suddenly dropped his knife and fork on his plate, fell back in his chair, and then darted forwards, and threw his features into the strongest possible expression of fear—fixing his eye so expressively on the country lad who waited, as to fill him with astonishment. A tradition of the Abbey records that a robber, coming into the Abbey by moonlight, was so startled by the same figure as to have fled in dismay, and left his crowbar on the pavement.'—*Dean Stanley.*

Sarah, Duchess of Somerset (1692), daughter of Sir Edward Alston, afterwards married to Henry Hare, second Lord Coleraine. Her figure half reclines upon a sarcophagus. The two weeping charity boys at the sides typify her beneficence in founding the Froxfield Almshouses in Wiltshire. Behind this tomb are the remains of three out of the seven arches which formed the ancient *reredos* of St. Michael's altar. The ancient altar-stone was discovered in 1872 and placed here. At the entrance of St. Andrew's Chapel, one of the pillars (left) retains the original polish of the thirteenth century (having been long enclosed in a screen), and may be taken as an example of what all the Purbeck marble pillars were originally.

Theodore Phaliologus (1644), descended from the last Christian Emperors of Greece, who bore the name of Palaeologus.

Mrs. Anne Kirton, 1603. A tomb inscribed *Lacrimis struxit amor*, spotted all over with tear-drops falling from an eye above it.

John Philip Kemble (1823), represented as 'Cato' in a statue designed by *Flaxman.*

Dr. Thomas Young (1829), learned in Egyptian hieroglyphics—a tablet by *Chantrey.*

Sir James Young Simpson (1870), who introduced the use of chloroform, buried at Edinburgh—a bust by *Brodie.*

Sarah Siddons (1831), the great tragedian—a poor statue by *Chantrey*, erected chiefly at the expense of Macready, which rises like a white discordant ghost behind the Norris tomb.

Sir Humphry Davy (1829), celebrated for his discoveries in physical science, buried at Geneva—a tablet.

Matthew Baillie (1823), physician to George III., brother of the poetess Joanna —a bust by *Chantrey.*

Thomas Telford (1834), who, the son of a shepherd, rose to eminence as an engineer, and constructed the Menai Bridge and the Bridgwater Canal, but is scarcely entitled to the space so unsuitably occupied by his huge ugly monument by *Baily.*

Rear-Admiral Thomas Totty (1702)—a relief by the younger *Bacon.*

Anastasia, Countess of Kerry (1799). The monument bears an affecting inscription by her husband, 'whom she rendered during thirty-one years the happiest of mankind.' He was laid by her side in 1818. By *Buckham.*

[1] Walpole, *Anecdotes of Painting.*

Abbot Kyrton (1466), a slab in the pavement, which formerly bore a brass from his tomb, which was destroyed under Anne. Kyrton erected the screen of St. Andrew's Chapel.

Admiral Richard Kempenfelt (1782), who perished in the *Royal George* at Spithead—

'When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.'

His body was washed ashore and buried at Alverstoke, near Gosport. The sinking ship and the apotheosis of its admiral are represented on a column, by the younger *Bacon*.

Algernon, Earl of Mountrath, and his Countess *Diana*. The monument is by *Joseph Wilton*, the sculptor of Wolfe's memorial; but few will understand now the tumult of applause with which it was received—'the grandeur and originality of the design' being equally praised by contemporary critics, with the feathering of the angels' wings, 'which had a lightness nature only can surpass.'

Sir John Franklin (1847), the Arctic explorer—a bust by Noble, with an epitaph by Tennyson.

II.—ABBEY (*continued*)

WE now enter the **North Transept** of the Abbey, of which the great feature is the beautiful rose-window (restored 1722), thirty-two feet in diameter. This transept was utterly uninvaded by monuments till the Duke of Newcastle was buried here in 1676. Since then it has become the favourite burial-place of admirals; and since Pitt, Earl of Chatham, was laid here in 1778, the central aisle has been 'appropriated to statesmen, as the other transept by poets.' The whole character of the Abbey monuments is now changed; while the earlier tombs are intended to recall *Death* to the mind, the memorials of the last two centuries are entirely devoted to the exaltation of the *Life* of the person commemorated. In this transept, especially, the entire space between the grey arches is filled by huge monuments groaning under pagan sculpture of offensive enormity, emulating the tombs of the Popes in St. Peter's in their size, and curious as proving how taste is changed by showing the popularity which such sculptors as Nollekens, Scheemakers, and Bacon long enjoyed in England. Through the remainder of the Abbey the monuments, often interesting from their associations, are in themselves chiefly remarkable for their utter want of originality and variety. Justice and Temperance. Prudence and Mercy, are for ever busy propping up the tremendous masses of masonry upon which Britannia, Fame, and Victory are perpetually seen crowning a bust, an urn, or a rostral column with their wreaths; while beneath these piles sit figures indicative of the military or naval professions of the deceased, plunged in idiotic despair. As we continue our walk through the church, we descend gradually but surely, after we leave the fine conceptions and graphic portraiture of Roubiliac and Rysbrach. Even Bacon and Flaxman are weighed down by the pagan mania for Neptunes, Britannias, and Victorys, and only rise to anything like nobility in the single figures of Chatham and Mansfield. The abundant works of Chantrey and Westmacott in the Abbey are, with one or two exceptions, monotonous and commonplace. But it is only when utterly wearied by the platitudes of Nollekens or Cheere,[1] that we appreciate what lower depths of degradation

[1] It would scarcely be believed from his works that Cheere was the master of Roubiliac.

sculpture has reached in the once admired works of Taylor and Nathaniel Read and in most of the works of Bird.

When he came back from Rome and saw his works in Westminster Abbey, Roubiliac exclaimed, 'By God! my own work looks to me as meagre and starved as if made of nothing but tobacco-pipes.'

We may notice among the monuments—

Sir Robert Peel, (1850) represented as an orator, in a Roman toga, by *Gibson*.

Vice-Admiral Sir Peter Warren (1752). The monument by *Roubiliac* is especially ridiculed in the 'Foundling Hospital for Wit.' It portrays a figure of Hercules placing the bust of the deceased upon a pedestal. Navigation sits by disconsolate, with a withered olive branch. Behind the tomb is seen the beautiful screen of Abbot Kyrton.

Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield (1881), twice Prime Minister—a statue by *Boehm*.

Sir John Malcolm (1833)—statue by *Chantrey*. 'He who was always so kind, always so generous, always so indulgent to the weaknesses of others, while he was always endeavouring to make them better than they were,—he who was unwearied in acts of benevolence, ever aiming at the greatest, but never thinking the least beneath his notice,—who could descend, without feeling that he sank, from the command of armies and the government of an empire, to become a peacemaker in village quarrels,—he in whom dignity was so gentle and wisdom so playful, and whose laurelled head was girt with a chaplet of all the domestic affections,—the soldier, statesman, patriot, Sir John Malcolm.'—*J. C. Hare*.

William Cavendish, the 'Loyall Duke of Newcastle' (1676), who lost £941,308 by his devotion to the cause of Charles I., and his *Duchess, Margaret Lucas* (1674), who, as her epitaph tells, came of 'a noble family, for all the brothers were valiant, and all the sisters virtuous.' This Duchess, commemorated in 'Peveril of the Peak,' was a most voluminous writer, calling up her attendants at all hours of the night, 'to take down her Grace's conceptions, much to the disgust of her husband, who, when complimented on her learning, said, "Sir, a very wise woman is a very foolish thing."' Walpole calls her 'a fertile pedant, with an unbounded passion for scribbling.' She is, however, commemorated here as 'a very wise, wittie, and learned lady, which her many bookes do well testifie. She was a most virtuous, and loving, and carefull wife, and was with her lord all the time of his banishment and miseries, and when he came home never parted from him in his solitary retirement.' 'The whole story of this lady,' wrote Pepys, 'is a romance, and all she does is romantic.' Conceit about her own works was certainly not her fault, for she said, in writing to a friend—'You will find my works like infinite nature, that hath neither beginning nor end; and as confused as the chaos, wherein is neither method nor order, but all mixed together, without separation, like light and darkness.'

The Duke was also an author, and wrote several volumes on horsemanship. He is extolled by Shadwell as the 'greatest master of wit, the most exact observer of mankind, and the most accurate judge of humour' he ever knew. Cibber speaks of him as 'one of the most finished gentlemen, as well as the most distinguished patriot, general, and statesman of his age.' His liberality to literary men caused him to be regarded as 'the English Maecenas.'[1] 'Nothing,' says Clarendon, 'could have tempted him out of those paths of pleasure which he enjoyed in a full and ample fortune (which he sacrificed by his loyalty, and lived for a time in extreme poverty), but honour and ambition to serve the king when he saw him in distress, and abandoned by most of those who were in the highest degree obliged to him.'

The Duke is represented in a coroneted periwig. The dress of the Duchess recalls the description of Pepys, who met her (April 26, 1667) 'with her black cap, her hair about her ears, many black patches, because of pimples about her mouth, naked necked, without anything about it, and a black *just au corps*.'

[1] Longbaine's *Dramatick Poets*.

Her open book and the pen-case and ink-horn in her hand recall her passion for authorship.

Stratford Canning, Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe (1880)—a statue by *Boehm*, with some doggerel lines by *Tennyson*.

Charles, Earl Canning, Viceroy of India (1862)—a statue by *Foley*.

George Canning, the Prime Minister (1827)—a fine statue by *Chantrey*.

John Holles, Earl of Clare and Duke of Newcastle (1711). He filled many public offices during the reign of Queen Anne, and was created Duke on his marriage with Margaret, daughter of the Duke William Cavendish who lies beside him in St. John's Chapel. His enormous wealth caused him to be regarded as the 'richest subject that had been in the kingdom for some ages,' and his only daughter and heiress, Henrietta Cavendish Holles Harley, bore witness to it with filial devotion in this immense monument. The admirable architecture is by *Gibbs*, but the ludicrous figure of the Duke is by *Bird*. The statues of Prudence and Sincerity are said to have 'set the example of the allegorical figures' in the Abbey.[1]

(Right of north entrance) *Edward Vernon, Admiral of the White* (1757). After his capture of Porto Bello in November 1739, by which he was considered, in the words of his epitaph, to have 'conquered as far as naval force could carry victory,' he became the popular hero of the day, and his birthday was kept with a public illumination and bonfires all over London; yet, only six years afterwards, he was dismissed the service for exposing the abuses of the Navy in Parliament. The monument, by *Rysbrach*, represents Fame crowning the bust of the Admiral: it was erected by his nephew, Lord Orwell, in 1763.

(Left of north entrance) *Sir Charles Wager, Admiral of the White* (1743)—a feeble monument by *Scheemakers*, representing Fame lamenting over a medallion supported by an infant Hercules. The description of the Admiral given in the epitaph is borne out by Walpole, who says, 'Old Sir Charles Wager is dead at last, and has left the fairest character.'

William Pitt, Earl of Chatham (1778). The great statesman, who was seized by his last illness in the House of Lords, was first buried at Hayes, but in a few weeks was disinterred and brought to Westminster. 'Though men of all parties,' says Macaulay,[2] 'had concurred in decreeing posthumous honours to Chatham, his corpse was attended to the grave almost exclusively by opponents of the Government. The banner of the lordship of Chatham was borne by Colonel Barré, attended by the Duke of Richmond and Lord Rockingham. Burke, Savile, and Dunning upheld the pall. Lord Camden was conspicuous in the procession. The chief mourner was young William Pitt.'

The colossal monument (thirty-three feet in height), by *John Bacon*, was erected for the king and Parliament at a cost of £6000. Britannia triumphant is seated upon a rock, with Earth and Ocean recumbent below. Above, on a sarcophagus, are statues of Prudence and Fortitude; lastly, the figure of Lord Chatham, in his parliamentary robes, starts from a niche in an attitude of declamation. It was of this tomb that Cowper wrote—

'Bacon there
Gives more than female beauty to a stone,
And Chatham's eloquence to marble lips.'

The inscription, which is also by Bacon, drew forth the injunction of George III., who, while approving it, said, 'Now, Bacon, mind you do not turn author; stick to your chisel.' When Bacon was retouching the statue of Chatham, a divine, and a stranger, tapped him on the shoulder, and said, in allusion to the story of Zeuxis, 'Take care what you are doing, you work for eternity.' This reverend person then stept into the pulpit and began to preach. When the sermon was over, Bacon touched his arm and said, 'Take care what you do, you work for eternity.'—*See Allan Cunningham.*

'In no other cemetery do so many great citizens lie within so narrow a space. High over those venerable graves towers the stately monument of Chatham, and from above, his effigy, graven by a cunning hand, seems still, with eagle face and outstretched arm, to bid England be of good cheer, and to hurl defiance at

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[1] Dean Stanley. [2] *Essays.*

her foes. The generation which reared that memorial of him has disappeared. The time has come when the rash and indiscriminate judgments which his contemporaries passed on his character may be calmly revised by history. And history, while, for the warning of vehement, high, and daring natures, she notes his many errors, will yet deliberately pronounce, that, among the eminent men whose bones lie near his, scarcely one has left a more stainless, and none a more splendid name.'—*Macaulay.*

Henry Grattan (1820), the eloquent advocate of the rights of Ireland, lies buried in front of Chatham's monument, near the graves of Pitt, Fox, Castlereagh, Wilberforce, the two Cannings, and Palmerston. Pitt and Fox died in the same year, and are buried close together.

Here—'taming thought to human pride—
The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.
Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
'Twill trickle to his rival's bier;
O'er Pitt's the mournful requiem sound,
And Fox's shall the notes rebound.
The solemn echo seems to cry—
"Here let their discord with them die.
Speak not for those a separate doom
Whom Fate made brothers in the tomb."'
Scott's 'Marmion,' Intr. to Canto i.

'I saw the obsequies of Fox, a walking funeral from Stable Yard, St. James's, by Pall Mall and Charing Cross, lines of volunteers *en haie*, keeping the ground. I recollect the Whig Club among the followers, and a large body of the electors of Westminster, with the Cabinet Council, but no royalty, for which some kind of excuse was made. Literally the tears of the crowd incensed the bier of Fox. The affection of the people was extraordinary; I saw men crying like children.' —*Cyrus Redding, 'Fifty Years' Reminiscences.*'

Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston (1865)—a statue by *Jackson*, erected by Parliament. Lady Palmerston rests in the same grave.

'*The Three Captains*'—*William Bayne, William Blair*, and *Lord Robert Manners*, who fell in 1782 mortally wounded in naval engagements in the West Indies under Admiral Rodney. In the colossal tomb by *Nollekens* (next to that of Watt, the most offensive in the Abbey), Neptune, reclining on the back of a seahorse, directs the attention of Britannia to the medallions of the dead, which hang from a rostral column surmounted by a figure of Victory.

'Is that Christianity?' asked a visitor, pointing to Neptune and the trident. 'Yes,' wittily answered Dean Milman, 'it is *Tridentine* Christianity.'—*F. W. Farrar.*

Robert, Viscount Castlereagh, second Marquis of Londonderry (1822)—a statue by *Owen Thomas*, erected by his successor to 'the best of brothers and friends.'

William Murray, Earl of Mansfield (1793), the 'silver-tongued Murray' of Pope, who, 'from the love which he bore to the place of his early education, desired to be buried in this cathedral (privately).' This huge monument was erected by funds left for the purpose by A. Bailey of Lyons Inn. The noble statue, by *Flaxman*, is taken from a picture by Sir J. Reynolds. It is supported by the usual allegorical figures. Behind, at the foot of the pedestal, is the figure of a condemned criminal.

'The statue of Mansfield is calm, simple, severe, and solitary—he sits alone, "above all pomp, all passion, and all pride;" and there is that in his look which would embolden the innocent and strike terror to the guilty. The figure of the condemned youth is certainly a fine conception; hope has forsaken him, and already in his ears is the thickening hum of the multitude, eager to see him make his final account with time. This work raised high expectations. Banks said when he saw it, "This little man cuts us all out."'—*Allan Cunningham.*

'Where Murray, long enough his country's pride,
Shall be no more than Tully or than Hyde.'—*Pope.*

'Lord Mansfield's is a character above all praise—the oracle of law, the standard of eloquence, and the pattern of all virtue, both in public and private life. —*Bishop Newton.*

'His parliamentary eloquence never blazed into sudden flashes of dazzling brilliancy; but its clear, placid, and mellow splendour was never for an instant overclouded. . . . In the House of Peers, Chatham's utmost vehemence and pathos produced less effect than the moderation, the reasonableness, the luminous order, and the serene dignity, which characterised the speeches of Lord Mansfield.'—*Macaulay's Essays.*

(Turning round the Screen of monuments) *Sir William Webb Follet* (1845), Attorney-General—a statue by *Behnes.*

George Gordon, fourth Earl of Aberdeen (1860), Prime Minister—a bust by *Noble.*

**Mrs. Elizabeth Warren* (1816), wife of the Bishop of Bangor. Her charities are typified by the lovely figure of a beggar girl holding a baby—one of the best works of *Richard Westmacott.*

Sir George Cornewall Lewis (1863), buried at Old Radnor, Chancellor of the Exchequer and Secretary of State—a bust by *Weekes.*

General Sir Eyre Coote (1783), who expelled the French from the coasts of Coromandel and defeated the forces of Hyder Ali. In the huge and hideous monument by *Thomas Banks,* Victory is represented as hanging the medallion of the hero upon a trophy: the mourning Mahratta captive and the little elephant in front recall the scene of his actions. 'The Mahratta captive is praised by artists for its fine anatomy, and by sculptors for its finer expression.'[1]

Charles Buller (1848), buried at Kensal Green, who 'united the deepest human sympathies with wise and philosophic views of government and mankind, and pursued the noblest political and social objects, above party spirit and without an enemy.' A bust by *Weekes.*

Francis Horner (1817), 'the founder of our modern economical and financial policy'—a statue by *Chantrey.*

Brigadier-General Hope (1789), Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec—monument by *Bacon.*

Warren Hastings (1818), Governor of Bengal. He was buried at his home of Daylesford, though—'with all his faults, and they were neither few nor small—only one cemetery was worthy to contain his remains. In that temple of silence and reconciliation where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried, in the great Abbey which has during many ages afforded a quiet resting-place to those whose minds and bodies have been shattered by the contentions of the great Hall, the dust of the illustrious accused should have mingled with the dust of the illustrious accusers.'[2] A monument by *Bacon, jun.*

Jonas Hanway (1786), 'the friend and father of the poor,' best known as the first person in England who carried an umbrella. He wrote some interesting accounts of his foreign travels, and then published a dull journal of an English tour. 'Jonas,' says Dr. Johnson, 'acquired some reputation by travelling abroad, but lost it all by travelling at home.' The monument has a medallion by *Moore.*

Sir Herbert Edwardes (1868), the hero of the Punjab—a bust by *Theed.*

Richard Cobden (1865), distinguished by his efforts for the repeal of the corn laws, buried at West Lavington—a bust by *Woolner.*

George Montagu Dunk, Earl of Halifax (1771), Secretary of State, who 'contributed so largely to the commerce and splendour of America as to be styled the Father of the Colonies.' The capital of Nova Scotia takes its name from him. A monument by *John Bacon.*

Sir Henry Maine (1888), a medallion by *Boehm.*

Vice-Admiral Charles Watson (1757),—buried at Calcutta,—who delivered the prisoners in the Black Hole of Calcutta. A frightful monument by *Scheemakers,* erected by the East India Company.

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[1] Allan Cunningham

[2] Macaulay's *Essays.*

Sir William Sanderson (1676), the adulatory historian of Mary Stuart, James I., and Charles I.; and his wife *Dame Bridget*—'mother of the Maids of Honour to the Queen-mother, and to her Majesty that now is.' The monument is supported by figures of Wisdom and Justice.

(West wall) *General Joshua Guest* (1747),—buried in the East Cloister,—'who closed a service of sixty years by faithfully defending Edinburgh Castle against the rebels in 1745.' A monument and bust by *R. Taylor.*

Sir John Balchen (1744), Admiral of the White, Commander-in-Chief, lost on board the *Victory* in a violent storm in the Channel, 'from which sad circumstance,' says the epitaph, 'we may learn that neither the greatest skill, judgment, nor experience, joined to the most pious, unshaken resolution, can resist the fury of the winds and waves.' The monument, by *Scheemakers*, bears a relief representing the shipwreck.

John Warren, Bishop of Bangor (1800)—a monument by *R. Westmacott.*

Lord Aubrey Beauclerk (1740), killed in a naval engagement under Admiral Vernon off the Spanish coast—a monument by *Scheemakers.*

'Sweet were his manners, as his soul was great,
And ripe his worth, though immature his fate.
Each tender grace that joy and love inspire
Living, he mingled with his martial fire;
Dying, he bid Britannia's thunder roar,
And Spain still felt him when he breathed no more.'

(The window above this tomb commemorates the loss of H.M.S. *Captain*, Sept. 7, 1870.)

General Percy Kirk (1741), and his wife *Diana Dormer* of Rousham—a monument by *Scheemakers.*

Sir Richard Kane (1736), distinguished in the wars of William III. and Anne, and for his defence of Gibraltar for George I. He was rewarded by George II. with the Governorship of Minorca, where he is buried. A monument by *Rysbrach*, with a fine bust.

Samuel Bradford (1731), Bishop of Rochester, 'praesul humillimus, humanissimus, et vere evangelicus.' A monument by *Cheere.*

Hugh Boulter, Bishop of Bristol, who 'was translated to the Archbishopric of Armagh (1723), and from thence to heaven' (1742). Monument by *Cheere.*

Entering the North Aisle of the Choir, the 'Aisle of the Musicians,' we find—

(Left wall) *Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton* (1845), the philanthropist, chiefly known from his exertions in the cause of Prison Discipline, and for the suppression of suttee in India. A statue by *Thrupp.*

'Sir Fowell Buxton's great merit as a public man consisted in his industry, his energy, and his straightforward honesty of purpose. He was always favourably heard, not only because he was the acknowledged head of the religious party, but because his statements were stamped with authority: they were well known and felt to be true, and they were put forward with a manner and perspicuity which essentially belong to truth.'—*Obituary Notice in the Lond. Gent. Mag.*, 1845.

Sir Thomas Hesketh (1605), an eminent lawyer of the time of Elizabeth. A handsome monument of the period, with a reclining figure. Juliana, Lady Hesketh, was formerly represented here kneeling at a desk.

Michael William Balfe (1870)—a medallion.

Hugh Chamberlen (1728), an eminent physician and benefactor to the science of midwifery, on which he published many works. His monument, by *Scheemakers* and *Delvaux*, was erected for Edmund Sheffield, last Duke of Bucking-

hamshire, and his elaborate epitaph is by Atterbury, whom he visited in the Tower. At the time of its erection this was considered 'one of the best pieces in the Abbey'![1]

(In front of Chamberlen's tomb is the fine brass of *Dr. J. H. Monk, Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol*, sometime Canon of this church.)

Samuel Arnold (1802), the composer, and organist of the Abbey—a tablet.

Henry Purcell (1695), composer and organist—a tablet. The epitaph, by Lady Elizabeth Howard, the wife of Dryden, tells how he is 'gone to that blessed place where only his harmony can be exceeded.' The air, 'Britons, strike home,' is one of the best known of Purcell's productions.

Sir Stamford Raffles (1826), Governor of Java and first President of the Zoological Society of London—a statue by *Chantrey*.

Almeric de Courcy, Lord Kinsale (1719), who commanded a troop of horse under James II. His epitaph tells how he was 'descended from the famous John de Courcy, Earl of Ulster, who, in the reign of King John, in consideration of his great valour, obtained that extraordinary privilege to him and his heirs of being covered before the king.'

**William Wilberforce* (1833), 'whose name will ever be specially identified with those exertions which, by the blessing of God, removed from England the guilt of the African slave trade. The Peers and Commons of England, with the Lord Chancellor and the Speaker at their head, carried him to his fitting place among the mighty dead around.' A statue by *Joseph*, perhaps the most characteristic modern statue in the Abbey.

The grave of *Sterndale Bennett* (1875), the first composer who removed the prejudice of the Germans against English music; celebrated for his oratorio of 'The Woman of Samaria.'

Sir Thomas Duppa (1694), who waited upon Charles II. when Prince of Wales, and after the Restoration was made Usher of the Black Rod.

Lord John Thynne (1880), long Canon and Sub-Dean of Westminster—a sleeping figure by *Armstead*.

Dame Elizabeth Carteret (1717). Above are inscriptions to the different members of the Greville family buried in the tomb of their relative, Monk, Duke of Albemarle.

Turning to the *Right Wall* we find—

Dr. John Blow (1708), organist and composer, the master of Purcell. A canon in four parts with the music is seen beneath the tablet.

'Challenged by James II. to make an anthem as good as that of one of the King's Italian composers, Blow by the next Sunday produced "I beheld, and lo, a great multitude!" The King sent the Jesuit, Father Peter, to acquaint him that he was well pleased with it; "but," added Peter, "I myself think it too long." "That," replied Blow, "is the opinion of but one fool, and I heed it not." This quarrel was, happily, cut short by the Revolution of 1688.'—*Dean Stanley*.

Charles Burney (1814), the friend of Dr. Johnson, and father of Madame d'Arblay, as author of the 'History of Music' appropriately placed amongst the musicians—a tablet. 'Dr. Burney gave dignity to the character of the modern musician by joining to it that of the scholar and philosopher.'[2]

William Croft (1727), composer and organist. 'Ad coelitum demigravit chorum, praesentior angelorum concentibus suum additurus Hallelujah.' A tablet and bust.

Temple West, Admiral of the White (1757), the son-in-law of Balchen, celebrated for his victories over the French. A bust erected by his widow, 'daughter of the brave, unfortunate Balchen.'

Richard Le Neve, who was killed while commanding the *Edgar*, in the Dutch wars, 1673.

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[1] Strype.

[2] Sir William Jones.

(Above the last) *Sir George Staunton* (1801), who concluded the treaty with Tippoo Sahib in 1784—monument by *Chantrey*.

Peter Heylin (1662), the independent Canon of Westminster, who defied Dean Williams from the pulpit. He published many now forgotten theological, political, and historical works. He was ousted from his canonry by the Commonwealth, but returned at the Restoration, and was buried under the seat which he occupied as sub-dean, in accordance with his own desire, for he related that on the night before he was seized with his last illness he dreamed that 'his late Majesty' Charles I. appeared to him and said, 'Peter, I will have you buried under your seat in church, for you are rarely seen but there or at your study.'

Charles Agar, Earl of Normanton and Archbishop of Dublin (1809)—a monument by *Bacon*.

We now enter the **Nave** (length 166 ft.; breadth, with aisles, 71 ft. 9 in.)

In the pavement, the gravestone of *Sir John Herschel*, the astronomer (1871). 'Filius unicus "coelis exploratis" hic prope Newtonum requiescit.' Also the grave of *Charles Robert Darwin* (1882), the famous biologist.

(First Arch) *Philip Carteret* (1710), son of Lord George Carteret, who died a Westminster scholar. A figure of Time bears a scroll with some pretty Sapphic verses by Dr. Freind, then second master of the school. Monument by *David*.

(Third Arch) *Dr. Richard Mead* (1754), the famous physician, who refused to prescribe for Sir R. Walpole till Dr. John Freind was released from the Tower. He 'lived more in the broad sunshine of life than almost any man,'[1] being for nearly half a century at the head of his profession, and attended Sir I. Newton on his deathbed. He was a great collector of books and pictures, and is extolled by Dibdin[2] as the 'ever-renowned Richard Mead, whose *pharmacopoeial* reputation is lost in the blaze of his *bibliomaniacal* glory.' Pope speaks of—

> 'Rare monkish manuscripts for Hearne alone,
> And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane.'[3]

Mead is buried in the Temple Church. His monument here has a bust by *Scheemakers*.

Spencer Perceval, Chancellor of the Exchequer (1812), assassinated in the lobby of the House of Commons by Bellingham. His recumbent effigy, with figures of Truth and Temperance at his feet, lies in a window too high up to be examined. A bas-relief represents the murder. The monument is by *Richard Westmacott*.

Against the choir screen are two large monuments—

(Left) *Sir Isaac Newton* (1727), the author of the 'Principia,' and the greatest philosopher of which any age can boast, whom his friends called 'the whitest soul they had ever known.' His body, after lying in state in the Jerusalem Chamber, was carried in state to the grave, his pall being borne by the Lord Chancellor and such dukes and earls as were Fellows of the Royal Society. For his tomb, by *Rysbrach*, though it was never placed there, Pope wrote the inscription—

> 'Isaacus Newtonus,
> Quem Immortalem
> Testantur Tempus, Natura, Coelum:
> Mortalem
> Hoc marmor fatetur.'

> 'Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night;
> God said, *Let Newton be*, and all was light.'[4]

The grave beneath the monument bears the words—'Hic depositum est quod mortale fuit Isaaci Newtoni.'

'No one ever left knowledge in a state so different from that in which he found it. Men were instructed not only in new truths, but in new methods of dis-

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[1] Boswell's *Johnson*.
[2] *Bibliomania*, ed. 1842, 364.
[3] *Moral Essays*, Epist. 4.
[4] Pope.

covering old truth: they were made acquainted with the great principle which connects together the most distant regions of space as well as the most remote periods of duration, and which was to lead to further discoveries far beyond what the wisest or most sanguine could anticipate.'—*Dr. Playfair*, '*Prelim. Dissert.*'

'In Isaac Newton two kinds of intellectual power, which have little in common, and which are not often found together in a very high degree of vigour, but which, nevertheless, are equally necessary in the most sublime departments of physics, were united as they have never been united before or since. There may have been minds as happily constituted as his for the cultivation of pure mathematical science; there may have been minds as happily constituted for the cultivation of science purely experimental; but in no other mind have the demonstrative faculty and the inductive faculty co-existed in such supreme excellence and perfect harmony.'—*Macaulay*, '*Hist. of England*,' chap. iii.

(Right of entrance) *James, Earl Stanhope* (1721), Chancellor of Exchequer and Secretary of State. The second and third Earls Stanhope are commemorated on the same monument, which was designed by *Kent* and executed by *Rysbrach*. A few words are added to commemorate Philip Henry, fifth Earl (1875), the historian of the reign of Queen Anne, the biographer of Pitt, and founder of the National Portrait Gallery. All the Earls Stanhope are buried at Chevening.

Following the *North Aisle* we may notice—

(Fourth Arch) *Jane Hill* (1631). A curious small black effigy, interesting as the only ancient monument in the nave.

Mrs. Mary Beaufoy (1705). The monument is interesting as the work of *Grinling Gibbons*—his one work in the Abbey.

(Fifth Arch) *Thomas Banks*, the sculptor (1805), buried at Paddington.

(In front of Banks) *Sir Robert T. Wilson* (1849) and his wife. A modern brass. He is represented in plate-armour; his children are beneath.

John Hunter (1793), the famous anatomist, moved by the members of the College of Surgeons from his first burial-place at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. A brass.

Moved from the pavement to the wall, close to the monument of Banks, is a small square stone bearing the words 'O Rare Ben Johnson.'[1] He was buried here standing upright, in accordance with the favour—'eighteen inches of square ground in Westminster Abbey'—which he had asked from Charles I., having died in great poverty. The inscription, says Aubrey, 'was done at the charge of Jack Young [of Great Milton, afterwards knighted], who, walking here when the grave was covering, gave the fellow eighteenpence to cut it.'

'His name can never be forgotten, having by his own good learning, and the severity of his nature and manners, very much reformed the stage, and indeed the English poetry itself.'—*Clarendon*.

(Beyond the grave of Wilson) *Sir Charles Lyell* (1875), who 'throughout a long and laborious life sought the means of deciphering the fragmentary records of the world's history.'

(Sixth Arch) *Dr. John Woodward* (1728), Professor of Physic at Gresham College, author of many geological works, and founder of the geological professorship at Cambridge. His medallion is by *Scheemakers*.

'Who Nature's treasures would explore,
Her mysteries and arcana know,
Must high with lofty Newton soar,
Must stoop as delving Woodward low.'
Dr. Richard Bentley.

Captains Harvey and *Hutt*, who fell off Brest, on board their ships the *Brunswick* and *Queen* (1794). An enormous and ugly monument by the younger *Bacon*. It represents Britannia decorating their urn with wreaths.

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[1] He is so called on the gravestone.

(Seventh Arch) *General Stringer Lawrence* (1775)—a monument by *Tayler*, erected by the East India Company in honour of the conquest of Pondicherry and the relief of Trichinopoly. The latter city is seen in a relief.

At the *North-West Corner*—'the Whigs' Corner'—are the monuments of—

Charles James Fox (1806), who died at Chiswick, and is buried in the North Transept. The great statesman and orator is represented as a half-naked figure sprawling into the arms of Liberty in a monument, by *Westmacott*, erected by his private friends. The figure of the negro which recalls the abolition of the slave trade was so much admired by Canova that he was wont to say that neither in England nor out of England had he seen any work which surpassed it.

Captain James Montagu (1794), killed off Brest. The huge monument by *Flaxman* has a relief of the battle. The lions, so utterly wanting in life and likeness, were greatly admired at the time of their execution. Compare them with the lions by Landseer!

Sir James Mackintosh (1832), 'jurist, philosopher, historian, statesman,' buried at Hampstead. The monument is by *Theed*.

George Tierney (1830), long the leader of the Whig party in the House of Commons, famous for his sarcasm. Monument by *R. Westmacott*.

Henry Petty, second Marquis of Lansdowne (1863)—a bust by *Boehm*.

Henry R. Vassal Fox, third Lord Holland (1840), nephew of the statesman, well known as a literary Maecenas. A huge monument by *Baily*, representing 'the Prison-house of Death,' bearing a bust, but with no word of inscription to indicate whom it is intended to honour.

John, Earl Russell (1878), buried at Chenies—a bust by *Boehm*.

Sir Richard Fletcher (1813), killed at the storming of St. Sebastian—monument by *Baily*.

James Rennell (1830), the Asiatic and African geographer, buried far up the centre of the nave—a bust by *Hagbolt*.

Zachary Macaulay (1838), (father of the historian, buried at the cemetery in Brunswick Square), who fought by the side of Wilberforce in the Anti-Slavery movement, and 'conferred freedom on eight hundred thousand slaves'—a bust by *Weekes*.

General Charles Gordon, murdered at Khartoum (1885)—a bronze bust.

West Wall—

Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury (1885), the philanthropist—a statue by *Boehm*.

John Conduitt (1737), Master of the Mint, nephew and successor of Sir Isaac Newton, whose monument is opposite. The tomb is by *Cheere*. In the cornice an inscription is inserted commemorative of *Jeremiah Horrocks* (Curate of Hoole in Lancashire), who invented the micrometer, who first appreciated the discoveries of Kepler, who was the first actual observer (Dec. 4, 1639) of a transit of Venus,[1] which he had correctly prophesied; and who first explained the lunar motion by the supposition of an elliptic orbit: he died 1641, aged 22.

(Over the west door) *William Pitt* (1806), Chancellor of the Exchequer. He is represented in the act of declamation, with History recording his words, and Anarchy writhing at his feet.

(Beyond door) *Admiral Sir Thomas Hardy* (1732), distinguished in the naval wars of Queen Anne—monument by *Cheere*.

(Outside Baptistery) *Sir George Cornewall* (1743), killed in battle while commanding the *Marlborough* off Toulon, in honour of which Parliament voted this enormous monument by *Taylor*, in which the whole sea-fight is represented.

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[1] This was between his church services, and he left the sight for his clerical duties—'ad majora avocatus quae ob haec πάρεργα negligi non decuit.'

The stained glass of the west window (Moses, Aaron, and the Patriarchs) was executed in the reign of George II. It is from this end of the Minster that its long aisles are seen in the full glory of their aërial perspective.

'The Abbey Church is beheld as a rare structure, with so small and slender pillars (greatest legs argue not the strongest man) to support so weighty a fabrick.'—*Fuller's 'Worthies.'*

'The door is closed—but soft and deep
Around the awful arches sweep
Such airs as soothe a hermit's sleep.

From each carved nook and fretted bend
Cornice and gallery seem to send
Tones that with seraph hymns might blend.

Three solemn parts together twine
In harmony's mysterious line;
Three solemn aisles approach the shrine:

Yet all are one—together all,
In thoughts that awe but not appal,
Teach the adoring heart to fall.'—*John Keble.*

Behind Cornewall's tomb is the **Baptistery**, which Dean Stanley used to call 'Little Poet's Corner.' It contains—

(At the back of Cornewall's tomb) *Hon. James Craggs* (1720), (son of James Craggs, Postmaster-General). As Secretary of State his conciliatory manners caused him to be universally honoured and beloved. Pope, who was his devoted friend, took the greatest interest in the progress and erection of his statue, which is by the Italian sculptor *Guelfi*, and he wrote the epitaph, so severely criticised by Dr. Johnson—

'Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear!
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end;
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
Praised, wept, and honour'd, by the Muse he lov'd.

Unfortunately the fair fame of Craggs was not untarnished after his death, which was nominally caused by the small-pox, but is supposed to have been really due to the anxiety he underwent during the Parliamentary Inquiry into the South Sea Swindle, in the subscription list of which his name was down for the fictitious sum of £330,000.

William Wordsworth (1850), the poet, buried at Grasmere—a feeble statue by *Lough.*

John Keble (1866), author of 'The Christian Year,' buried at Hursley—a feeble monument with a bust by *Woolner.*

Henry Fawcett (1884), statesman and politician, buried at Trumpington—a poor monument by *Gilbert.*

Frederick Denison Maurice (1872), preacher, buried at Highgate—a bust by *Woolner.*

Matthew Arnold (1888), the poet and essayist, buried at Laleham—a bust by *Bruce Joy.*

Charles Kingsley (1875), divine and novelist, buried at Eversley—a bust by *Woolner.*

Here also is buried, without a monument, the famous Jacobite Dean, *Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester* (1732), the brilliant controversial writer and orator. His devotion to the cause of the Stuarts led to his being committed to the Tower under George I., and, soon after, to his banishment. He died at Paris, and was privately interred, as he desired, 'as far from kings and kaisers as the space will admit of.'

The north door of the Baptistery is supposed to have been intended for the escape of the evil spirits there exorcised; and the gargoyles outside to represent the misery of the expelled demons.

On entering the *South Aisle of the Nave*, we see above us the oak gallery opening from the Deanery, whence the royal family have been accustomed to watch processions in the Abbey. We may notice the monuments of—

(Above the door leading to the Deanery and Jerusalem Chamber) *Henry Wharton* (1695), the favourite chaplain of Archbishop Sancroft, author of many works on ecclesiastical history. 'His early death was deplored by men of all parties as an irreparable loss to letters.'[1] Archbishop Tenison attended his funeral, and an anthem, composed for the occasion by Purcell, was sung over his grave.

'He had not exceeded his thirtieth year, when he sank under his continued studies, and perished a martyr to literature.'—*Disraeli.*

William Congreve (1728), the licentious dramatist, so grossly extolled by Dryden in the lines—

> 'Heaven, that but once was prodigal before,
> To Shakspeare gave as much, he could not give him more.'

The monument, with a medallion by *Bird*, was 'sett up by Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough, as a mark how dearly she remembers the happiness and honour she enjoyed in the friendship of so worthy and honest a man.' 'Happiness perhaps, but not honour,' said the old Duchess Sarah when she heard of the epitaph; but the Duchess Henrietta, to whom Congreve had bequeathed £7000, which she spent in a diamond necklace,[2] carried her adulation farther than this stone, for she had an ivory statue of Congreve, 'to which she would talk as to the living Mr. Congreve, with all the freedom of the most *polite* and unreserved conversation,' which moved by clockwork, upon her table, and she had also a wax figure of him, whose feet were blistered and anointed by her doctors, as Congreve's had been when he was attacked by the gout.[3]

Near the monument of Congreve, *Mrs. Anne Oldfield*, the actress, was buried with the utmost pomp in 1730, 'in a very fine Brussels lace head, a holland shift with a tucker, and double ruffles of the same lace, a pair of new kid gloves, and her body wrapped up in a winding-sheet.' To this Pope alludes in the lines—

> 'Odious, in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke
> (Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke)
> No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
> Dress my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face:
> One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead—
> And—Betty, give this cheek a little red.'

Dr. John Freind (1728), the eminent physician, who was imprisoned in the Tower for his friendship with Atterbury, and released by the influence of Dr. Mead with Sir R. Walpole. He is buried at Hitchin. The monument here has a bust by *Rysbrach* and an epitaph by Samuel Wesley.

Thomas Sprat (1713), Bishop of Rochester, the Royalist Dean of Westminster, who refused to allow the name of the regicide Milton to appear in the Abbey. He sought to be a poet, and is spoken of by Pope as 'a worse Cowley.' His son Thomas, Archdeacon of Rochester, is commemorated with him on this monument by *Bird*, which was erected by Dr. John Freind.

'Unhappily for his fame, it has been usual to print his verses in collections of the British poets; and those who judge of him by his verses must consider him as a servile imitator, who, without one spark of Cowley's admirable genius, mimicked whatever was least commendable in Cowley's manner: but those who are acquainted with Sprat's prose writings will form a very different estimate of his powers. He was, indeed, a great master of our language, and possessed at

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[1] Macaulay, *Hist. of England.*
[2] Dr. Young, in Spence's *Anecdotes.*
[3] See Macaulay's *Essays.*

once the eloquence of the preacher, of the controversialist, and of the historian.' —*Macaulay's Hist. of England.*

Joseph Wilcocks (1756), Dean of Westminster. Under this Dean the much-abused western towers of the Abbey were erected. They are triumphantly exhibited on his monument by *Cheere*, and he is buried under the south-west tower. It was his son whose character and conduct elicited for him from Pope Clement XIII. the title of 'Blessed Heretic.

(Above these) *Admiral Richard Tyrrell* (1766), an immense monument like a nightmare, till recently closed three parts of the window. The Admiral, who was a nephew of the Sir Peter Warren whose tomb is in the north transept, was distinguished when commanding the *Buckingham* against the French. He died and was buried at sea. *Nathaniel Read*, a pupil of Roubiliac, here represented his ascent—a naked figure—from the waves to heaven. Beneath are, in wild confusion, the coralline depths of the sea, a number of allegorical figures, and the *Buckingham* jammed into a rock. This monument was partially destroyed in 1882, and the figure unjustifiably removed.

Zachary Pearce (1774), Bishop of Rochester, and the Dean of Westminster who proposed to remove the glorious tomb of Aylmer de Valence to set up the cenotaph of General Wolfe.[1] He is buried at Bromley. The monument here has a bust by *Tyler*.

William Buckland (1856), the geologist Dean of Westminster—a bust by *Weekes*.

Mrs. Katherine Bovey (1724)—a monument by *Gibbs* the architect, erected by Mrs. Mary Pope, who lived with her nearly forty years in perfect friendship—with an astonishing epitaph. These friends were the 'Perverse Widow' and her 'Malicious Confident' of Sir Roger de Coverley.[2]

John Thomas (1793), Dean of Westminster and Bishop of Rochester—a bust by *Bacon, jun.*, from a portrait by *Sir J. Reynolds*.

(Above) *John Ireland* (1713), Dean of Westminster and founder of the Ireland Scholarships—a bust by *Ternouth*. (Over these, in the window) *Gen. Viscount Howe* (1758), killed on the march to Ticonderoga. In the monument, by *Scheemakers*, the genius of Massachusetts Bay sits disconsolate at the foot of an obelisk bearing the arms of the deceased.

John Laird Mair, Lord Lawrence (1879), 'who feared man so little, because he feared God so much'—a bust by *Woolner*.

'Here let him sleep, where they too are at rest,
Who help'd him stay our empire when it reel'd—
Clyde, Pollock, Outram—kings of men confest,
He chief in council, as these chief in field.

A simple-manner'd, rude, and rugged man,
But true, and wise, and merciful, and just;
Of all these monuments, when all we scan,
Which rises o'er more justly honoured dust?'

Punch, *July* 12, 1879.

Opposite these, in the Nave, are a group of interesting gravestones, viz.—

Richard Chenevix Trench (1886), the poet Dean, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin.

Thomas Tompion (1713), mechanician, and *George Graham* (1751), early English watchmakers.

David Livingstone (1873), the missionary, traveller, and philanthropist, whose body was brought from the centre of Africa. On the grave are recorded the last

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1 See Walpole's *Letters*.

2 *Spectator*, No. 113. Mrs. Pope erected another monument to her friend at Flaxley.

words he wrote in his diary—'All I can add in my solitude is, may Heaven's rich blessing come down on every one, American, English, or Turk, who will help to heal this open sore of the world'—*i.e.* the slave trade.

Robert Stephenson (1859), the famous engineer—a brass

Sir Charles Barry (1860), the architect—a brass.

Sir Gilbert Scott, the architect (1878).

George Edmund Street (1881), architect of the Law Courts.

Sir George Pollock (1872), Constable of the Tower.

Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde (1863), who recaptured Lucknow.

Thomas Cochrane, tenth Earl of Dundonald (1860).

Returning to the South Aisle, beginning from the Cloister door, we see—

General George Wade (1748), celebrated for his military roads; commemorated in the distich—

> 'If you'd seen these roads before they were made,
> You'd hold up your hands and bless General Wade.

The monument—in which Time, endeavouring to overthrow the memory of the dead (a memorial pillar), is repelled by Fame—is a disgrace to *Roubiliac*, who nevertheless used to come and stand before this, which he considered his best work, weeping that it was placed too high.

Sir James Outram (1863), 'the Bayard of India'—a bust by *Noble*.

Colonel Charles Herries (1819)—a monument by *Chantrey*.

Carola Morland (1674) and *Anne Morland* (1680). Two monuments to the two wives of Sir Samuel Morland, secretary of Oliver Cromwell, who wrote the 'History of the Evangelical Churches of Piedmont.' He is regarded as the inventor of the speaking-trumpet and fire-engine. He has displayed his learning here in inscriptions in Hebrew, Greek, Ethiopic, and English.

General James Fleming (1750)—a monument by *Roubiliac*.

Sir Charles Harboard and *Clement Cottrell* (1672), friends who perished with the Earl of Sandwich in the *Royal James*, destroyed by a fire-ship in a naval engagement with the Dutch off the coast of Suffolk.

(Over the last) *William Hargrave* (1750), Governor of Gibraltar. On the monument Hargrave is seen rising from the tomb, while Time has overthrown Death, and is breaking his dart. A much-extolled work of *Roubiliac*, who repeats here the skeleton which appears on Mr. Nightingale's tomb.

Sidney, Earl of Godolphin (1712), 'Prime Minister during the first nine glorious years of the reign of Queen Anne.' Burnet speaks of him as 'the silentest and modestest man that was perhaps ever bred in a court.' The monument, by *Bird*, was erected by his daughter-in-law, Henrietta Godolphin.

Colonel Roger Townshend (1759), killed at Ticonderoga in North America. The architecture of the monument is by *R. Adam*, the architect, the relief by *Echstein*.

Sir Palmes Fairborne (1680), Governor of Tangier, where he is buried. The monument is by *T. Bushnell*, the epitaph by Dryden.

Major John André (1780), who during the American war was hanged as a spy by Washington, in spite of the pathetic petition that he would 'adapt the mode of his death to his feelings as a man of honour.' He was buried under the gallows near the River Hudson, but in 1821 his remains were honourably restored by the Americans, on the petition of the Duke of York. The monument, erected on the command and at the expense of George III. by *Van Gelder*, bears a relief representing Washington receiving the petition of André as to the manner of his death. The head of André has been twice knocked off and stolen; on one occasion it was by an American, who confessed in his last illness having taken it,

and sent it back to Dean Buckland, who had it replaced.[1] 'The wanton mischief of some Westminster schoolboy, about the time you were a scholar there; do you know anything about the unfortunate relic?' said Charles Lamb to Southey.

South Aisle of Choir—

(Right) *Admiral George Churchill* (1710), brother of the great Duke of Marlborough.

Major Richard Creed (1704), 'who attended William III. in all his wars,' and was killed in the battle of Blenheim.

Sir Richard Bingham (1598), celebrated in the wars of Mary and Elizabeth—a small black monument with a curious epitaph recounting the varied scenes of his warfare.

Martin Ffolkes (1754), celebrated as a numismatist, President of the Royal Society, buried at Hillingdon.

Dr. Isaac Watts (1748), 'the first of the Dissenters who courted attention by the graces of language.'[2] Buried at Bunhill Fields. A tablet with a relief by *Banks*.

George Stepney (1707), Ambassador in the reigns of William III. and Anne.

John Wesley (1791) and *Charles Wesley* (1788)—medallions by *J. A. Acton*.

William Wragge (1777), lost by shipwreck on his passage as a refugee from South Carolina. His son floated on a package, supported by a black slave, till cast upon the shore of Holland. The shipwreck is seen in a relief.

Sir Cloudesley Shovel (1707), Commander-in-Chief of the Fleet. As he was returning with his fleet from Gibraltar his ship was wrecked on 'the Bishop and his Clerks' off the Scilly Isles. His body was washed on shore, buried, disinterred, and after lying in state at his house in Soho Square, was laid in the Abbey. In this abominable monument by *Bird* he is represented in his own well-known wig, but with a Roman cuirass and sandals! 'Sir Cloudesley Shovel's monument has very often given me very great offence. Instead of the brave rough English Admiral, which was the distinguishing character of that plain gallant man, he is represented on his tomb by the figure of a beau, dressed in a long periwig, and reposing himself upon velvet cushions, under a canopy of state. The inscription is answerable to the monument; for, instead of celebrating the many remarkable actions he had performed in the service of his country, it acquaints us only with the manner of his death, in which it was impossible for him to reap any honour.'—*Spectator*, No. 26. The wreck of the *Association* is represented on the monument, which was erected by Queen Anne.

'A working-man told me that he derived his name from the humble origin from which he sprang, for it was so humble that he was taken with a shovel out of a heap of ashes, and he was called Shovel from the instrument then used, and Cloudesley from the filthy and cloudy appearance which he presented on that occasion.'—*A. P. Stanley.*

(Above Sir C. Shovel) *Sir Godfrey Kneller* (1723), the great portrait-painter from the time of Charles II. to George I., the only painter commemorated in the Abbey. Even he is not buried here, but at Kneller Hall, in accordance with his exclamation to Pope upon his death-bed—'By God, I will not be buried in Westminster; they do bury fools there.' He designed his own monument, however; the bust is by *Rysbrach*, and Pope wrote the epitaph—

> 'Kneller, by Heaven, and not a master, taught,
> Whose art was nature, and whose pictures thought—
> Now for two ages having snatched from fate
> Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great—
> Lies, crowned with princes' honours, poets' lays,
> Due to his merit and brave thirst of praise:
> Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
> Her works; and dying, fears herself may die.'[3]

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[1] Dean Buckland himself told this to Countess Grey. [2] Dr. Johnson.
[3] The last two lines were borrowed from Cardinal Bembo's distich on Raffaelle.

Left Wall (of Choir)—

Thomas Thynne, of Longleat (1682), the Issachar of Dryden, murdered at the foot of the Haymarket by the hired assassins of Count Konigsmarck, in jealousy for his being accepted as the husband of the great heiress Elizabeth Percy, then the child-widow of Lord Ogle. The murder is graphically represented in a relief upon the monument, by *Quellin*.

'A Welshman, bragging of his family, said his father's effigy was set up in Westminster Abbey; being asked whereabouts, he said, "In the same monument with Squire Thynne, for he was his coachman." '—*Joe Miller's Jests.*

Thomas Owen (1598), Judge of Common Pleas in the time of Elizabeth—a fine old monument of the period.

Pasquale de Paoli (1807), the Italian patriot, buried at St. Pancras, and removed thence to Corsica—a bust by *Flaxman*.

Dame Grace Gethin (1697), considered a prodigy in her day, whose book of devotions was published after her death by Congreve, with a prefatory poem. He believed or pretended that its contents were original, 'noted down by the authoress with her pencil at spare hours, or as she was dressing;' but the 'Reliquiae Gethinianae' are chiefly taken from Lord Bacon and other authors: 'the marble book in Westminster Abbey must therefore lose most of its leaves.'[1] Grace, (wife of Sir Richard Gethin) was only twenty-one when she died. She is buried at Hollingbourne in Kent, where her relations, the Culpeppers, resided, and where her epitaph records her remarkable vision before death.

**Sir Thomas Richardson* (1634), Speaker of the House of Commons, Judge of Common Pleas, created Lord Chief Justice by Charles I. He was known as 'the jeering Lord Chief Justice,' who, when he was reprimanded by Laud for an order he had issued against the ancient customs of wakes, protested in a fury that 'the lawn sleeves had almost choked him;' and who, when he condemned Prynne, said that he 'might have the Book of Martyrs to amuse him.' This tomb is the last till a hundred and fifty years were past which had any pretensions to real art. It is of black marble, and has a most noble bust by *Hubert le Soeur*.

William Thynne of Botterville, or Botteville (1584), Receiver of the Marches under Henry VIII.—a noble figure in armour, lying on a mat.

Andrew Bell (1832), founder of the Madras system of education—a tablet by *Behnes*.

We must now enter the **Choir**, the loftiest in England, which, as has been already observed, projects into the nave after the fashion of Spanish cathedrals. Its reredos, a miserable work of Scott, was erected in 1867. The site was long occupied (1706–1824) by a fine but incongruous work of Inigo Jones, brought from Hampton Court by Wren, which was restored away to make room for a time for a wretched plaster work of Bernasconi. This is the scene of the coronations, which are still described as taking place 'in Our Palace at Westminster,' because the Abbey is, as it were, a chapel to the ancient palace, with which it communicated through the south transept. Here Richard II. was crowned at eleven years old, and was carried out fainting from the fatigue of the long ceremony, and here Henry VI. was crowned in his eighth year. The vestments used at coronations are the linen *colobium sindonis*, corresponding with the alb of a cleric or rochet of a bishop: the tunicle or dalmatic of cloth of gold: the armilla or stole put across one shoulder, as worn by a deacon: and the mantle of cloth of gold, worked with imperial eagles and embroidered with the rose, shamrock, and thistle, which has been compared to an ecclesiastical chasuble. Three swords are

[1] Disraeli, *Curiosities of Literature.*

carried before the sovereign: one, with a blunted edge, indicates mercy, the second spiritual jurisdiction, the third temporal power. None of the copes used at coronations date beyond the seventeenth century.

Four of the Abbots of Westminster are buried in the space in front of the altar. *Abbot Richard de Ware* (1284), who brought the materials of the beautiful mosaic pavement back with him from Rome;[1] *Abbot Wenlock* (1308), under whom the buildings of Henry III. were completed; the unworthy *Abbot Kydyngton* (1315), whose election was obtained by the influence of Piers Gaveston with Edward II.; and *Abbot Henley* (1344).

On the left are three beautiful royal monuments which we have already seen from the northern ambulatory—Aveline, Aylmer de Valence, and Edmund Crouchback; but here alone can we examine the beautiful effigy of *Aveline, Countess of Lancaster*, daughter of William de Fortibus, Earl of Albemarle and Holdernesse, the greatest heiress in England in the time of Henry III., when she was married in the Abbey to his younger son, Edmund Crouchback, in 1269, being probably the first bride married in the Abbey. She is dressed in a flowing mantle, but wears the disfiguring gorget of white cambric, with a vizor for the face, which was fashionable at the time, as a female imitation of the helmets of the crusading knights. 'The splendour of such works, when the gilding and emblazoning were fresh, may easily be imagined; but it may be a question whether they do not make a stronger appeal to the sentiment in their more sombre and subdued colour, than they would if they were in the freshness of their original decoration.'[2]

On the right, nearest the altar, are the sedilia shown as the tomb of Sebert and Ethelgoda, noticed from the southern aisle. They were once decorated with eight paintings of figures, of which two, Henry III. and Sebert, remain: one of the lost figures represented Edward the Confessor. Next is the tomb of *Anne of Cleves*, the repudiated fourth wife of Henry VIII. She continued to reside in England, treated with great honour by her step-children, and her last public appearance was at the coronation of Mary, to which she rode in the same carriage with the Princess Elizabeth. 'She was,' says Holinshed, 'a lady of right commendable regard, courteous, gentle, a good housekeeper, and very bountiful to her servants.' She died peacefully at Chelsea, 1557, and was magnificently buried by Mary at the feet of King Sebert. This Protestant princess, whose marriage was brought about by Cromwell and Cranmer to further the cause of the Reformation, had turned to Romanism in her later years. Her funeral, at which Bonner sang mass in his mitre, and Abbot Feckenham preached, was one of the last great Catholic solemnities celebrated in the Abbey. The tomb was never finished, but may be recognised by her initials A. and C., several times repeated. 'Not one of Henry's wives had a monument,' wrote Fuller,

[1] The Purbeck marble setting proves that the pavement was not sent from Rome in a finished state.

[2] Professor Westmacott.

'except Anne of Cleves, and hers but half a one.'[1] Here hangs the famous *Portrait of Richard II.*, 'the oldest contemporary representation of an English sovereign' (beautifully restored by Richmond), which long hung in the Jerusalem Chamber, but had been removed thither from its present position. 'That beautiful picture of a king sighing,' says Weever (1631), 'crowned in a chaire of estate, at the upper end of the quire in this church, is said to be of Richard II., which witnesseth how goodly a creature he was in outward lineaments.' The portrait represents a pale delicate face, with a long, thin, weak, drooping mouth and curling hair.

'Was this face the face
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?
Was this the face that faced so many follies,
And was at last out-faced by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face.'
Richard II., Act iv. sc. 1.

A piece of tapestry now hangs here which was brought from Westminster School; the tapestries which adorned the choir in the seventeenth century represented the story of Hugolin and the robber.[2]

In 1378 this choir was the scene of a crime which recalls the murder of Becket in Canterbury Cathedral. Two knights, Schakell and Hawle, who fought with the Black Prince in Spain, had taken prisoner a Spanish Count, whom they compelled to the duties of a valet. The delivery of this prisoner was demanded by John of Gaunt, who claimed the crown of Castile in right of his wife. The knights refused, and fled into the sanctuary. Thither Sir Alan Buxhall, Constable of the Tower, and Sir Ralph Ferrars, with fifty armed men, pursued them. For greater safety the knights fled into the very choir itself, where high mass was being celebrated; but as the deacon reached the words in the Gospel of the day, 'If the goodman of the house had known what time the thief would appear,' their assailants burst in. Schakell escaped, but Hawle fled round and round the choir, pursued by his enemies, and at length fell covered with wounds at the foot of the Prior's stall: his servant and one of the monks were slain with him. This flagrant violation of sanctuary occasioned unspeakable horror. The culprits were excommunicated and heavily fined, the desecrated Abbey was closed for four months, and Parliament was not permitted to sit within the polluted precincts.

Windows have recently been erected in the Abbey to Chaucer; to Robert Stephenson, in 1862; Joseph Locke, 1863; J. K. Brunel, 1865; Sir J. W. Siemens, 1884; Richard Trevethick, 1888—engineers; to the poets Herbert and Cowper, 1876; and the musicians, V. Novello, 1863; and J. Turle, 1882.

[1] Katherine Parr, buried at Sudeley Castle, has a modern monument of the greatest beauty.

[2] See Weever, *Funeral Monuments*.

A door at the eastern angle of Poet's Corner is the approach to the noble **Crypt** under the Chapter House. There is a short massive round pillar in the centre, from which eight simple groins radiate over the roof. The pillar has two cavities, supposed to have been used as hiding-places for treasures of the church. Six small windows give light to the crypt. On the east is a recess for an altar, with an ambry on one side and a piscina on the other. This vault was once used as the Treasury of the Royal Wardrobe.

The southern bay of the South Transept was formerly partitioned off as the **Chapel of St. Blaise.** Dart mentions that its entrance was 'enclosed with three doors, the inner cancellated; the middle, which is very thick, lined with skins like parchment, and driven full of nails. These skins, they, by tradition, tell us, were some skins of the Danes, tanned and given here as a memorial of our delivery from them.' Only one of the doors remains now, but the others existed within the memory of man, and traces of them are still visible. *Owen Tudor*, uncle of Henry VII. and son of Queen Katherine de Valois, who became a monk in the Abbey, was buried in the Chapel of St. Blaise, with Abbot Litlington, 1386, and Benson, who was first abbot and then dean, 1549.

Beneath the monument of Oliver Goldsmith is the entrance to the **Old Revestry**, or **Chapel of St. Faith**, which is a very lofty and picturesque chamber, half passage, half chapel. An enormous buttress following the line of the pillars in the transept cuts off the tracery of the arches on the south. At the western end is a kind of bridge, by which the monks descended from the dormitory, entering the church by a winding staircase, which was probably removed to make way for the Duke of Argyll's monument.[1] Over the altar is a figure shown by Abbot Ware's 'Customs of the Abbey' to have been intended to represent St. Faith; below is a small representation of the Crucifixion, and on one side a kneeling monk, with the lines—

'Me, quem culpa gravis premit, erige, Virgo suavis,
Fac mihi placatum Christum, deleasque reatum,'

which has led to the belief that the painting was the penitential offering of a monk.

Hence (if the door is open[2]) we can enter the beautiful portico leading from the Cloisters to the Chapter House, finished in 1253; the original paving remains; it is deeply worn by the feet of the monks. Here is buried *Abbot Byrcheston* (1349), who died of the plague called the Black Death, with twenty-six of his monks. Here also a group of persons connected with the earliest history of the Abbey were buried—King Sebert and Queen Ethelgoda (or Actelgod), who lay here before they were moved to the choir, with Ricula, the king's sister; Hugolin, the treasurer of Edward the Confessor; Edwin, the first abbot; and Sulcardus, the monk who

[1] Sir G. Scott's *Gleanings.*
[2] If not, go round by the Cloisters.

was the first historian of the Abbey.[1] Flete gives the epitaph which hung over Edwin's grave—

'Iste locellus habet bina cadavera claustro;
Uxor Seberti, prima tamen minima;
Defractâ capitis testâ, clarus Hugolinus
A claustro noviter hic translatus erat;
Abbas Edvinus et Sulcardus coenobita;
Sulcardus major est.—Deus assit eis.'

On the left of the steps is a Roman stone coffin bearing an inscription saying that it was made for Valerius Amandinus by his two sons. A cross on the lid and traces of a cope show that it was afterwards appropriated for an ecclesiastic. It was found on the north side of the Abbey, near St. Margaret's. On the pedestal between the doors of the portico stood a beautiful statuette of the Virgin, and on the central boss of the cloister there still remains the pulley for the rope by which the lamp which burnt before it was raised.

The **Chapter House** of Westminster, which is the largest in England except that of Lincoln, was built by Henry III. in 1250, upon the ancient crypt of the Chapter House of Edward the Confessor. Matthew Paris (1250) says of Henry III., 'Dominus Rex aedificavit capitulum incomparabile,' and at the time it was built there was nothing to be compared to it. Hither his grand-daughter, Eleanor, Duchess of Bar, eldest daughter of Edward I., was brought from France for burial in 1298.

Here the monks, at least once a week, assembled to hold their chapters, in which all the affairs of the monastery were discussed. The abbot and the four chief officers took their seats in the ornamented stalls opposite the entrance, the monks on the stone benches round. In front of the stalls criminals were tried, and, if found guilty, were publicly flogged against the central pillar of Purbeck marble (35 feet high), which was used as a whipping-post.

'It is the house of confession, the house of obedience, mercy, and forgiveness; the house of unity, peace, and tranquillity, where the brethren make satisfaction for their faults.'—*Abbot Ware, 'Custumal.'*

But the monks had not sole possession of the Chapter House, for, after the Houses of Lords and Commons were separated, in the reign of Edward I., the House of Commons began to hold its sittings here, and continued to hold them, sometimes in the Refectory, but generally in the Chapter House, till 1547. This chamber has therefore witnessed the principal acts which have been the foundation of the civil and religious liberties of England. The Speaker probably occupied the abbot's stall, and the members the benches of the monks and the floor of the house. The placards of the business of the house were affixed to the central pillar, against which was laid the Black Book of the evidence against the monasteries, which led to their dissolution. Among the special assemblies convened here was that of Henry V., who in 1421 summoned sixty

[1] His MS. is in the Cottonian Library.

abbots and priors and three hundred monks to discuss the reform of the Benedictine Order, and that of Wolsey, who in 1523, as Cardinal Legate, summoned the Convocations of Canterbury and York to a spot where they might be beyond the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Here also the Protestant martyrs, Bilney and Barnes, were condemned to be burnt.

The last Parliament which sat here was on the last day of the life of Henry VIII., when the Act of Attainder was passed on the Duke of Norfolk; and here, while it was sitting, must the news have been brought in that the terrible king was dead.

'Within the Chapter House must have been passed the first Clergy Discipline Act, the first Clergy Residence Act, and, chief of all, the Act of Supremacy and the Act of Submission. Here, to acquiesce in that Act, met the Convocation of the Province of Canterbury. On the table in this Chapter House must have been placed the famous Black Book, which sealed the fate of all the monasteries of England, including the Abbey of Westminster close by, and which struck such a thrill of horror through the House of Commons when they heard its contents.'—*Dean Stanley.*

The Chapter House passed to the Crown at the dissolution of the monastery, and seven years afterwards the House of Commons removed to St. Stephen's Chapel in the palace of Westminster. From that time the Chapter House was used as a Record Office, and its walls were disfigured and its area blocked up by bookcases. In 1865, after the removal of the Records to the Rolls House, the restoration of the building was begun under Sir Gilbert Scott.

The Chapter House is now almost in its pristine beauty. The roof is rebuilt. All the windows have been restored from the one specimen which remained intact, and are filled with stained glass, in accordance with a scheme drawn up by Dean Stanley, and as a memorial to him. They are remarkable for their early introduction of quatrefoils, and are shown by the bills to have been completed in 1253, before the completion of the Sainte Chapelle in Paris, which is the same in style. Over the entrance is a throned figure of the Saviour, replacing one which is known to have existed there: the figures at the sides, representing the Annunciation, are ancient, and, though stiff, are admirable. Many of the ancient wall-paintings are preserved. Those at the east end, representing the seraphs around the Throne—on which our Lord is seated with hands held up and chest bared to show the sacred wounds—are of the fourteenth century. The niches on each side of the central one are occupied by six winged cherubim, the feathers of their wings having peacocks' eyes, to carry out the idea, 'They are full of eyes within.' On one of them the names of the Christian virtues are written on the feathers of the wings.[1] The other paintings round the walls, representing scenes from the Revelation of St. John, are of the latter part of the fifteenth century, and are all traced to a monk of the convent—John of Northampton. The tiles of the floor, with their curious heraldic emblems, are ancient.

A glass case is filled with ancient deeds belonging to the history of

[1] See Sir G. Scott's *Gleanings from Westminster Abbey.*

the Abbey, including a grant of Offa, king of the Mercians, 785; and of King Edgar, 951–962; and the Charter of Edward the Confessor dated on the day of Holy Innocents, 1065. Another case contains fragments of tombs and other relics found in the Abbey.

The **Cloisters** are of different dates, from the time of the Confessor to that of Edward III. The central space was a burial-ground for the monks. The abbots were buried in the arcades, but these were also a centre of monastic life, and in the western cloister the Master of the Novices kept a school 'which was the first beginning of Westminster School.' In the southern cloister the operations of washing were carried on at the 'lavatory,' and here also, by the rules of the convent, the monks were compelled to have their heads shaved by the monastic barber—once a fortnight in summer and once in three weeks in winter.

'The approach to the Abbey through these gloomy monastic remains prepares the mind for its solemn contemplation. The cloisters still retain something of the quiet and seclusion of former days. The grey walls are discoloured by damp, and crumbling with age: a coat of hoary moss has gathered over the inscriptions of the several monuments, and obscured the death's heads and other funeral emblems. The roses which adorned the keystones have lost their leafy beauty: everything bears marks of the gradual dilapidation of time, which yet has something touching and pleasing in its very decay.'—*Washington Irving, 'The Sketch Book.'*

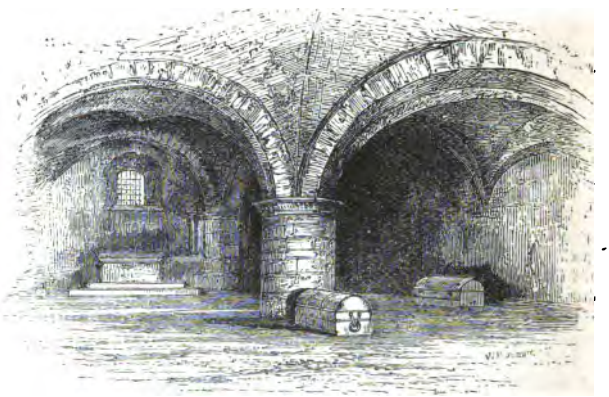
In the **East Cloister** (built in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries) the great feature is the beautiful double door of the Chapter House. The mouldings of the outer arch are decorated with ten small figures on each side, in niches formed by waving foliage, of which the stem springs from the lowest figure—probably Jesse. The tympanum is covered with exquisite scrollwork, terribly injured by time, and has a mutilated statue of the Virgin and Child, with angels on either side.

In this wall, just to the south of the entrance of the Chapter House, is the iron-bound entrance to the **Ancient Treasury of the Kings of England.** It is a double door opened by seven keys, and till lately could only be unlocked by a special order from the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury: the permission of the Secretary of the Treasury, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Comptroller of the Exchequer is said still to be required. The Chamber thus mysteriously guarded, generally known now as the **Chapel of the Pyx,**[1] is the most remarkable remnant we possess of the original Abbey. It occupies the second and third bays of the Confessor's work beneath the Dormitory. The early Norman pillar in the centre (Saxon in point of date) has a cylindrical shaft, 3 ft. 6 in. in diameter and 3 ft. 4 in. high. The capital has a great unmoulded abacus, 7 in. deep, supported by a primitive moulding, and carrying plain groining in the square transverse ribs. It is interesting to see how, during the Norman period, the massive simplicity of this, as of other capitals, seem to have tempted the monks to experiments of rude

[1] The Pyx is the box in which the specimen pieces are kept at the Mint—*pyxis*, from *pyxos*, a box-tree.

sculpture, here incomplete. The ancient stone altar remains, and is remarkable for the circular sinking in the slab, apparently for the reception of a portable altar-stone. Several heavy iron-bound chests remain—some of them very curious. The standards of gold and silver, used every year at 'the Trial of the Pyx' for determining the justness of weight in the gold and silver coins issued from the Mint, have now been removed thither. There is nothing to remind one that—

'Hither were brought the most cherished possessions of the State: the Regalia of the Saxon monarchy; the Black Rood of St. Margaret ("the Holy Cross of Holyrood") from Scotland; the "Crocis Gneyth" (or Cross of St. Neot) from



CHAPEL OF THE PYX, WESTMINSTER.

Wales, deposited here by Edward I.; the Sceptre or Rod of Moses; the Ampulla of Henry IV.; the sword with which King Athelstane cut through the rock at Dunbar; the sword of Wayland Smith, by which Henry II. was knighted; the sword of Tristan, presented to John by the Emperor; the dagger which wounded Edward I. at Acre; the iron gauntlet worn by John of France when taken prisoner at Poitiers.'—*Dean Stanley.*

The Regalia were kept here in the time of the Commonwealth, and Henry Marten was intrusted with the duty of investigating them. He dragged the crown, sword, sceptre, &c., from their chest, and put them on George Wither, the poet, who, 'being thus crowned and royally arrayed, first marched about the room with a stately gait, and afterwards, with a thousand apish and ridiculous actions, exposed those sacred ornaments to contempt and laughter.'[1]

[1] Wood's *Ath.* iii. 1238.

In the first bay of the Confessor's work is a narrow space, under the staircase which now leads to the Library. This was the original approach to the Treasury, and here, bound by iron bars against the door, are still to be seen fragments of a human skin. It is that of one of the robbers who were flayed alive in the reign of Henry III. for attempting to break into the chapel and carry off the royal treasure. In this narrow passage the ornamentation of the capital of the Saxon column has been completed. Thousands of MSS. connected with the Abbey have been discovered here imbedded in the rubbish with which the floor was piled up.

In the cloister, above the Treasury door, is the monument of *General Henry Withers*, 1729, with an epitaph by Pope. Beyond the entrance of the Chapter House is the interesting monument erected by his brother to *Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey*, murdered in 1678. In the pavement is the grave of the virtuous and beneficent actress, *Anne Bracegirdle*, 1748. *Mrs. Cibber*, 1766, the tragic actress, is also buried here. The licentious authoress *Aphra* or *Aphara Behn* (in her correspondence 'Astraea'), who was sent as a spy to Antwerp by Charles II. during the Dutch war, was buried near the end of the cloister in 1689. Her blue gravestone is inscribed—

> 'Here lies a proof that wit can never be
> Defence enough against mortality.'

Near her lies *Tom Brown*, the satirist, 1704. The simple inscription here to '*Jane Lister*, dear childe, 1688,' attracts greater sympathy than more pretentious epitaphs.[1] Dean Stanley delighted in this tablet, as recalling in its simple inscription the monuments of the Catacombs.

In the **North Cloister** (of the thirteenth century) is the monument of *John Coleman*, 'who served the royal familie, viz. King Charles II. and King James II., with approved fidelity above fifty years.' Near this is a quaint tablet inscribed—

> 'With diligence and trvst most exemplary,
> Did William Lavrence serve a Prebendary.
> And for his paines now past, before not lost,
> Gain'd this remembrance at his master's cost.
> O reade these lines againe; you seldome find
> A servant faithfvll, and a master kind.

[1] It commemorates the daughter of Dr. Martin Lister, F.R.S., Naturalist and Court Physician to Queen Anne. His mother was the beautiful Susan Temple, maid of honour to Anne of Denmark. Her second husband was Dr. Martin Lister, of Burwell, in Lincolnshire, and their only child Martin was born in 1638. By her former husband, Sir Gifford Thornhurst, she had a daughter, Frances, who marrying Richard Jennings, Esq., became the mother of Sarah Jennings, the famous Duchess of Marlborough. The mother of the 'dear childe' was Anna, daughter of Thomas Parkinson, of Carleton Hall, near Shipton-in-Craven, Yorkshire. She was buried in Clapham Church, with the inscription, 'Hannah Lister, deare wife, died 1695, and left six children in tears for a most indulgent mother.' Dr. Lister was well known as the friend of Ray the naturalist, and for his contributions to the *Proceedings* of the Royal Society; but his great work was a history of shells, with above a thousand illustrations by his elder daughters Susannah and Anna, *Historia sive Synopsis Methodica Conchyliorum*. He married a second time, Jane Cullen of St. Mildred, Poultry; but when he died, 1711, at his country-house at Epsom he was buried beside his first wife at Clapham.

Short hand he wrote; his flowre in prime did fade,
And hasty Death Short-hand of him hath made.
Well couth he nu'bers, and well mēsur'd Land;
Thus doth he now that grov'd whereon you stand,
Wherein he lyes so geometricall:
Art maketh some, but thus will Nature all.
Obijt Decem. 28, 1621, Aetatis suae 29.'

Close by is the grave of *William Markham*, Dean of Westminster and Archbishop of York (1807).

In the **West Cloister** (of the fourteenth century) are the monuments of *Charles*, brother to Sidney, Earl of Godolphin, 1720; and *Benjamin Cooke*, 1793, musician and organist, with his 'canon' engraved. Here also are those of the engravers *William Woollett*, 1785, 'incisor excellentissimus,' with a foolish metaphorical relief by *Banks;* and *George Vertue* (1756), who being a strict Roman Catholic, was laid near a monk of his family. There is a tomb to *John Broughton* (1789), the champion prize-fighter, long an Abbey-verger, from whose figure Roubiliac modelled the Hercules on the tomb of General Fleming. A blank has been left where he wished the words 'Champion prize-fighter of England' to appear in his epitaph, but the Dean and Chapter objected.

The **South Cloister** (fourteenth century) was the burial-place of all the abbots down to the time of Henry III. Here are buried Vitalis (1085)—appointed by the Conqueror, Crispin (1117), Herbert (1139), Gervase de Blois (1160)—a natural son of King Stephen, Laurence (1176), Walter of Winchester (1191), Postard (1200), and Humez (1222)—the last abbot buried in the cloisters. Several of their effigies remain. A gravestone marks the resting-place of little nephews and nieces of John Wesley. The blue slab called *Long Meg* is supposed to cover the remains of the monks who died of the plague—'the Black Death'—with Abbot Byrcheston, in 1349. The four lancet-shaped niches in the wall are supposed to be remains of the Lavatory. Above the whole length of this cloister stretched the *Refectory* of the convent, a vast chamber of the time of Edward III., supported by arches which date from the time of the Confessor. Some arches of this date may be seen in the wall of a little court, entered by a door in the south wall: the door on the other side led to the Abbey kitchen. In the court is a very curious leaden cistern of 1663, with the letters R. E. and the date.

Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, in her poignant grief for the loss of her son, used to sit in these cloisters dressed as a beggar. The Duchess of Portland relates that her husband saw her there when he was a boy at Westminster School.

Over the eastern cloister was the *Dormitory*, whence the monks descended to the midnight services in the church by the gallery in the south transept. It is now divided between the Chapter Library and Westminster School.

The Library of Westminster Abbey (reached from a door on the right of that leading to the Chapter House) was founded by Dean Williams in 1620. Among valuable books are the Missal of Abbot

Litlington, 1362; Liber Regalis, 1377; an editio princeps of Plato; and Ware's Custumal. Some of the bindings of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries are exceedingly curious and beautiful. The room is that described by Washington Irving.

'I found myself in a lofty antique hall, the roof supported by massive joints of old English oak. It was soberly lighted by a row of Gothic windows at a considerable height from the floor, and which apparently opened upon the roof of the cloisters. An ancient picture, of some reverend dignitary of the church in his robes,[1] hung over the fireplace. Around the hall and in a small gallery were the books, arranged in carved oaken cases. They consisted principally of old polemical writers, and were much more worn by time than use. In the centre of the Library was a solitary table, with two or three books on it, an inkstand without ink, and a few pens parched by long disuse. The place seemed fitted for quiet study and meditation. It was buried deep among the massive walls of the Abbey, and shut up from the tumult of the world. I could only hear now and then the shouts of the schoolboys faintly swelling from the Cloisters, and the sound of a bell tolling for prayers, that echoed soberly along the roof of the Abbey. By degrees the shouts of merriment grew fainter and fainter, and at length died away. The bell ceased to toll, and a profound silence reigned through the dusky hall.'

At the southern end of the east cloister was the *Infirmary*, probably destroyed when the Little Cloister was built, but shown by the fragments, which still exist, to be of the age of the Confessor. It was so arranged that the sick monks could hear the services in the adjoining Chapel of St. Catherine.

'Hither came the processions of the Convent to see the sick brethren; and were greeted by a blazing fire in the Hall, and long rows of candles in the Chapel. Here, although not only here, were conducted the constant bleedings of the monks. Here, in the Chapel, the young monks were privately whipped. Here the invalids were soothed by music. Here also lived the seven 'playfellows' (sympectae), the name given to the elder monks, who, after the age of fifty, were exempted from all the ordinary regulations, were never told anything unpleasant, and themselves took the liberty of examining and censuring everything.'—*Dean Stanley.*

A passage (left) called the *Dark Cloister*, and a turn to the left, under waggon-vaulting of the Confessor's time—a substructure of the Dormitory—lead to the **Little Cloister**, a square arcaded court with a fountain in the centre. At its south-eastern corner are remains of the ancient bell-tower of St. Catherine's Chapel, built by Abbot Litlington. In this, the *Litlington Tower*, the beautiful Emma Harte, afterwards Lady Hamilton, lived as servant to Mr. Dare.

Hence we may reach the Infirmary Garden, now the **College Garden**, a large open space, whence there is a noble view of the Abbey and the Victoria Tower. On the north side of this was St. Catherine's Chapel (the chapel of the Infirmary), destroyed in 1571, which bore a great part in the monastic story.[2] Here most of the consecrations of bishops before the Reformation took place, with the greater part of the provincial councils of Westminster. St. Hugh of Lincoln was consecrated here in 1186. Here Henry III.,

[1] Dean Williams, 1620–50.

[2] It had a nave and aisle of five bays long, and a chancel, and was of good late Norman work.

in the presence of the archbishop and bishops, swore to observe the Magna Charta. Here also the memorable struggle took place (1176) between the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, which led to the question of their precedence being decided by a Papal edict, giving to one the title of Primate of all England, to the other that of Primate of England.

'A synod was called at Westminster, the Pope's legate being present thereat; on whose right hand sat Richard, Archbishop of Canterbury, as in his proper place. When in springs Roger of York, and finding Canterbury so seated, fairly sits him down on Canterbury's lap (a baby too big to be danced thereon!); yea, Canterbury's servants dandled this lap-child with a witness, who plucked him thence, and buffeted him to purpose.'—*Fuller's 'Church History.'*

Before 1871, the west entrance, the south aisle with its columns, and part of the south wall, were the only visible remains of the chapel, but in that year excavations laid bare the north wall with the bases and portions of the columns of the north aisle, besides the raised space for the altar.

A winding staircase in the cloister wall, opposite the entrance to the Chapter House, leads to the *Muniment Room*, a gallery above what should have been the west aisle of the South Transept, cut off by the cloister. Here, on the plastered wall, is a great outline painting of the White Hart, the badge of Richard II. The archives of the Abbey are kept in a number of curious oaken chests, some of which are of the thirteenth century. There is a noble view of the Abbey from this, but no one should omit to ascend the same staircase farther to the *Triforium*. Here, from the broad galleries, the Abbey is seen in all its glory, and here alone the beauty of the arches of the triforium itself can be perfectly seen. It is also interesting from this to see how marked is the difference between the earlier and later portions of the nave, the five earlier bays to the east having detached columns and a diapered wall-surface, which ceases afterwards. Over the southern aisle of the nave are Gibbons's carved *Obelisks*, which are seen in old pictures as standing at the entrance of the choir. Other relics are the iron rails which supported the canopy over the tomb of Edward I., and a number of helmets of knights, carried at their funerals. The triforium ends in the chamber in the south-western tower, which is supposed to be haunted by the ghost of Bradshaw, who is said to have made it a frequent resort when he was living in the Deanery (with which there is a communication) during the Commonwealth. A piece of timber was long shown here as 'Bradshaw's rack.' The chamber was probably once used as a prison: an immense quantity of bones of sheep and pigs were found here. In the south-eastern triforium is a cast from the leaden coffin of Prince Henry, eldest son of James I.: it is very interesting, as the lead was fitted to the features; the heart, separately encased, rested upon the breast. The view from the eastern end of the triforium is the most glorious in the whole building: here the peculiar tapering bend of the arches (as at Canterbury) may be seen, which is supposed, by poetic monastic fancy, to have reference to the bent head of the

Saviour on the cross. In one of the recesses of the north-eastern triforium is the *Pulpit*, 'which resounded with the passionate appeals, at one time of Baxter, Howe, and Owen, at other times of Heylin, Williams, South, and Barrow.'[1] The helmets of the Knights of the Bath, when removed from Henry VII.'s Chapel, are preserved here. Farther on are two marble reliefs, with medallions of the Saviour and the Virgin, supposed to have been intended, but not used, for the tomb of Anne of Cleves. At the end of the north-western triforium is a curious chest for vestments, in which copes could be laid without folding.

At the end of the southern cloister, on the right, was the *Abbot's House*, now the **Deanery.**[2] The dining-room, where Sir J. Reynolds was the frequent guest of Dr. Markham, contains several interesting portraits of historic deans. Behind the bookcases of the library a secret chamber was discovered in 1864, supposed to be that in which Abbot William of Colchester, to whose guardianship three suspected dukes and two earls had been intrusted by Henry IV., plotted with them (1399) for the restoration of Richard II. Shakspeare gives the scene. It was probably in this secret chamber that Richard Fiddes was concealed and supplied with materials for writing that 'Life of Wolsey' which was intended to vilify the Reformation and counteract its effects. Here also, perhaps, Francis Atterbury, the most prominent of the Westminster deans—the furious Jacobite, who, on the death of Queen Anne, prepared to go in lawn sleeves to proclaim James III. at Charing Cross—entered into those plots for which he was sent to the Tower and exiled.

During the Commonwealth the Deanery was leased to John Bradshaw, President of the High Court of Justice. He died in the Deanery, and was buried in the Abbey.

On the other side of the picturesque little court in front of the Deanery is the Abbot's Refectory, now the *College Hall*, where the Westminster scholars dine. Till the time of Dean Buckland (1845–56) the hall was only warmed by a brasier, of which the smoke escaped through the louvre in the roof. The huge tables of chestnut-wood are said to have been presented by Elizabeth from the wrecks of the Spanish Armada. Here probably it was—in the 'Abbot's Place'—that the widowed queen Elizabeth Woodville (April 1483), crossing over from the neighbouring palace, took refuge with Abbot Esteney while the greater security of the Sanctuary was being prepared for her. Here she sat on the rushes, 'all desolate and dismayed,' with her long fair hair, which in her distress had escaped from its confinement, sweeping upon the ground.

Through the little court of the Deanery is the approach to the **Jerusalem Chamber**, built by Abbot Litlington between 1376 and 1386 as a guest-chamber for the Abbot's House. It probably derived its after-name from tapestry pictures of the History of Jerusalem with

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[1] Dean Stanley.

[2] Once called Cheyney Gate Manor, from the chain across the entrance of the cloisters.

which it was hung. Here, in the ancient chamber where Convocation now holds its meetings, Henry IV. died of apoplexy, March 20, 1413, thus fulfilling the prophecy that he should die in Jerusalem.

'In this year was a great council holden at the White Friars of London, by the which it was among other things concluded, that for the king's great journey that he intended to take, in visiting of the Holy Sepulchre of our Lord, certain galleys of war should be made, and other perveance concerning the same journey.

'Whereupon all hasty and possible speed was made; but after the feast of Christmas, while he was making his prayers at St. Edward's shrine, to take there his leave, and so to speed him on his journey, he became so sick, that such as were about him feared that he would have died right there; wherefore they, for his comfort, bare him into the abbot's place, and lodged him in a chamber, and

JERUSALEM CHAMBER.

there upon a pallet laid him before the fire, where he lay in great agony a certain time.

'At length, when he was coming to himself, not knowing where he was, he freyned [asked] of such as then were about him, what place that was; the which showed to him that it belonged unto the Abbot of Westminster; and for he felt himself so sick, he commanded to ask if that chamber had any special name; whereunto it was answered that it was named Jerusalem. Then said the king, "Praise be to the Father of heaven, for now I know I shall die in this chamber, according to the prophecy made of me beforesaid, that I should die in Jerusalem;" and so after he made himself ready, and died shortly after, upon the day of St. Cuthbert.'—*Fabyan's Chronicle.*

Shakspeare gives the last words of Henry IV.

'*King Henry.*—Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?
Warwick.—'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

King Henry.—Laud be to God!—even there my life must end,
It hath been prophesied to me many years
I should not die but in Jerusalem;
Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land:
But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.'
2 *Henry IV.*, Act iv. sc. 4.

Here Addison (1719), Sir Isaac Newton (1727), and Congreve (1728) lay in state before their burial in the Abbey.

As the warmth of the chamber drew a king there to die, so it attracted the Westminster Assembly in 1643, wearied with the cold of sitting in Henry VII.'s Chapel, which held no fewer than one thousand one hundred and sixty-three sessions, lasting through more than five years and a half, 'to establish a new platforme of worship and discipline to their nation for all time to come.'

'Out of these walls came the Directory, the Longer and Shorter Catechism, and that famous Confession of Faith which, alone within these islands, was imposed by law on the whole kingdom; and which, alone of all Protestant Confessions, still, in spite of its sternness and narrowness, retains a hold on the minds of its adherents to which its fervour and its logical coherence in some measure entitle it.'—*Dean Stanley.*

Here also the meetings of the Revisers of the Old Testament have taken place.

The chief existing decorations of this beautiful old chamber are probably due to Dean Williams in the time of James I., but the painted glass in the end window is of the time of Henry III., and the best in the Abbey. The panelling is of cedar-wood. The tapestry is mostly of the time of Henry VIII. The death of Henry IV. is represented over the chimney-piece.

From the Deanery a low archway leads into **Dean's Yard**, once called 'The Elms,' from its grove of trees. The eastern side was formerly occupied by the houses of the Prior, Sub-Prior, and other officers of the convent, which still in part remain as houses of the canons. The buildings nearest the archway were known in monastic times as 'the Calberge.' In front of these, till the year 1758, stretched the long detached building of the convent *Granary*, which was used as the dormitory of Westminster School till the present dormitory on the western side of the College Garden was built by Dean Atterbury.

In the green space in the centre of the yard there takes place every summer an exhibition of 'the results of window-gardening,' exceedingly popular at the time with the poorer inhabitants of Westminster, and often productive of much innocent pleasure through the rest of the year.

On the east is a beautiful vaulted passage and picturesque gate of Abbot Litlington's time, leading to the groined entrance of **Little Dean's Yard.** The tower above the gate is that which was known as 'the Blackstole Tower.' On the other side of the yard is a classic gateway, the design of which is attributed to Inigo Jones, now covered with names of scholars, which forms the entrance to **Westminster School**, originally founded by Henry VIII., and richly endowed by Queen Elizabeth in 1560. The *Schoolroom* may be

best visited between 2 and 3 P.M. It was the dormitory of the monastery, and is ninety-six feet long and thirty-four broad. At the south-western extremity two round arches of the Confessor's time remain, with the door which led by a staircase to the cloisters. On the opposite side is another arched window, and a door which led to Abbot Litlington's Tower.

IN LITTLE DEAN'S YARD, WESTMINSTER.

In its present form the Schoolroom is a noble and venerable chamber. The timber roof is of oak, not chestnut, as generally represented. The upper part of the walls and the recesses of the windows are covered with names of scholars. Formerly the benches followed the lines of the walls, as in the old 'Fourth Form Room' at Harrow; the present horseshoe arrangement of benches was

introduced from the Charter House by Dean Liddell (who had been a Charter House boy) when he was head-master. The half-circle marked in the floor of the daïs recalls the semicircular form of the end of the room, which existed till 1868, and which gave the name of 'shell' (adopted by several other public schools) to the class which occupied that position. The old 'shell-forms,' the most venerable of the many ancient benches here, hacked and carved with names till scarce any of the original surface remains, are preserved in a small class-room on the left. In a similar room on the right is a form which bears the name of Dryden, cut in narrow capital letters. The school hours are from eight to nine, ten to half-past twelve, and half-past three to five.

High up, across the middle of the Schoolroom, an iron bar divides the Upper and Lower Schools. Over this bar, by an ancient custom, the college cook or his deputy tosses a stiffly made pancake on Shrove Tuesday. The boys, on the other side of the bar struggle to catch it, and if any boy can not only catch it, but convey it away intact from all competitors to the head-master's house (a difficult feat) he can claim a guinea. Since the accession of Head-master Rutherford only one boy from each form has been allowed to contend. In former days a curtain, hanging from this bar, separated the schools.

'Every one who is acquainted with Westminster School knows that there is a curtain which used to be drawn across the room, to separate the upper school from the lower. A youth [Wake, father of Archbishop Wake] happened, by some mischance, to tear the above mentioned curtain. The severity of the master [Dr. Busby] was too well known for the criminal to expect any pardon for such a fault; so that the boy, who was of a meek temper, was terrified to death at the thoughts of his appearance, when his friend who sat next to him bade him be of good cheer, for that he would take the fault on himself. He kept his word accordingly. As soon as they were grown up to be men, the civil war broke out, in which our two friends took the opposite sides; one of them followed the Parliament, the other the Royal party.

'As their tempers were different, the youth who had torn the curtain endeavoured to raise himself on the civil list, and the other, who had borne the blame of it, on the military. The first succeeded so well that he was in a short time made a judge under the Protector. The other was engaged in the unhappy enterprise of Penruddock and Groves in the West. . . . Every one knows that the royal party was routed, and all the heads of them, among whom was the curtain champion, imprisoned at Exeter. It happened to be his friend's lot at the time to go the western circuit. The trial of the rebels, as they were then called, was very short, and nothing now remained but to pass sentence on them; when the judge, hearing the name of his old friend, and observing his face more attentively . . . asked him if he was not formerly a Westminster scholar. By the answer he was soon convinced that it was his former generous friend; and, without saying anything more at that time, made the best of his way to London, where, employing all his power and interest with the Protector, he saved his friend from the fate of his unhappy associates.'—*Spectator*, No. 313.

There is a bust of Dr. Busby in the *School Library* which adjoins the schoolroom; and a bust of Sir Francis Burdett, given by the Baroness Burdett Coutts, with, on the pedestal, a relief representing his leaving the Traitors' Gate of the Tower. There are about two hundred and forty boys at Westminster School, but of these only forty are on the foundation; they sleep in cubicles of the *Dormitory*, which was built along one side of the College Garden in

1722 from designs of Boyle, Earl of Burlington. In this Dormitory the 'Westminster Plays'—Latin plays of Plautus or Terence superseding the Catholic Mysteries—are acted by the boys on the second Thursday in December, and the preceding and following Mondays. The scenery was designed by Garrick: since 1839 the actors have worn 'classical' costume.

The most eminent *Masters* of Westminster have been Camden and Dr. Busby, and in recent days, Dr. Liddell and Dr. Scott. Among *Foundation Scholars* have been Bishop Overall, translator of the Bible; Hakluyt (Canon of Westminster), the collector of voyages; the poets Herbert, Cowley (who published a volume of poems while he was at school here), Dryden, Prior, Stepney, Rowe, Churchill, and 'Vinny Bourne;' South, the preacher; Locke, the philosopher; Bishops Atterbury, Sprat, and Pearce; and Warren Hastings, Governor of Bengal. *Scholars*, not on the foundation, include—Lord Burghley; Ben Jonson; Sir Christopher Wren; Barton Booth, the actor; Blackmore, Browne, Dyer, Hammond, Aaron Hill, Cowper, Toplady, and Southey, poets; Horne Tooke; Cumberland, the dramatist; Montagu, Earl of Halifax; Gibbon, the historian; Jeremy Bentham; Dr. Mead; Sir Elijah Impey; Samuel and Charles Wesley; Lord Peterborough; Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford; Lord Chancellor Jeffreys; Browne Willis, the antiquarian; Murray, Earl of Mansfield; Sir Francis Burdett; Field-marshal Lord Lucan; William Francklin, the Orientalist; John, Earl Russell; Archbishop Longley; and Bishop Cotton.

In late years various ill-judged suggestions have been made as to the removal of Westminster School into the country.

'The traditions of Westminster are unique, and it is almost a public misfortune that the school should not have proved itself equal to them. The Westminster boy lives in the shadow of a building the history of which is an epitome of that of England. Until the new Law Courts were completed and occupied, he had free access to the Courts at Westminster, and he still enjoys the unparalleled privilege of admission to the galleries of the House of Commons in his own right. He can wander at will about the Abbey and its precincts, or, if of a more active turn of mind, can attend and follow debates and watch the history of his own day. And until very recently he could sit almost as a pupil at the feet of the leaders of the Bar, and listen to the matured wisdom and measured utterances of the judicial bench. . . . The historical records of Westminster are the very breath of the life of the school.'—*The Observer*, May 20, 1883.

On the north of Little Dean's Yard, occupying the site of part of the monastic building known as 'the Misericorde,' is **Ashburnham House** (the property of Westminster School since 1881, and now used for class-rooms), containing specimens of the work of every century from the eleventh to the eighteenth inclusive. It is, however, for the most part the work of Inigo Jones, who was employed to rebuild it for 'Jack Ashburnham,' the trusted friend of Charles I., and faithful companion of his flight from Oxford, and his escape from Hampton Court to the Isle of Wight. The house remained the property of the Ashburnham family till 1730, when the lease was purchased by the Crown to secure a place for housing the Crown libraries, including the Cottonian MSS., which had been purchased in 1706.

In 1731 part of the house was destroyed by fire, when Dr. Freind (head-master of Westminster) narrates that he saw Dr. Bentley, the King's Librarian, in his dressing-gown and flowing wig, carrying off the Alexandrian MS. of the Scriptures under his arm. At the beginning of the present century the house was inhabited by Dr. Andrew Bell, founder of the Bell Scholarship for sons of the clergy at Cambridge. Afterwards Henry Hart Milman resided here till his appointment to the Deanery of St. Paul's in 1849, after which the house passed to the late courteous and dignified Lord John Thynne. The house has a broad, noble staircase, with a quaint circular gallery and oval dome above, and the ceiling and decorations of the drawing-room are beautiful specimens of Inigo Jones's work; a small temple summerhouse in the garden is also, but without much probability, attributed to him. The house 'stands to modern domestic architecture as St. Stephen's Wallbrook formerly stood to ecclesiastical, as showing the power of a master to produce in a moderate space and with ordinary materials an effect perfectly satisfactory.'[1]

The precincts of the monastery extended far beyond those of the College, and were entered (where the Royal Aquarium now stands) by a double Gate-house of the time of Edward III., which served also as a gaol. One of its chambers was used as an ecclesiastical prison, the other was the common prison of Westminster, the prisoners being brought by way of Thieving Lane and Union Street, to prevent their escaping by entering the liberties of sanctuary. Nicholas Vaux died here of cold and starvation in 1571, a martyr in the cause of Roman Catholicism. Hence Lady Purbeck, imprisoned for adultery in 1622, escaped to France in a man's dress. It was here that Sir Walter Raleigh passed the night before his execution, and wrote on the blank leaf of his Bible the lines—

'Ev'n such is Time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust,
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days.
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
The Lord shall raise me up, I trust.'

'Sir Walter Raleigh had the favour to be beheaded at Westminster, where he dyed with great applause of the beholders, most constantly, most christianly, most religiously.'—*John Pym, Notebook.*

Here Richard Lovelace, imprisoned for his devotion to Charles I., wrote—

'Stone walls doe not a prison make,
Nor iron barres a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage:
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soule am free,
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such libertie.'

[1] W. J. Loftie's *History of London.*

Hampden, Sir John Eliot, and Lilly the astrologer were also imprisoned at different times in the Gate-house. The dwarf, Sir Geoffrey Hudson, died here, being accused of having a share in the Popish Plot. Being eighteen inches high, he was first brought into notice at court by being served up in a cold pie at Burleigh to Henrietta Maria, who took him into her service.[1] Here Savage the poet lay under condemnation of death for the murder of Mr. Sinclair during a riot in a public-house at Charing Cross.[2] Here Captain Bell was imprisoned for ten years by an order of Privy Council, but, as he believed, in order to give him time for the translation of Luther's Table Talk, to which he had been bidden by a supernatural visitant.[3] The Gate-house was pulled down in 1776 in consequence of the absurdity of Dr. Johnson, who declared that it was a disgrace to the present magnificence of the capital, and a continual nuisance to neighbours and passengers. One arch remained till 1839, walled up in a house which had once been inhabited by Edmund Burke.

Within the Gate-house, on the left, where the Westminster Hospital now stands, stood 'the Sanctuary'—a strong square Norman tower, containing two cruciform chapels, one above the other. Here hung the bells of the Sanctuary, which it was said 'sowered all the drink in the town.' The privilege of giving protection from arrest to criminals and debtors was shared by many of the great English monasteries, but few had greater opportunities of extending their shelter than Westminster, just on the outskirts of the capital: 'Thieving Lane' preserved its evil memory even to our own time.

The family of Edward IV. twice sought a refuge here, once in 1470, when the queen, Elizabeth Woodville, with her mother, her three daughters, Elizabeth, Mary, and Cicely, and Lady Scrope, her faithful lady in waiting, were here as the guests of Abbot Milling, till her son Edward was born on Nov. 2, 1470—'commonly called Edward V., though his hand was *asked* but never *married* to the English crown.'[4] The Abbot, the Duchess of Bedford, and Lady Scrope stood sponsors to the prince in the Sanctuary chapel. John Gould, a faithful butcher, voluntarily supplied the party, being 'in deep trouble, sorrow, and heaviness,' with 'half a beef and two muttons a week.' In 1483, after the king's death, the queen again fled hither from the Duke of Gloucester, with all her daughters, her elder son Dorset, and her younger son Richard of York. Here, sorely against her will, she was persuaded by the Archbishop of Canterbury to give up the Duke of York, who was taken away on the plea that, being a child, he was incapable of such crimes as needed sanctuary.

'And therewithal she said unto the child, "Farewell, my own sweet son; God send you good keeping. Let me kiss you once yet ere you go, for God knoweth when we shall kiss together again;" and therewith she kissed him and blessed him, and turned her back and went her way, leaving the child weeping as fast.' —*Sir T. More's Life of Richard III.*

[1] He was painted by Van Dyck, and is described by Scott in *Peveril of the Peak.*
[2] Johnson's *Life of Savage.*
[3] See Southey's *Doctor.*
[4] Fuller's *Worthies.*

Here, while still in sanctuary, the unhappy mother heard of the murder of her two sons in the Tower.

'It struck to her heart like the dart of death; she was so suddenly amazed that she swooned and fell to the ground, and lay there in great agony like to a dead corpse. And after she was revived, and came to her memory again, she wept and sobbed, and with pitiful screeches filled the whole mansion. Her breast she beat, her fair hair she tore and pulled in pieces, and calling by name her sweet babes, accounted herself mad when she delivered her younger son out of sanctuary for his uncle to put him to death. After long lamentation, she kneeled down and cried to God to take vengeance, "who," she said, "she nothing doubted would remember it."'

Skelton, the poet-laureate of Henry VII., who wrote the lament for Edward IV.—

'Oh, Lady Bessee! long for me may ye call,
For I am departed till domesday'—

fled hither to sanctuary from Cardinal Wolsey in the time of Henry VIII., and remained here till his death, not all the Cardinal's influence having power to dislodge him. After the fall of the Abbey criminals were deprived of the rights of sanctuary, but they were retained for debtors till the time of James I. (1603), when they were finally abolished. The building, which would have lasted for centuries, was pulled down in 1750.

Within the precincts, to the right on passing the Gate-house (where the Westminster Palace Hotel now stands), was the *Almonry*, possessing an endowment for male pensioners from Henry VII., and for females from his mother, the Countess of Richmond. Two chapels were connected with it, one of which was commemorated in the name of *St. Anne's Lane*. It was in the Almonry that William Caxton's printing-press was established. He had previously worked in Cologne, and it is supposed that he came to England in 1476 or 1477, when the 'Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers' was produced, which is generally supposed to have been his first work printed in this country. Gower's 'Confessio Amantis' and Chaucer's different poems were printed here by Caxton.

We have still left one interesting point unvisited which is connected with the Abbey. Beyond the Infirmary Garden were the cell of the Hermit, who, by ancient custom, was attached to the Abbey, and the ancient tower which formerly served as the **King's Jewel House**. The latter remains. Its massive rugged walls and narrow Norman windows are best seen from the mews in College Street, entered by the gateway on the south of Dean's Yard. But to visit the interior it is necessary to ask permission at 6 Old Palace Yard. The tower has been generally described as a building of Richard II., but it was more probably only bought by him, and it is most likely that it was one of the earliest portions of the Abbey, and contained the primitive Refectory and Dormitory used by the monks during the building of the principal edifice by the Confessor. A layer of Roman tiles has been discovered in the building.

The interior was evidently refitted by Abbot Litlington, and the exceedingly beautiful vaulted room on the basement story is of his time. The bosses of the roof are curious, especially one with a face on every side. A small vaulted room opens out of the larger chamber. The upper chamber of the tower, which has its noble original chestnut roof, is now a small historical museum. Here are some of the old standards of weights and measures—those of Henry VII. being especially curious; the old Exchequer Tallies; Queen Elizabeth's Standard Ell and Yard, &c. Here also are the six horseshoes and sixty-one nails paid as rent to the Crown for a farrier's shop in the City, which by ancient custom the sheriffs of London are compelled to count when they are sworn in. In the time of Edward II., when this custom was established, it was a proof of education, as only well-instructed men could count up to sixty-one. At the same time it was ordained that the sheriff, in proof of strength, should cut a bundle of sticks: this custom (the abolition of which has been vainly attempted) still exists, but a bundle of matches (!) is now provided. The original knife always has to be used.

There is a noble view of the Abbey from the platform on the top of the tower. It will scarcely be credited by those who visit it, that the destruction of this interesting building is occasionally in contemplation, and that the present century, for the sake of making a 'regular' street, will perhaps bear the stigma of having destroyed one of the most precious buildings in Westminster, which, if the houses around it were cleared away, and it were preserved as a museum of Westminster antiquities, would be the greatest possible addition to the group of historic buildings to which it belongs. It was the ardent wish of Dean Stanley that a cloister, for the reception of future monuments, should be erected on the present site of Abingdon Street, to face the Palace of Westminster on one side and the College Gardens on the other, and that it should enclose the Jewel Tower.

'So long as Westminster Abbey maintains its hold on the affections or respect of the English Church and nation, so long will it remain a standing proof that there is in the truest feeling of human nature, and in the highest aspirations of religion, something deeper and wider than the partial judgments of the day and the technical distinctions of sects.'—*A. P. Stanley, Paper read before the Royal Institution*, 1886.

III.—WESTMINSTER

IMMEDIATELY facing us as we emerge from Parliament Street is **New Palace Yard**, backed by Westminster Hall and the New Houses of Parliament. They occupy the site of the palace inhabited by the ancient sovereigns of England from early Anglo-Saxon times till Henry VIII. went to reside at Whitehall. Here they lived in security under the shadow of the great neighbouring sanctuary, and one after another saw arise, within the walls of their palace, those Houses of Parliament which have now swallowed up the whole. It was here that Edward the Confessor entertained the Norman cousin who was to succeed him, and here he died on the 5th of January 1066. The palace was frequently afterwards enlarged and beautified, especially by William Rufus, who built the hall; by Stephen, who built the chapel, to which the finishing touches were given by Edward III.; and by Henry VIII., who built the Star Chamber. 'Good Queen Maude,' wife of Henry I., died here. Edward I. was born, and Edward IV. died, within the walls of the palace. The most interesting parts of the ancient building were St. Stephen's Chapel, the Painted Chamber, and the Star Chamber.

St. Stephen's Chapel was a beautiful specimen of rich decorated Gothic, its inner walls being covered with ancient frescoes relating to the Old and New Testament history; it was used as the House of Commons from 1547 till 1834, and its walls resounded to the eloquence of the elder and younger Pitts, Fox, Burke, Grattan, and Canning.

The walls of the Painted Chamber were pointed out by tradition as those of the bedroom where the Confessor died. It was first called St. Edward's Chamber, and took its second name from the frescoes (arranged round the walls in bands like the Bayeux tapestry) with which it was adorned by Henry III., and which were chiefly illustrative of the history of the Maccabees and the legendary life of the Confessor.[1] Here conferences between the Lords and Commons took place; here the High Court of Justice sat for the trial of Charles I.; and here the king's death-warrant was signed in a disgraceful scene when Cromwell and Henry Marten inked each other's faces. It was here also that Cromwell's daughter Elizabeth Claypole lay in state, and, long afterwards, Lord Chatham and William Pitt.

[1] They are engraved in J. T. Smith's *Antiquities of Westminster*.

The Star Chamber, which was rebuilt by Henry VIII., took its name from the gilt stars upon its ceiling. It was the terrible court in which the functions of prosecutor and judge were confounded, and where every punishment except death could be inflicted—imprisonment, pillory, branding, whipping, &c. It was there that William, Bishop of Lincoln, was fined £5000 for calling Laud 'the great Leviathan,' and that John Lilburn, after being fined £5000, was sentenced to the pillory, and to be whipped from Fleet Street to Westminster. On the south side of the palace was the Chapel of Our Lady de la Pieu (des Puits?), where Richard II. offered to the Virgin before going to meet Wat Tyler. It was burnt in 1452, but rebuilt by the brother of Elizabeth Woodville, Anthony, Earl Rivers, who left his heart to be buried there.

At the end of the old palace, opening upon Old Palace Yard, was the Prince's Chamber, built upon foundations of the Confessor's time, with walls seven feet thick. The upper part had lancet windows of the time of Henry III., and beneath them the quaintest of tapestry represented the birth of Elizabeth. Beyond was the ancient Court of Requests, hung with very curious tapestry representing the defeat of the Armada, woven at Haarlem, from designs of Cornelius Vroom, for Lord Howard of Effingham. This was the House of Lords till 1834. Its interior is shown in Copley's picture of the 'Death of Lord Chatham,' who was attacked by his last illness (April 7, 1778) while declaiming against the disgrace of the proposed motion 'for recognising the independence of the North American colonies.' Beneath was the cellar where Guy Fawkes concealed the barrels of gunpowder by which the king, queen, and peers were to be blown up. Hither, on the day before the opening of Parliament, the Earl of Ancaster,[1] as Joint-Hereditary Lord High Chamberlain, comes annually with torches to hunt for the successors of Guy Fawkes. On the night of October 16, 1834, occurred the great conflagration which was painted by Turner, and the ancient Palace of Westminster, with St. Stephen's Chapel and the old House of Lords, was entirely gutted by fire.[2]

The immense **New Palace of Westminster**, containing the **Houses of Parliament**, was built, at a cost of £3,000,000 (1840–59), from designs of Sir Charles Barry, R.A., in the Tudor style, the architect having been led astray by the miniature chapel of Henry VII.[3] The florid wall decoration, so suitable in the smaller building, is excessive in so vast a palace. It is twice the size of the old palace, and is one of the largest gothic buildings in the world. The interior is of Caen stone, but the exterior is constructed of

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1 Son of Lady Willoughby d'Eresby, representative of the Berties, Dukes of Ancaster, descendants of Aubrey de Ver, who held the office in 1100, nearly 800 years ago.

2 The fire began in the rooms adjacent to the House of Lords, amid the piles of tallies which were preserved there—pieces of stick upon which the primitive accounts of the House were kept by notches.

3 Barry was compelled to adopt gothic designs at Westminster: that he was a really great architect in the Italian style, Bridgewater House and the Reform Club sufficiently prove.

magnesian limestone, from the Yorkshire quarries of Anston, which is such perishable material that it costs the nation £2000 a year to keep it in repair. The style was much admired in the middle of this century, but has already ceased to be tolerated. Details similar to those of many of the Belgian town-halls are introduced in the exterior of the building, which is, however, so wanting in bold lines and characteristic features, that no one would think of comparing it for beauty with the halls of Brussels, Ypres, or Louvain, though its towers group well at a distance, and especially from the river. Of these towers it has three—the *Central Tower* over the octagon hall; the *Clock Tower* (320 feet high, occupying nearly the same site as the ancient clock tower of Edward I., where the ancient Great Tom of Westminster for 400 years sounded the hours to the judges of England[1]); and the *Victoria Tower* (75 feet square and 336 feet high). This is the royal entrance to the House of Lords. Over the arch of the gate is the statue of Queen Victoria, supported by figures of Justice and Mercy; at the sides her parents, the Duke and Duchess of Kent, are commemorated, and other members of her family, who, in accordance with the intensely Tudor style of the building, are all arrayed in the stiff garments of that period. The statues of the kings and queens of England from Saxon times are the principal external ornaments of the rest of the palace.

New Palace Yard was formerly entered by four gateways, the finest being the 'High Gate' on the west, built by Richard II., and only destroyed under Anne. On the left, where the Star Chamber stood, is now the House of the Speaker, an office which dates from the reign of Edward III.; the first Speaker being Sir Peter de la Mare, leader of the Good Parliament, 1376, and of the first Parliament of Richard II., 1377. On its south side, Westminster Hall faces us with its great door and window between two square towers, and above, the high gable of the roof, upon which the heads of Oliver Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw were set up on the Restoration. The head of Cromwell still exists in the possession of Mr. Horace Wilkinson, Sevenoaks, Kent.

On Westminster Hall—

Ireton's head in the middle, and Cromwell's and Bradshaw's on either side. Cromwell's head being embalmed, remained exposed to the atmosphere for twenty-five years, and then one stormy night it was blown down, and picked up by the sentry, who hiding it under his cloak, took it home and secreted it in the chimney corner; and, as inquiries were constantly being made about it by the Government, it was only on his death-bed that he revealed where he had hidden

[1] It was this clock which once struck thirteen at midnight with the effect of saving a man's life. John Hatfield, sentry on the terrace at Windsor in the reign of William and Mary, being accused of having fallen asleep at his post, and tried by court-martial, solemnly denied the charge, declaring, as proof of his being awake, that he heard Great Tom strike thirteen, which was doubted on account of the great distance. But while he was under sentence of death, an affidavit was made by several persons that the clock actually did strike thirteen instead of twelve, whereupon he received the king's pardon. The lanthorn at the summit of the Clock Tower is only lighted at night when the House is sitting. During the day sittings the Union Flag flies from the flagstaff on the Victoria Tower.

it. His family sold the head to one of the Cambridgeshire Russells, and, in the same box in which it still is, it descended to a certain Samuel Russell, who, being a needy and careless man, exhibited it in a place near Clare Market. There it was seen by James Cox, who then owned a famous museum. He tried in vain to buy the head from Russell, for poor as he was, nothing would at first tempt him to part with the relic, but after a time Cox assisted him with money, and eventually, to clear himself from debt, he made the head over to Cox. When Cox at last parted with his museum, he sold the head of Cromwell for £230 to three men, who bought it about the time of the French Revolution to exhibit in Mead Court, Bond Street, at half a crown a head. Curiously enough, it happened that each of these three gentlemen died a sudden death, and the head came into the possession of the three nieces of the last man who died. These young ladies, nervous at keeping it in the house, asked Mr. Wilkinson, their medical man, to take care of it for them, and they subsequently sold it to him. For the next fifteen or twenty years Mr. Wilkinson was in the habit of showing it to all the distinguished men of that day; and the head, much treasured, remains in the family.

'The circumstantial evidence is very curious. It is the only head in history which is known to have been embalmed and afterwards beheaded. On the back of the neck, above the vertebrae, is the mark of the cut of an axe where the executioner, having, perhaps, no proper block, had struck too high, and, laying the head in its soft embalmed state on the block, flattened the nose on one side, making it adhere to the face. The hair grows promiscuously about the face, and the beard, stained to exactly the same colour by the embalming liquor, is tucked up under the chin with the oaken staff of the spear with which the head was stuck upon Westminster Hall, which staff is perforated by a worm that never attacks oak until it has been for many years exposed to the weather. The iron spear-head, where it protrudes above the skull, is rusted away by the action of the atmosphere. The jagged way in which the top of the skull is removed throws us back to the time when surgery was in its infancy, while the embalming is so beautifully done that the cellular process of the gums and the membrane of the tongue are still to be seen.'—*Letter signed 'Senex,' Times*, Dec. 31, 1874.

It was in the yard in front of Westminster Hall that Edward I. (1297), when leaving for Flanders, publicly recommended his son Edward to the love of his people. Here Perkin Warbeck (1497) was set a whole day in the stocks. On the same spot, Thomas Lovelace (1587) was pilloried by an order from the Star Chamber, and had one of his ears cut off. Here (1630) Alexander Leighton (the father of the Archbishop) was not only pilloried, but publicly whipped, for a libel on the queen and the bishops. Here also William Prynne (1636), for his pamphlet 'News from Ipswich,' was put in the pillory, branded on both cheeks with the letters S. L. (seditious libeller), and lost one of his ears. And here the Duke of Hamilton, Lord Capel, and Henry Rich, Earl of Holland, were beheaded for the cause of Charles I. The wool market established by Edward III. in 1353, when the wearing of woollen cloths was first introduced into England by John Kempe, was moved by Richard II. from Staple Inn to New Palace Yard, where a portion of the trade was still carried on in the fifteenth century. For many years, before the porch where we are standing, daily, in term time, used to be seen the mule of Cardinal Wolsey (who rode hither from York Place), 'being trapped all in crimson velvet, with a saddle of the same stuffe and gilt stirrupts.'

Westminster Hall, first built by William Rufus, was almost rebuilt by Richard II., who added the noble chestnut roof which we now see. His architect was the same Henry Yeveley who designed the

tomb of Richard and his queen. On the frieze beneath the gothic windows his badge, the white hart couchant, is repeated over and over again. The Hall, which is 270 feet long and 74 feet broad, forms a glorious vestibule to the modern Houses of Parliament, and its southern extremity with the fine staircase was added when they were built. In its long existence the Hall has witnessed more tragic scenes than any building in England except the Tower of London. Sir William Wallace was condemned to death here in 1305, and Sir John Oldcastle the Wycliffite in 1418. In 1517 three queens—Katherine of Arragon, Margaret of Scotland, and Mary of France—'long upon their knees,' here 'begged pardon of Henry VIII. for the 480 men and eleven women accused of being concerned in "the Rising of the Prentices," and obtained their forgiveness.' Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, was tried here and condemned in 1522, and, on hearing his sentence, pronounced the touching speech which is familiar to thousands in the words of Shakspeare.[1] Here, May 7, 1535, Sir Thomas More was condemned to death, when his son, breaking through the guards and flinging himself on his breast, implored to share his fate. Here Fisher, Bishop of Rochester (1535); the Protector Somerset (1552); Sir Thomas Wyatt (1554); Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk (for the sake of Mary of Scotland, 1572); Philip, Earl of Arundel (1589); Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex (1601), and Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton (1600), were condemned to the block, though the two last were never executed. Here sentence was passed upon the conspirators of the Gunpowder Plot in 1606, and on the Duke and Duchess of Somerset for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury in 1616. Here, concealed behind the tapestry of a dark cabinet (1641), Charles I. and Henrietta Maria were present through the eighteen days' trial of Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford. In the same place Charles himself appeared as a prisoner on January 20, 1649, with the banners taken at the battle of Naseby hanging over his head.[2]

'Bradshaw, in a scarlet robe, and covered by his "broad-brimmed hat," placed himself in a crimson velvet chair in the centre of the court, with a desk and velvet cushion before him; Say and Lisle on each side of him; and the two clerks of the court sitting below him, at a table covered with rich Turkey carpet, on which were laid the sword of state and the mace. The rest of the court, with their hats on, took their seats on side benches, hung with scarlet. . . . During the reading of the charge the King sat entirely unmoved in his chair, looking sometimes to the court and sometimes to the galleries. Occasionally he rose up and turned about to behold the guards and spectators, and then sat down again, but with a majestical composed countenance, unruffled by the slightest emotion, till the clerk came to the words *Charles Stuart, as a tyrant, traitor, murderer, &c.*; at which the king laughed, as he sat, in the face of the court. The silver head of his staff happened to fall off, at which he appeared surprised; Herbert, who stood near him, offered to pick it up, but Charles, seeing he could not reach it, stooped for it himself. When the words were read stating the charge to be exhibited "on behalf of the people of England," a voice, in a loud tone, called out, "No, nor the half of the people—it is false—where are they or their consents?—Oliver Cromwell is a traitor." This occasioned a confusion in the court; Colonel Axtell even commanded the soldiers to fire into the box from

[1] *Henry VIII.*, Act ii. sc. 1.
[2] *Westminster Hall*, by Edward Foss.

which the voice proceeded. But it was soon discovered that these words, as well as a former exclamation on calling Fairfax's name, were uttered by Lady Fairfax, the General's wife, who was immediately compelled by the guard to withdraw.'—*Trial of Charles I., Family Library*, xxxi.

The sentence against the King was pronounced on the 27th of January :—

'The King, who during the reading of the sentence had smiled, and more than once lifted his eyes to heaven, then said, "Will you hear me a word, sir?"
'*Bradshaw.* Sir, you are not to be heard after the sentence.
'*The King.* No, sir?
'*Bradshaw.* No, sir, by your favour.—Guards, withdraw your prisoner.
'*The King.* I may speak after the sentence, by your favour, sir. I may speak after the sentence, *ever.* By your favour——
'*Bradshaw.* Hold!
'*The King.* The sentence, sir. I say, sir, I do——
'*Bradshaw.* Hold!
'*The King.* I am not suffered to speak. *Expect what justice other people will have.*'—*Trial of Charles I.*

In 1680 Viscount Stafford was condemned in Westminster Hall for alleged participation in the Roman Catholic plot of Titus Oates. On June 15, 1688, the Hall witnessed the memorable scene which ended in the triumphant acquittal of the Seven Bishops. In 1699, Edward, Earl of Warwick, was tried here for manslaughter. Lords Kenmure and Derwentwater, Carnwath and Nithsdale, Widdrington and Nairne, were condemned here for rebellion in 1716, and Cromartie, Balmerino, and Kilmarnock in 1746, their trial being followed eight months later by that of the aged Lord Lovat. In 1760 Lawrence Shirley, Earl Ferrers, was condemned here to be hanged for the murder of his servant. In 1765 Lord Byron was tried here for the murder of Mr. Chaworth; and in 1776 Elizabeth Chudleigh, Duchess of Kingston, was tried here for bigamy. In 1788 occurred the trial of Warren Hastings, so eloquently described by Macaulay.[1] The last trial here was that of Lord Melville in 1806.

But Westminster Hall has other associations besides those of its great trials. It was here that Henry III. saw the archbishops and bishops hurl their lighted torches upon the ground, and call down terrific anathemas upon those who should break the charter he had sworn to observe. Here Edward III. received the Black Prince when he returned to England with King John of France as a prisoner after the battle of Poitiers. Hither came the English barons with the Duke of Gloucester to denounce Robert de Vere, Duke of Ireland, to Richard II.; and here, when Richard abdicated, Henry Bolingbroke claimed the throne of England as descended by right line of blood from Henry III.[2]

Westminster Hall was the scene of all the Coronation banquets from the time of William Rufus to that of George IV. On these occasions, ever since the reign of Richard II., the gates have been

[1] John Thomas, Earl of Cardigan, was tried by his peers for duelling, February 16, 1841, but in the House of Lords.
[2] Shakspeare in his *Richard II.* makes the King pronounce his abdication at this scene.

suddenly flung open, and, amid a blare of trumpets, the Royal Champion (always a Dymok or Dymoke of Scrivelsby) rides into the hall in full armour, and, hurling his mailed gauntlet upon the ground, defies to single combat any person who shall gainsay the rights of the sovereign. This ceremony having been thrice repeated as the champion advances up the hall, the sovereign pledges him in a silver cup, which he afterwards sends to him.

On ordinary days—

> 'The great Hall of Westminster, the field
> Where mutual frauds are fought, and no side yield,'[1]

has, for many years, been almost given up to the lawyers. Nothing in England astonished Peter the Great more than the number of lawyers he saw here. 'Why,' he said, 'I have only two lawyers in all my dominions, and I mean to hang one of those when I get home.'

The Law Courts, of which Sir E. Coke says, 'No man can tell which is the most ancient,' occupied buildings, from the designs of Sir John Soane, on the west side of the Hall. These were condemned upon the completion of the New Law Courts at Temple Bar and removed 1883. They were the Court of Queen's Bench—presided over by the Lord Chief Justice, and used by the Masters in Chancery, so called from the *cancelli*, open screens, which separated it from the Hall—the Court of Wards and Liveries, the Court of Requests, the Bail Court, and the Court of Common Pleas, presided over by the Chief Justice, where the great Tichborne case was tried, 1871–72. Up to the reign of Mary I. the judges rode to the Courts of Westminster upon mules. Men used to walk about in the Hall to seek employment as hired witnesses, and shamelessly drew attention to their calling by a straw in their shoes. In the time when Sir Thomas More was presiding in the Court of Chancery, his father, Sir John More, was sitting in the Court of King's Bench, and daily, before commencing his duties, he used to cross the Hall to ask his father's blessing. The Exchequer Court at Westminster was originally divided by the Hall, the *pleading part* being on one side, the *paying part* on the other.

'The proverb—"As sure as Exchequer pay"—was in the prime thereof in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who maintained her Exchequer to the height, that her Exchequer might maintain her. The pay was sure *inwards*, nothing being remitted which was due there to the queen; and sure *outwards*, nothing being detained which was due thence from the queen, full and speedy payment being made thereof. This proverb began to be crost about the end of the reign of King James, when the credit of the Exchequer began to decay; and no wonder if the streams issuing thence were shallow, when the fountain to feed them was so low, the revenues of the Crown being much abated.'—*Fuller's Worthies.*

When the Law Courts were removed, the west side of the Hall was exposed, showing a Norman wall and dilapidated flying buttress. These are preserved, but so modernised as to be valueless.

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[1] Ben Jonson.

(The *Interior* of the Houses of Parliament is shown on Saturdays from ten to four by tickets obtained gratis at the entrance on the west side adjacent to the Victoria Tower.

Strangers may be present to hear debates in the House of Lords by a Peer's order, or in the House of Commons by an order from any member or the Speaker. Each member may give one order daily.)

The Hall of William Rufus is now merged in the huge palace of Barry, to whom one has to be grateful for its preservation, and for having worked it into his new design. A door on the east side of the Hall forms the members' approach to the House of Commons. It leads into the fan-roofed galleries which represent the restored cloisters of 1350. A beautiful little oratory projects into the court-yard and the enclosure. Here it is believed that several of the signatures were affixed to the death-warrant of Charles I. The ancient door of the oratory has only recently been removed. Hence we enter the original *Crypt* of St. Stephen's Chapel ('St. Mary's Chapel in the Vaults'), which dates from 1292, and has escaped the two fires which have since consumed the chapel above. While it was being restored as the Chapel of the House of Commons, an embalmed body of a priest holding a pastoral staff was found, and was re-interred in the north cloister of the Abbey. It was supposed to be the body of William Lyndwoode, Bishop of St. David's (1446), who founded a chantry here. The chapel is now gorgeous and gaudy, gilt and painted, a blaze of modern glass and polished glazed tiles, and is deprived of all that made it interesting and important.

The staircase at the south end of Westminster Hall leads to **St. Stephen's Hall** (95 ft. by 30, and 56 high), which occupies the site of the old House of Commons. It is decorated with statues :—

Burke—*Theed.*
Grattan—*Carew.*
Pitt—*Macdowell.*
Fox—*Baily.*
Mansfield—*Baily.*
Chatham—*Macdowell.*
Sir Robert Walpole—*Bell.*
Lord Somers—*Marshall.*
Lord Clarendon—*Marshall.*
Lord Falkland—*Bell.*
Hampden—*Foley.*
Selden—*Foley.*

It was by the door near Burke's statue that John Bellingham, the disappointed Russia merchant, waited, May 11, 1812, to murder Spencer Perceval.

Hence we enter the *Central Hall*, an octagon measuring 70 feet, adorned with statues of kings and queens. This hall is remarkable as one of the most successful attempts ever made to build a gothic dome. On the left opens the *Commons' Corridor*, adorned with frescoes by *E. M. Ward*, viz. :—

Alice Lisle helping fugitives to escape after the Battle of Sedgemoor.
Jane Lane helping Charles II. to escape after the Battle of Worcester.
The Last Sleep of Argyll.

The Executioner tying Wishart's book round the neck of Montrose.
The Lords and Commons presenting the crown to William and Mary in the Banqueting House.
The Landing of Charles II. at Dover, May 26, 1660.
The Acquittal of the Seven Bishops.
Monk declaring for a Free Parliament.

Hence we enter the *Lobby of the House of Commons*. On the left, facing the river, are the luxurious rooms of the *Library*, where members write their letters and concoct their speeches.

The House of Commons, 'the principal chamber of the manufactory of statute law,'[1] only measures 75 feet by 45, the smallest size possible, for the sake of hearing, its architectural beauty as originally designed by Barry having been entirely sacrificed to sound. At the north end is the Speaker's chair, beneath which is the clerk's table; at the south end of the table, on brackets, lies the mace, which was made at the Restoration in place of 'the fool's bauble' which Cromwell ordered to be taken away. The Ministerial benches are on the right of the Speaker, and the leaders of the Opposition sit opposite. Behind the Speaker is the Gallery for the Reporters of the Press, 'the men for whom and to whom Parliament talks so lengthily; the filter through which the senatorial eloquence is percolated for the public.'[2] On either side of the House are the division lobbies, the 'Ayes' on the west, the 'Noes' on the east.

Returning to the Central Hall, the stairs on the left, adorned with a statue of Barry (1795–1860), lead to the *Lobby of the Committee Rooms*, decorated with frescoes of the English poets.

The *Peers' Corridor* is lined with frescoes by *E. W. Cope*:—

Lenthall asserting the privileges of the Commons against Charles I.
Charles I. erecting his standard at Nottingham.
The Setting out of the Train Bands from London to relieve Gloucester.
The Defence of Basing House by the Cavaliers.
The Embarkation of the Pilgrim Fathers.
The Expulsion of the Fellows of Magdalen for refusing to sign the Covenant.
The Parting of Lord and Lady Russell.
The Burial of Charles I.

On the right is the *Standing Order Committee Room*, used for conferences between the Houses of Lords and Commons. It contains the beautiful fresco of 'the Delivery of the Law by Moses,' by *Herbert*. Its execution occupied seven years, in compliance with the theory of the artist, 'If you paint when you are not inclined, you only spoil art.'

The **House of Lords** (100 ft. by 45), overladen with painting and gilding, has a flat roof, and stained glass windows filled with portraits of kings and queens. The seats for the peers (for 235) are arranged longitudinally, the Government side being to the right of the throne, and the bishops nearest the throne. At the north end, below the Strangers' Gallery, is the dwarf screen of the bar, where

[1] *Quarterly Review*, clxxxix. [2] *Ibid.*

witnesses are examined and culprits tried. Here the Speaker and members of the House of Commons appear with a tumultuous rush when they are summoned to hear the Queen's speech. Near the centre of the House is the Woolsack, covered with crimson cloth, with cushions, whence the Lord Chancellor reads prayers at the opening of the debates. The Princess of Wales sits here at the opening of Parliament, facing the throne.

The Queen enters from the Prince's Chamber preceded by heralds and takes her seat here, the Mistress of the Robes and a Lady of the Bedchamber standing behind her, when the Lord Chancellor, kneeling, presents the Speech. The throne is so placed, at the south end of the House, that, if all the doors were open, the Speaker of the House of Commons would be seen from it.

'Thus at a prorogation the Queen on her throne and the Speaker in his chair face each other at a distance of some four hundred and fifty feet, and the eagerness of the Commons in their race from their own House to the bar of the Lords has more than once amused their Sovereign Lady. It used to be an open race, but the start is now so managed that the Speaker and the parliamentary leaders first "touch wood," as schoolboys say.'—*Quarterly Review*, clxxxix.

The frescoes above the throne are—

Edward III. conferring the Garter on the Black Prince. *E. W. Cope.*
The Baptism of Ethelbert. *W. Dyce.*
Prince Henry condemned by Judge Gascoigne. *E. W. Cope.*

Over the Strangers' Gallery are—

The Spirit of Justice. *D. Maclise.*
The Spirit of Religion. *J. C. Horsley.*
The Spirit of Chivalry. *D. Maclise.*

On the south of the House of Lords is the *Prince's Chamber*, containing a very fine statue of Queen Victoria, supported by Judgment and Mercy, by *Gibson*. This is approached from the Victoria Gate by the *Royal Gallery*, containing *Maclise's* frescoes of the death of Nelson and meeting of Blucher and Wellington. When the Queen consents to arrive by the Victoria Gate, this gallery is crowded with ladies to see the procession pass. At its south end is the *Queen's Robing-Room*, lined with frescoes from the story of King Arthur by *Dyce*, left unfinished by the death of the artist. This room is the best in the palace both in proportion and decoration. In a small room adjoining, used for committees, is a painted copy of a lost tapestry from the Painted Chamber, representing the English fleet pursuing the Spanish fleet at Fowey.

The Victoria Tower is approached by the open space known as **Old Palace Yard**, where Chaucer lived, and probably died, in a house the site of which is now occupied by Henry VII.'s Chapel. Ben Jonson also died in a house here. It was here that the conspirators of the Gunpowder Plot suffered death, opposite to the windows of the house through which they carried the gunpowder into the vaults under the House of Lords.

'The next day, being Friday, were drawn from the Tower to the Old Palace Yard in Westminster, Thomas Winter, Rookewood, Keyes, and Faukes. Winter

went first up the scaffold, and protested that he died a true Catholick: with a very pale face and dead colour, he went up the ladder, and after a swing or two with the halter, to the quartering block was drawn, and there quickly despatched.

'Next came Rookewood, who protested to die in his idolatry a Romish Catholick, went up the ladder, hanging till he was almost dead, then was drawn to the block, where he gave up his last gasp.

'Then came Keyes, who was so sturdy a villain that he would not wait the hangman's turn, but turned himself off with such a leap that he broke the halter with the swing; but after his fall he was drawn to the block, and there his bowels withdrawn, and he was divided into four parts.

'Last of all came the great devil of all, Guy Faukes, *alias* Johnson, who should have put fire to the powder. His body being weak with the torture and sickness, he was scarce able to go up the ladder, yet with much ado, by the help of the hangman, went high enough to break his neck by the fall. He made no speech, but with his crosses and idle ceremonies made his end upon the gallows and the block, to the great joy of all beholders that the land was ended of so wicked a villainy.'—*The Weekeley Newes, Munday*, 31*st Jan.* 1606.

'The men who contrived, the men who prepared, the men who sanctioned, this scheme of assassination were, one and all, of Protestant birth. Father Persons was Protestant born. Father Owen and Father Garnet were Protestants born. From what is known of Winter's early life, it may be assumed that he was a Protestant. Catesby and Wright had been Protestant boys. Guy Faukes had been a Protestant, Percy had been a Protestant. The minor persons were like their chiefs—apostates from their early faith, with the moody weakness which is an apostate's inspiration and his curse. Tresham was a convert—Monteagle was a convert—Digby was a convert. Thomas Morgan, Robert Kay, and Kit Wright, were all converts. The five gentlemen who dug the mine in Palace-yard were all of English blood and of Protestant birth. But they were converts and fanatics, observing no law save that of their own passions; men of whom it should be said, in justice to all religions, that they no more disgraced the Church which they entered than that which they had left.'—*Hepworth Dixon.*

Here, October 29, 1618, being Lord Mayor's Day, Sir Walter Raleigh was led to execution at eight o'clock in the morning, and said, as he playfully touched the axe, 'This is a sharp medicine, but it will cure all diseases.'

'His death was managed by him with so high and religious a resolution, as if a Roman had acted a Christian, or rather a Christian a Roman.'—*Osborne.*

Sir Walter's head was preserved by Lady Raleigh in a glass case during the twenty-nine years through which she survived him, and afterwards by her son Carew: with him it is believed to be buried at Horsley in Surrey.

In front of the Palace stands the equestrian statue of Richard Cœur de Lion by *Marochetti*—a poor work, the action of the figure being quite inconsistent with that of the horse.

The **Church of St. Margaret, Westminster**, is the especial church of the House of Commons, and, except the Abbey and St. Paul's, has the oldest foundation in London, having been founded by the Confessor, and dedicated to Margaret, the martyr of Antioch, partly to divert to another building the crowds who inundated the Abbey church, and partly for the benefit of the multitude of refugees in Sanctuary.

The church was rebuilt in the time of Edward I., again was re-edified in the time of Edward IV. by Sir Thomas Billing and his wife Lady Mary, and, after many minor alterations, was completely

remodelled internally, 1877–78, with the usual vulgarities of glazed tiles, &c., and with ludicrous disregard to the historic interest of its monuments, the greater portion of which are let into the wall close to the roof, where of course their inscriptions cannot be read. The pleasing but incongruous porch was added in 1891. In this church the Fast Day Sermons were preached in the reign of Charles I.; and here both Houses of Parliament, with the Assembly of Divines and the Scots Commissioners, met Sept. 25, 1643, and were prepared by prayer for taking the Covenant.

'Then Mr. Nye in the pulpit read the Covenant, and all present held up their hands in testimony of their assent to it; and afterwards in the several Houses subscribed their names in a parchment roll, where the Covenant was written: the Divines of the Assembly, and the Scots Commissioners likewise subscribed the Covenant, and then Dr. Gouge in the pulpit prayed for a blessing upon it.'—*Whitelocke.*

Here Hugh Peters, 'the pulpit buffoon,' denounced Charles as 'the great Barabbas at Windsor,' and urged Parliament to bring the King 'to condign, speedy, and capital punishment.' 'My lords,' he said, 'and you, noble gentlemen of the House of Commons, you are the Sanhedrim, and the great Council of the nation, therefore you must be sure to do justice. Do not prefer the great Barabbas, Murderer, Tyrant, and Traitor, before these poor hearts (pointing to the red-coats), and the army, who are our Saviours.'[1]

Amongst the Puritans who preached here were 'Calamy, Vines, Nye, Manton, Marshall, Gauden, Owen, Burgess, Newcomen, Reynolds, Cheynell, Baxter, Case (who censured Cromwell to his face, and when discoursing before General Monk, cried out, "There are some who will betray three kingdoms for filthy lucre's sake," and threw his handkerchief into the General's pew); the critical Lightfoot; Taylor, "the illuminated Doctor;" and Goodwyn, "the windmill with a weathercock upon the top."'[2]

In later times the rival divines Burnet and Sprat preached here before Parliament in the same morning.

'Burnet and Sprat were old rivals. There prevailed in those days an indecent custom: when the preacher touched any favourite topic in a manner that delighted his audiences, their approbation was expressed by a loud hum, continued in proportion to their zeal or pleasure. When Burnet preached, part of his congregation hummed so loudly and so long, that he sat down to enjoy it, and rubbed his face with his handkerchief. When Sprat preached, he likewise was honoured with a like animating hum, but he stretched out his hand to the congregation, and cried, "Peace, peace, I pray you, peace!"'—*Dr. Johnson.*

Sir John Jekyl told Speaker Onslow, in proof of Burnet's popularity, that one day when he was present the Bishop preached out his hour-glass before exhausting his subject. 'He took it up, and held it aloft in his hand, and then turned it up for another hour; upon which the audience set up almost a shout of joy!'

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[1] Evidence of Beaver in the trial of Hugh Peters.
[2] Walcott's *Westminster.*

It was in St. Margaret's that Dr. Sacheverell preached his first sermon after his suspension, on Palm Sunday, 1713.

The most important feature of the church is the east window, justly cited by Winston, the great authority on stained glass, as the most beautiful work as regards harmonious arrangement of colouring with which he is acquainted. It is said to have been ordered by Ferdinand and Isabella to be executed at Gouda in Holland,[1] and was intended as a gift to the new chapel which Henry VII. was going to build, upon the marriage of their daughter Katherine with his eldest son Arthur. But the execution of the window occupied five years, and before it was finished Prince Arthur was dead (in 1502). The chapel, only begun in 1502, was not ready to receive it, and, as the window contained a representation of Prince Arthur, Henry VIII. gave it away to Waltham Abbey. Thence, on the Dissolution, the last abbot sent it for safety to his private chapel at New Hall, an estate which was afterwards purchased by Sir Thomas Boleyn, father of Queen Anne. The window remained at New Hall till the place became the property of General Monk, who took down the window and buried it, to preserve it from the Puritans, but replaced it in his chapel at the Restoration. After his death the chapel was pulled down, but the window was preserved, and was eventually purchased by Mr. Conyers, of Copt Hall in Essex, by whose son it was sold in 1758 to the churchwardens of St. Margaret's for £400.[2] Even then the window was not suffered to rest in peace, as the Dean and Chapter of Westminster looked upon it as 'a superstitious image and picture,' and brought a lawsuit for its removal, which, after having been fought for seven years, happily failed in the end.[3]

The window represents—on a deep blue background—the Crucifixion. As in many old Italian pictures, angels are catching the blood which flows from the Saviour's wounds; the soul of the penitent thief is received by an angel, while the soul of the bad thief is carried off by a demon. At the foot of the cross kneels on one side Arthur, Prince of Wales, and his patron St. George, and the red and white roses of his parents over his head; on the other, Katherine of Arragon, with St. Catherine of Alexandria above her, and the pomegranate of Granada.

Over the altar is the Supper at Emmaus, executed in lime-wood, in 1735, by *Alken of Soho*, from the Titian in the Louvre. South of the altar is the tomb of Dame Mary Billing (1499) and her husband, Sir Thomas, Lord Chief Justice of England, by whom the church was 'reedified' in the reign of Edward IV. Near the north-western entrance was, till 1878, a beautiful carved sixteenth-century seat, where a loaf of bread and sixpence were given every Sunday to sixteen poor widows, in accordance with the will of Mrs. Joyce Goddard, 1621.

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[1] Although Gouda only attained its fame in consequence of the work of the Crabettes, executed after the middle of the sixteenth century.

[2] Walcott's *Westminster*.

[3] In memory of this triumph the then churchwarden presented to the parish the beautiful 'Loving Cup of St. Margaret.'

This noble specimen of old woodwork, nearly the finest in London, and one of the most remarkable pieces of church furniture in England, was wantonly broken up and used to eke out some indifferent work at the re-modelling of the church, in spite of the local interest attached to it! At this angle of the church is the mural monument of Mrs. Elizabeth Corbett (who died of cancer), with Pope's famous epitaph—

'Here rests a woman, good without pretence,
Blest with plain reason, and with sober sense:
No conquest she but o'er herself desired,
No arts essayed, but not to be admired:
Passion and pride were to her soul unknown;
Convinced that virtue only is our own:
So unaffected, so composed a mind,
So firm yet soft, so strong yet so refined,
Heaven, as its purest gold, by tortures tried;—
The saint sustain'd it, but the woman died.'

'I have always considered this as the most valuable of all Pope's epitaphs; the subject of it is a character not discriminated by any shining or eminent peculiarities; yet that which really makes, though not the splendour, the felicity of life, and that which every wise man will choose for his friend and lasting companion in the languor of age, in the quiet of privacy, when he departs weary and disgusted from the ostentatious, the volatile, and the vain. Of such a character, which the dull overlook, and the gay despise, it was fit that the value should be made known, and the dignity established. Domestic virtue, as it is exerted without great occasions or conspicuous consequences, in an even tenor, required the genius of Pope to display it in such a manner as might attract regard and enforce reverence. Who can forbear to lament that this amiable woman has no name in the verse?'—*Dr. Johnson.*

Also at the west end of the church are the monuments of *James Palmer*, 1566, and *Emery Hill*, 1677, founders of the Almshouses which are called by their names. In the north aisle is the curious but much-injured Flemish monument and bust of *Cornelius Van Dun* of Breda, 1577, builder of the almshouses in Petty France—'souldier with King Henry at Turney, Yeoman of the Guard, and Usher to King Henry, King Edward, Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth: a careful man for poore folk, who in the end of this toune did build for poore widowes twenty houses, of his owne cost.' Another monument, with quaint verses, commemorates 'the late deceased virgin, Mistris Elizabeth Hereicke.' Near the north-east door is the monument of *Mrs. Joane Barnett*, 1674, who sold oatmeal cakes by the church door, and left money for a sermon and the maintenance of poor widows. In the north-eastern corner are many monuments with effigies offering interesting examples of costume of the time of James I., and that to *Lady Dorothy Stafford*, 1604, whose mother Ursula was daughter of the famous Countess of Salisbury, the only daughter of George, Duke of Clarence, brother of King Edward IV. —'She served Queen Elizabeth forty years, lying in the bedchamber, esteemed of her, loved of all, doing good all she could, a continual remembrancer of the suite of the poor.'[1] Blanche Parrye,

[1] Sir Edward Stafford, son of Lady Dorothy, married Douglas, Lady Sheffield, who was supposed at that time to have already contracted a secret marriage with Elizabeth's Earl of Leicester, and who was the mother of a son by Leicester.

chief gentlewoman to Queen Elizabeth, has a monument, 1589. A tablet, with a relief of his death, commemorates *Sir Peter Parker*, 1814. Here also are the 'State Arms' put up in the church under Puritan rule, but a crown has been added.

In the chancel is buried *John Skelton*, 1529, the satirical poet-laureate, called by Erasmus 'Britannicarum literarum lumen et decus,' who died in Sanctuary, to which he was driven by the enmity of Wolsey, excited by his squibs on bad customs and bad clergy. Near him (not in the porch) rests another court poet of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth—*Thomas Churchyard*, 1604, whose adventurous life was one long romance. His best work was his 'Legende of Jane Shore.' 'He was one of those unfortunate men who wrote poetry all his days, and lived a long life, to complete his misfortune.'[1] Camden gives his epitaph, which has disappeared.[2] Near these graves is that of *James Harrington*, 1677, author of the republican romance called 'Oceana.' Here also was buried Milton's beloved second wife, *Catherine Woodcocke* (Feb. 10, 1658), who died in childbirth fifteen months after her marriage to the poet.[3]

Near the south-eastern entrance even a nineteenth-century 'restoration' has spared the stately tomb of *Marie, Lady Dudley*, 1600:—'She was grandchilde to Thomas Duke of Norfolke, the second of that surname, and sister to Charles Howard, Earl of Nottingham, Lord High Admiral of England, by whose prosperous direction, through the goodness of God in defending his handmaid Queen Elizabeth, the whole fleet of Spain was defeated and discomfited.' She married first Edward Sutton, Lord Dudley, and secondly Richard Mountpesson, who is represented kneeling beside her. A tablet by *Westmacott*, erected in 1820, commemorates *William Caxton*, the printer, 1491, who long worked in the neighbouring Almonry and is buried in the churchyard. A brass plate was put up here in 1845 to *Sir Walter Raleigh*, beheaded close by, and buried beneath the altar. A window at the west end in memory of Sir Walter Raleigh was presented in 1882 by American citizens, for which the American poet Lowell wrote the inscription:—

> 'The New World's sons, from England's breast we drew
> Such milk as bids remember whence we came;
> Proud of her past, wherefrom our future grew,
> This window we inscribe with Raleigh's fame.'

At the same time the printers and publishers of London presented a window over the south-east entrance in memory of Caxton, for which Tennyson founded on Caxton's motto 'Fiat lux' the lines:—

> 'Thy prayer was "Light—more Light—while Time shall last!"
> Thou sawest a glory growing on the night,
> But not the shadows which that light would cast,
> Till shadows vanish in the Light of Light.'

---

[1] Disraeli, *Calamities of Authors*.

[2] 'Come, Alecto, lend a torch,
To find a *Churchyard* in a church porch;
Poverty and poetry this torch doth enclose,
Therefore gentlemen be merry in prose.'

[3] At St. Mary, Aldermanbury, November 12, 1656.

The Puritan admiral, Robert Blake, was oddly commemorated in 1888 by a window containing a saint and an archangel. The west window of the south aisle was erected by members of the House of Commons to Lord Frederick Cavendish, 1882.

The churchwardens have since 1713 held with their office the possession of a very curious *Horn Snuff-box*, inside the lid of which is a head of the Duke of Cumberland, engraved by Hogarth in 1746 to commemorate the battle of Culloden. Successive churchwardens have enclosed it in a succession of silver cases, beautifully engraved with representations of the historical events which have occurred while they held office, so that it has become a really valuable curiosity.

Before leaving this church one may notice the marriage at its altar of Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, grandfather of Mary II. and Anne, with Frances, daughter of Sir Thomas Aylesbury; and the baptism at its font (Nov. 1640) of Barbara Villiers, the notorious Duchess of Cleveland.

The **Churchyard** of St. Margaret's used to be closely paved with tombstones, a setting greatly enhancing the picturesque appearance of the Abbey, and marvellously in keeping with it. In 1881 all the gravestones were buried under three feet of earth, to the destruction of much that was valuable and interesting, and turf laid down at an enormous cost, with the mean and flippant result which we now see. Wenceslaus Hollar, the engraver (1677), is said to lie near the north-west angle of the tower. Here also are buried Sir William Waller, the Parliamentary general (1668), and Thomas Blood, celebrated for his attempt to steal the regalia (1680). The bodies of the mother of Oliver Cromwell; of Admiral Blake (who had been honoured with a public funeral); of Sir William Constable and Dr. Dorislaus, concerned in the trial of Charles I.; of Thomas May, the poet and historian of the Commonwealth, and others famous under the Protectorate, when exhumed from the Abbey, were carelessly interred here. Amongst the tombs recently buried, broken, or destroyed, were a number belonging to the family of Davies, the heiress of which brought so much landed property to the Dukes of Westminster. Only one monument of this family has been spared. In the now ruined churchyard one has some difficulty in recalling its association with the poet Cowper while he was a Westminster boy.

'Crossing St. Margaret's Churchyard late one evening, a glimmering light in the midst of it excited his curiosity, and, instead of quickening his speed and whistling to keep up his courage the while, he went to see whence it proceeded. A gravedigger was at work there by lantern-light, and, just as Cowper came to the spot, he threw up a skull which struck him on the leg. This gave an alarm to his conscience, and he reckoned the incident as amongst the best religious impressions which he received at Westminster.'—*Southey's Life of Cowper.*

Parliament Square, in front of St. Margaret's, is decorated with statues of famous Prime Ministers—Canning by *Westmacott*, Peel by *Behnes*, Palmerston by *Jackson*, Derby by *Noble*, and an admirable lifelike figure of Beaconsfield, by *Raggi*.

On the south and west of the Abbey and the precincts of Westminster School is a labyrinth of poor streets. Vine Street commemorated the vineyard of the Abbey, and Bowling Street its bowling-ground.[1] Many of the old Westminster signs are historical —the *Lamb and Saracen's Head*, a record of the Crusades; the *White Hart*, the badge of Richard II.; the *Rose*, the badge of the Tudors. In the poverty-stricken quarter not far from the river, is **St. John's Church**, the second of Queen Anne's fifty churches, built (1728) from designs of *Archer*, a pupil of Vanbrugh, and the architect of Cliefden. It has semicircular apses on the east and west, and at each of the four corners one of the towers which made Lord Chesterfield compare it to an elephant on its back with its four feet in the air.

'In this region are a certain little street called Church Street, and a certain little blind square called Smith Square, in the centre of which last retreat is a very hideous church, with four towers at the four corners, generally resembling some petrified monster, frightful and gigantic, on its back with its legs in the air.'—*Dickens*, '*Our Mutual Friend*.'

The effect at a distance is miserable, but the details of the church are good in reality. Churchill, the poet, was curate and lecturer here (1758), and how utterly unsuited he was for the office we learn from his own lines :

'I kept those sheep,
Which, for my curse, I was ordain'd to keep,
Ordain'd, alas! to keep through need, not choice. . . .
Whilst, sacred dulness ever in my view,
Sleep, at my bidding, crept from pew to pew.'

At 23 Parish Street, Tooley Street, is the last remaining public-house with the old sign of the Naked Boy and Woolpack. A tablet records the fact that George III. and Queen Charlotte stood sponsors here in person in 1800 to Lord Thomas Grosvenor, afterwards Earl of Wilton.

Horseferry Road, near this, leads to Lambeth Bridge erected in 1862 on the site of the horse-ferry, where Mary of Modena crossed the river in her flight from Whitehall (Dec. 9, 1688), her passage being 'rendered very difficult and dangerous by the violence of the wind and the heavy and incessant rain.' At the same spot James II. crossed two days after in a little boat with a single pair of oars, and dropped the Great Seal of England into the river on his passage. The large open space called **Vincent Square** is used as a playground by the Westminster scholars. In **Rochester Row**, on the north of the square, is *St. Stephen's Church*, built by Miss Burdett Coutts in 1847, and opposite this *Emery Hill's Almshouses* of 1708. At the end of Rochester Row towards Victoria Street is the *Grey Coat School*, a quaint building of 1698, with two statues in front in the dress worn by the children of the time when it was founded. In the narrow streets near this was Tothill Fields Prison, built 1836,

[1] Whilst so many London streets really need re-naming, these interesting historic names have been changed in the last few years.

pulled down 1884. The gate of the earlier prison here, called Bridewell, is set up against the north wall of the Sessions House. In Little Chapel Street a renaissance Town Hall was erected 1882–83.

At the end of Victoria Street, opposite the entrance to Dean's Yard, is a picturesque *Memorial Column*, by *Scott*, in memory of the old Westminster boys killed in the Crimean War. The *Royal Westminster Aquarium* (admission 1s.) is a popular place of amusement, opened in 1876. At the corner of Great George Street is a Fountain (by *Teulon* and *Earp*), erected in 1865 by Mr. Charles Buxton in honour of those who effected the abolition of the slave trade. With its pretty coloured marbles and the trees behind, it

EMANUEL HOSPITAL, WESTMINSTER.

is one of the most picturesque things in London. It was in the drawing-room of the opposite house, No. 25 Great George Street, that the body of Lord Byron lay in state, July 1824, when it arrived from Missolonghi before its removal to Newstead. Great George Street ends at **Storey's Gate**, so called from Edward Storey, 'Keeper of the Birds' (in Birdcage Walk) to Charles II. Parallel with the Park on this side runs **Queen Anne's Gate**, with many houses bearing the comfortable solid look of her time, and with porches and doorways of admirable design carved in wood: a statue of Queen Anne stands at a corner. It is a belief in the neighbourhood that on each anniversary of her death the Queen descends from her pedestal and walks three times round the square.

A London oasis, doomed to destruction in 1892, was the *Emanuel Hospital* in Little James Street, founded 1594, by the will of Anne, widow of Gregory, Lord Dacre of the south, sister of the poet-statesman Lord Buckhurst, and at one time maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth. A splendid wrought-iron gate was the entrance to a grass plot surrounded on three sides by one-storeyed buildings of red brick, having a chapel with its pediment decorated by an

IN QUEEN ANNE'S GATE.

elaborate coat of arms, and surmounted by a bell-turret. The altar-piece of the destroyed church of St. Benet Fink was preserved here. Lady Dacre's will provided for 'twenty poor aged folk, and twenty poor children.' The property left for their maintenance has since enormously increased in value, but two-thirds are diverted to the maintenance of middle-class schools. The picturesque old buildings and their green enclosed space are an irreparable loss to London.

Tothill (Toot Hill) Street leads into **York Street**, named after Frederick, Duke of York, son of George III., but formerly called Petty France, from the number of French Protestants who took refuge there in 1685. Here No. 19, destroyed in 1877 without a

voice being raised to save it, was Milton's 'pretty garden house,' marked on the garden side by a tablet erected by Jeremy Bentham (who lived and died close by in Queen Square Place), inscribed 'Sacred to Milton, Prince of Poets.' It was here that he became blind, and that Andrew Marvell lived as his secretary. His first wife, Mary Powell, died here, leaving three little girls motherless; and while living here he married his second wife, Catherine Woodcocke, who died in childbirth fifteen months after, and is commemorated in the beautiful sonnet beginning—

> 'Methought I saw my late espousèd saint,
> Brought to me, like Alcestis, from the grave.'

Hazlitt lived here in Milton's house, and here he received Haydon, 'Charles Lamb and his poor sister, and all sorts of clever odd people, in a large room, wainscoted and ancient, where Milton had meditated.'[1]

We may turn down Bridge Street[2] to **Westminster Bridge**, opened 1750, but rebuilt 1859–61. It is now nearly twice as broad as any of the other bridges on the river. Hence we see the stately river front of the Houses of Parliament, and the ancient towers of Lambeth on the opposite bank.[3] It is interesting to remember how many generations have 'taken water' here to 'go to London' by the great river highway.

Few visit the bridge early enough to see the view towards the city as it is described by Wordsworth—

> 'Earth has not anything to show more fair:
> Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
> A sight so touching in its majesty:
> This City now doth, like a garment, wear
> The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
> Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
> Open unto the fields, and to the sky,
> All bright and glitt'ring in the smokeless air.
> Never did sun more beautifully steep,
> In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
> Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep:
> The river glideth at his own sweet will:
> Dear God! the very houses seem asleep,
> And all that mighty heart is lying still!'

---

[1] Haydon's *Autobiography*, i. 211.

[2] William Godwin, author of *Caleb Williams*, died (1836) in a house which stood under the shadow of the Houses of Parliament, destroyed in the fire of 1834. At the angle on the left is *St. Stephen's Club*, erected 1874, from an admirable design of J. Whichcord.

[3] Artists should find their way to the banks amongst the boats and warehouses on the Westminster shore opposite Lambeth, and farther still.

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